

TV RADIO MIRROR

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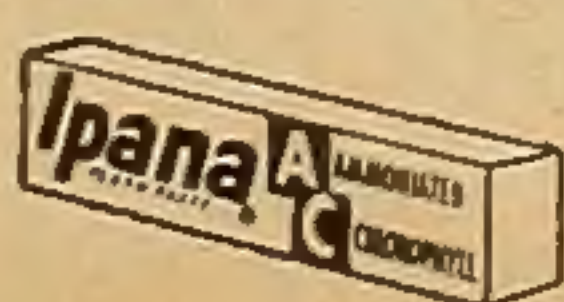
*Fortunately, new Ipana with WD-9 is made especially to help you keep your children's teeth sound and healthy. It destroys tooth-decay bacteria better than any other leading tooth paste... *including fluoride tooth paste.*

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Conditions any hair. That's the
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SEPTEMBER, 1955

TV RADIO MIRROR

N.Y., N.J., Conn. Edition

VOL. 44, NO. 4

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Cover portrait of Dennis James by Jay Seymour

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You can lose him quick when your

Charm

starts slipping



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LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste

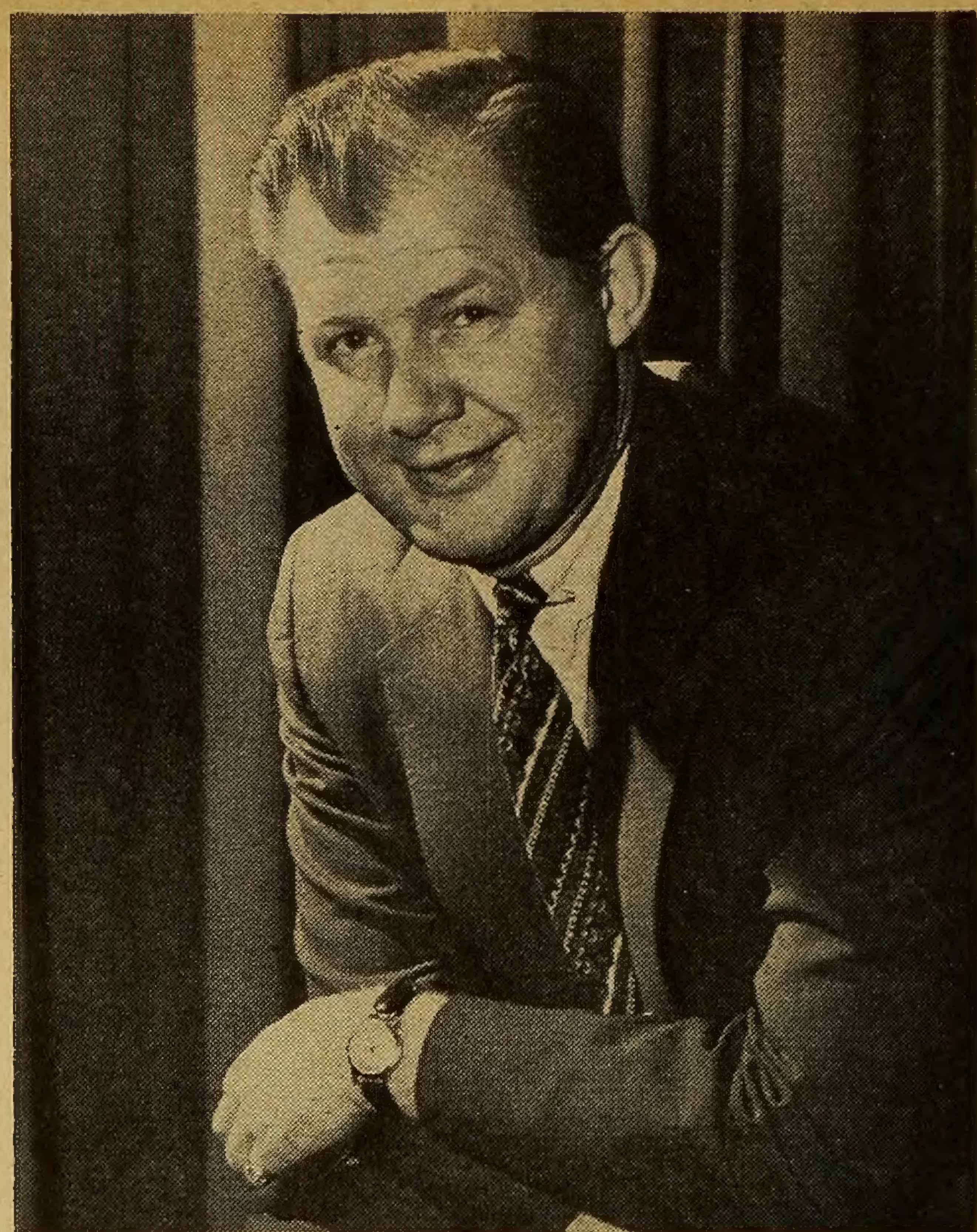
at ease with Mark Evans



Morning coffee with Mark Evans is always fun, takes on added glamour with top guests such as Grace Kelly.

Washington's top emcee has made his morning show a must for WTOP-TV viewers

QUESTIONS, national and international, took second place for two Washingtonians, when *The Mark Evans Show* on Station WTOP-TV switched from the early evening hours to a 9:30 A.M. slot, Monday through Friday. The show's producer and director wondered whether the outstanding guests who had gladly turned up for a P.M. appearance would be amenable to A.M. visits as well. After all, most celebrated people, in show business and other fields, are noted for sleeping late. . . . But the question never reached investigating-committee proportions. A partial list of those who have braved the dawn's early light to guest with Mark includes Grace Kelly, Lord Dunsany, Alec Templeton, Ivy Baker Priest, Kirk Douglas, George Meany and Miss America. . . . When Mark first went on TV three years ago, he had a "built-in" audience. After five years on WTOP Radio, the easygoing Mr. Evans had thousands of friends anxious to see what the host of the *Housewives' Protective League* looked like. As is usually the custom on HPL, the host's identity had not been disclosed, but Mark's wit and personality never were the sort to remain anonymous for long. . . . In addition to his famed guests, Mark spotlights many com-



Mark may ad-lib on TV, but Nancy, Wendy and Penny like him to follow a nursery-book script.



munity events and is one of the town's most sought-after masters of ceremonies. Assisting him with the more feminine chores on the show is Angela Bayer, a dark-haired beauty who demonstrates the food products advertised on the program and handles the homemaking and fashion hints. A yearly feature, the "Mark Evans April Fool Birthday Party," started out as a gag. Now it's a tradition for Mark to invite all Washington folk born on his birthday, April 1st, to be his guests for breakfast. This year, the number topped the 200 mark. . . . Part of the reason for Mark's continued success is his active participation in such organizations as the Rotary Club, the Boy Scouts, the USO, the Metropolitan Police Boys Club and the Suburban Hospital. He is an active member of the Church of the Latter Day Saints. . . . A favorite with Washington women, Mark has a quartet of females at home—his wife Lola and three daughters: Nancy, 9, Penny, 7, and Wendy, 3. He's a great travel enthusiast, and bagged more than his share of game on a hunting expedition to Africa last year. Huntsman and angler Evans also relaxes on the golf course. But he's most relaxed while breakfasting with thousands of WTOP-TV viewers who are always at ease with Mark Evans.

INTRODUCING NEW

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Soft
SHAMPOO

100% NON-ALKALINE!
Will not dry or devitalize hair!

*Agrees with the
Healthy, Natural,
Non-Alkaline Condition
of Scalp and Hair!*



*Lets Hair Behave
and Hold a Wave!*



*As Gentle and Mild
as a Shampoo can be!*



*Leaves More Luster!
More Natural Color!*



*Over Twice as much
for your money as other
Leading Shampoos!*



*Curls are Softer!
Easier to Set!
Stay Set Longer!*



**SPECIAL OFFER
SO YOU'LL GET
ACQUAINTED FAST!**

30¢ OFF
**ON GIANT
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REGULAR PRICE 89¢

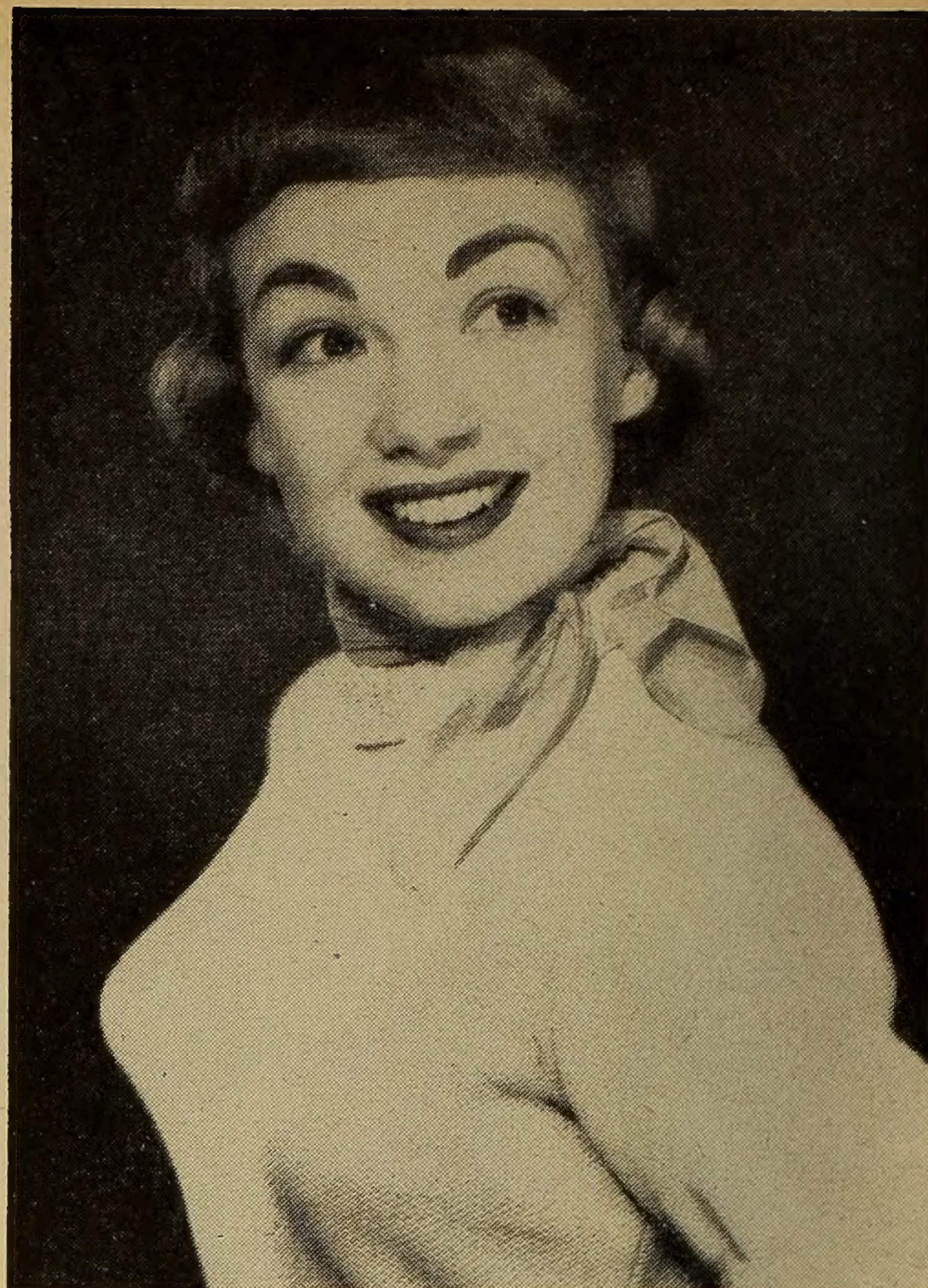
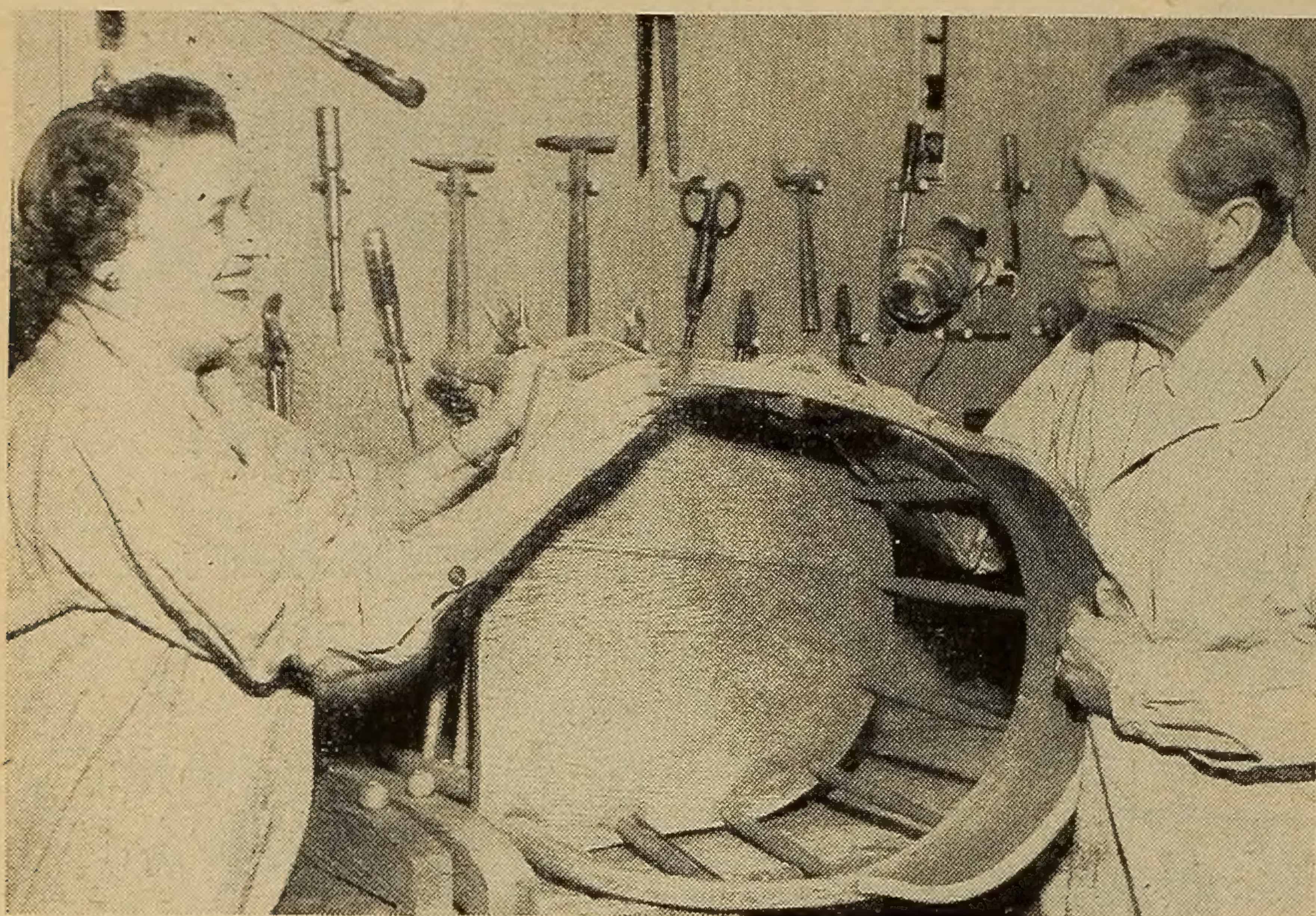
YOURS ONLY 59¢ WHILE OFFER HOLDS

We offer this big saving because we know—once you try PALMOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO, you'll always use it. Tell your friends! Hurry! Regular 89¢ price (even that's a bargain) comes back when limited Special Offer supply is gone.

TODAY...GET NEW PALMOLIVE SOFT SHAMPOO!

• By Jill Warren

Fibber McGee And Molly—alias Jim and Marian Jordan—have added a daily NBC Radio morning show to their evening stanza.



Songstress Edith Adams, wife of comedian Ernie Kovacs, adds music and mirth to Jack Paar's new show.

WHAT'S NEW FROM

HELEN HAYES and **Mary Martin** have been signed by NBC-TV to co-star in "The Skin of Our Teeth," on September 11. This will be the first of the 1955-56 season's Sunday night "Color Spread Spectaculars," and will also be seen in black and white. The production of Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize-winning play will run two hours and will be identical to the presentation done in Paris this summer as part of the "Salute to France" festival. Distinguished actress **Florence Reed** and noted Broadway producer **George Abbott** will play supporting roles. "The Skin of Our Teeth" will mark the first TV appearance of Mary Martin since her triumphant portrayal of "Peter Pan" last March.

In case you've missed it, *Musical Chairs* is the new novelty panel show on NBC-TV Saturday nights, in the time spot formerly occupied by Imogene Coca. The program features the talents of composer-singer **Johnny Mercer**, multi-voiced comic **Mel Blanc**, **Bobby Troup's** orchestra, the **Cheerleaders** vocal quintet, **Bill Leyden** as permanent moderator, and a top female vocalist each week.

Frankie Laine, in addition to his Guild Films show, has been doing very well on his first live network

TV show as summer replacement for **Arthur Godfrey's** Wednesday night show over CBS-TV. Frankie heads up a variety hour, complete with orchestra, dancers and guest stars. Arthur and his gang are slated to return early in September.

Singer-pianist **Matt Dennis** is filling in for both **Tony Martin** and **Eddie Fisher** on NBC-TV while the crooners are on vacation. Matt is well-known in the night-club field and in addition to his piano and vocal work, is a composer of note. Some of his best-remembered tunes are "Everything Happens to Me," "Let's Get Away from It All," "Will You Still Be Mine?" and "The Night We Called It a Day." Matt also records for RCA Victor.

Comedian **Jack Paar** has a new show on CBS-TV, a thirty-minute comedy, music and variety wingding, Monday through Friday afternoons. Jack is supported by the same cast who worked with him on *The Morning Show*—singers **Edith Adams** and **Charlie Applewhite** and Cuban pianist, **Jose Melis**. Jack's new show takes over the time spots vacated by two dramatic serials, *The Inner Flame* and the TV version of *The Road Of Life*.

On NBC-TV, two other daytime

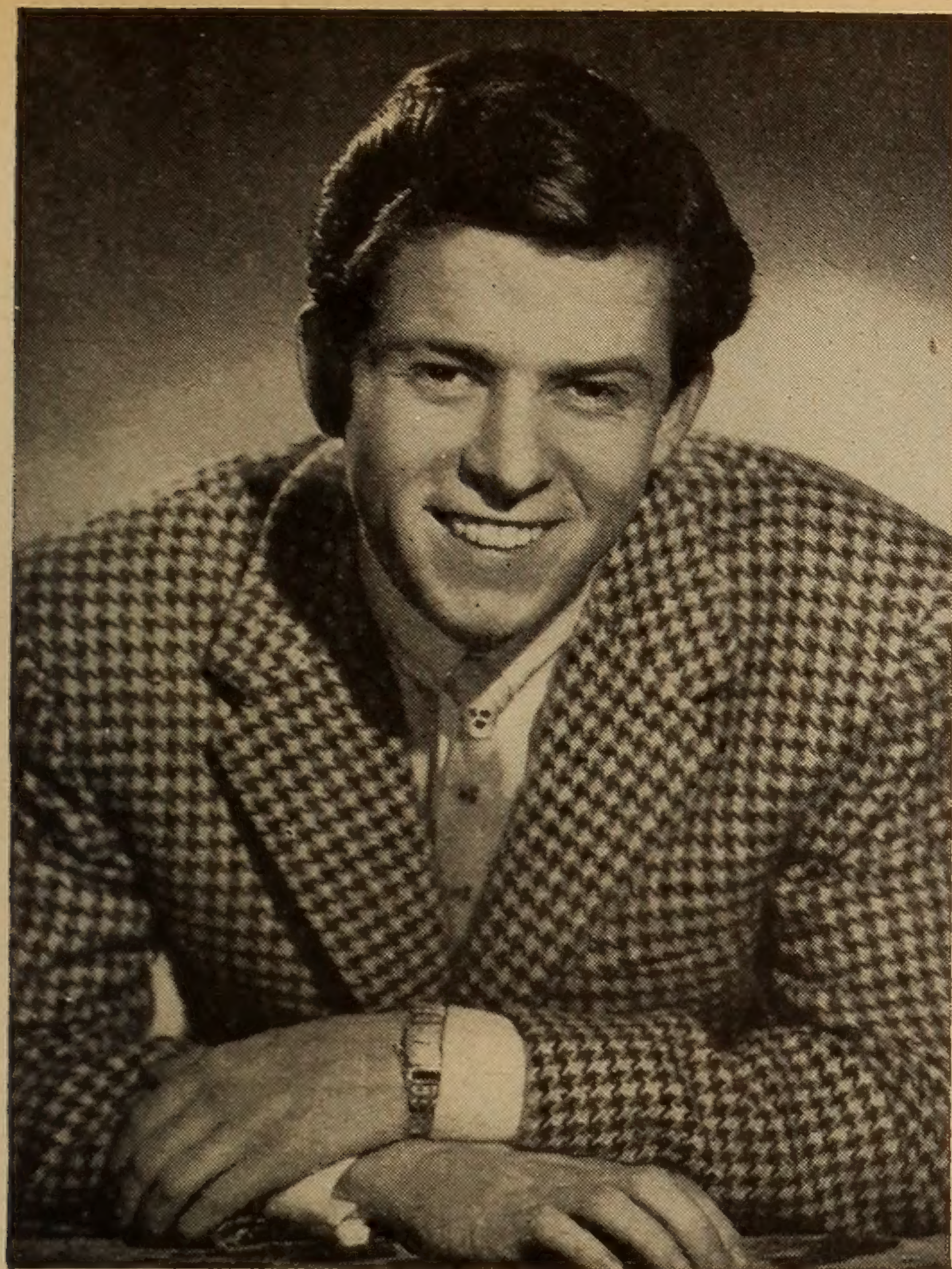
dramas, *The Greatest Gift* and *Concerning Miss Marlowe*, make room for a new TV version of an old radio favorite, *It Pays To Be Married*. **Bill Goodwin** emcees the unique quiz.

On radio, the daytime drama schedule also saw some changes as *Backstage Wife* moved to CBS and *Hilltop House* and *Rosemary* were canceled.

Popular **Dennis James** is back with his *Chance Of A Lifetime* on Sunday nights over ABC-TV. The half-hour talent show is scheduled just for the summer in this time period, but may find a permanent spot in the fall.

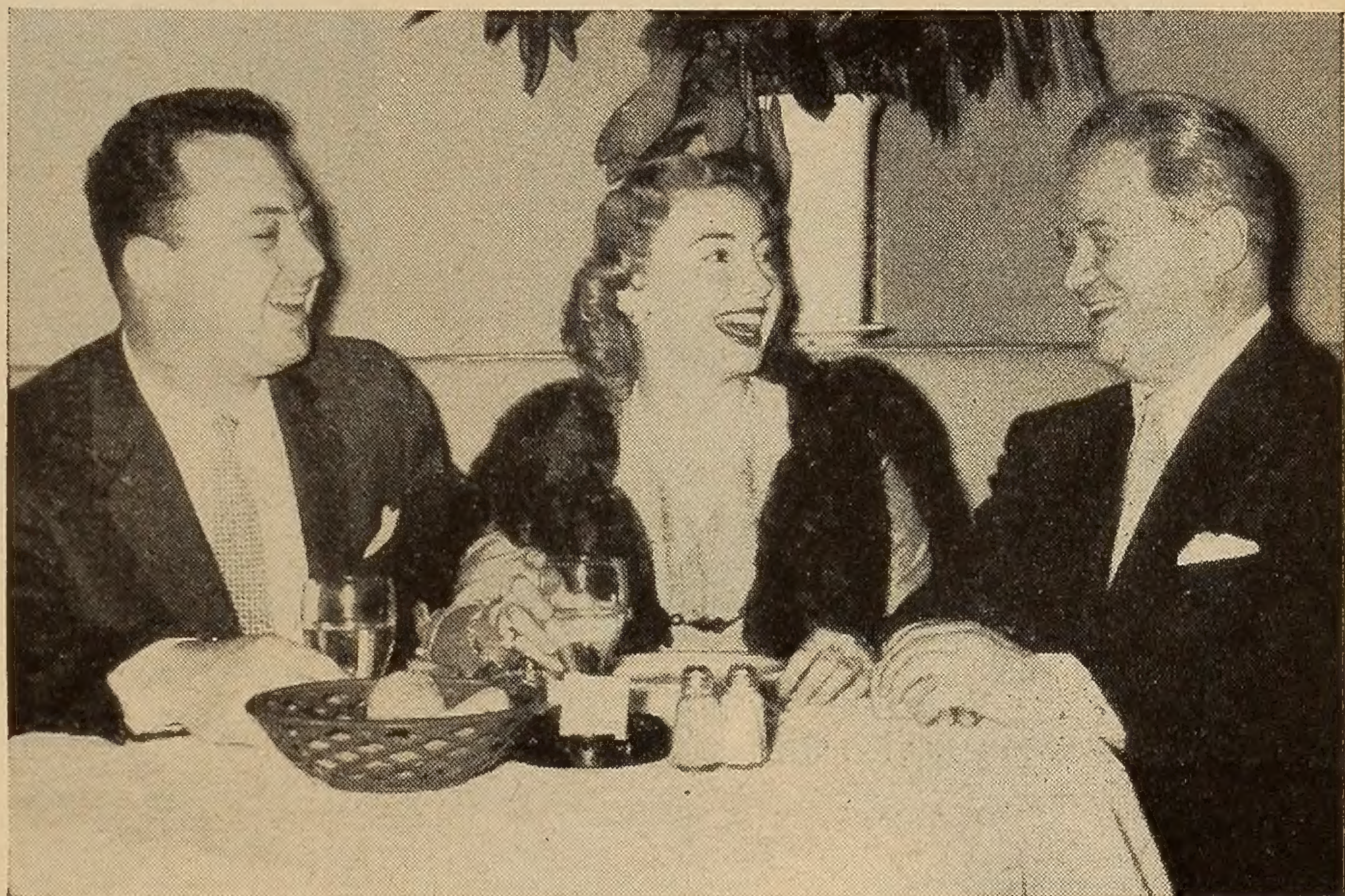
Sports fans should find interesting viewing fare in the new *Madison Square Garden Highlights*, Thursday nights on ABC-TV. It's a filmed half-hour presenting clips of exciting moments of fisticuffs which took place in the famed boxing arena of the Garden.

CBS-TV has a new dramatic show, *Windows*, on Friday nights, substituting for *Person To Person*. The series of live plays uses a rotating cast each week, and each program opens with a picture of an ordinary window, through which the television camera moves as the story unfolds.



Another regular in the vocal department of Paar's show is the young and popular Charlie Applewhite.

On his first New York visit, Frank Cotter—brother of the famous TV Meadows sisters—joins sister Audrey and restaurateur Armando.



COAST TO COAST

Soupy Sales has been replacing the *Kukla, Fran And Ollie* daily show on ABC-TV while **Burr Tilstrom** and his happy little people are on vacation. Soupy is a very popular personality with the small fry in Detroit, from where his show originates. This is the first TV production ever to go live over a network from Detroit, by the way. With emphasis on puppet comedy and fantasy, Soupy has as his helpers such characters as White Fang, Black Tooth, Herman The Flea, Willie The Worm, and Marilyn Monwolf.

This 'n' That:

CBS-TV is planning a big series of Saturday-night extravaganzas, to begin this fall, the date still to be announced. They have already lined up such stars as **Noel Coward**, who is scheduled for three appearances, **Mary Martin**, to co-star with Coward in at least one show, **Bing Crosby**, who is slated for three shows, and **Jack Benny** for one or more.

Radio and TV songstress **Martha Wright** became a bride a few weeks ago in Newburgh, New York. The lucky man is George (Mike) Manuche, Jr., a Manhattan restaurateur, and formerly a Holy Cross football star. He was also a Pacific war hero.

Actress **Julie Stevens**, star of *The Romance of Helen Trent*, has been spending her free time this summer acting as adviser and workshop director to the very active little-theater group in Valhalla, New York. *Helen Trent*, incidentally, has just started her twenty-third year on radio.

With practically every sponsor after **Bob Hope's** exclusive television services for the 1955-56 season, NBC-TV was the winner. They signed the comedian to a new five-year contract, and he is set to star in six, or possibly eight, hour-long variety programs on several different Tuesday nights.

Conductor **Archie Bleyer** and his wife, **Janet Ertel**, one of the Chordettes, took off for Europe on a combination vacation-business trip. **Ginny Osborn**, the original "tenor" voice with the gal quartette, is filling in for Janet temporarily, and is singing Janet's "bass" part. This is the first time Ginny has done any professional vocalizing since she married **Tom Lockhard**, one of The Mariners.

Elizabeth Montgomery, actress-daughter of **Robert Montgomery**, and her husband, assistant TV director **Frederick Cammann**, have come to the parting of the ways. Elizabeth is now in Nevada, establishing resi-

dence for a divorce. When it is granted she plans to forsake television for a while and work in her first movie, some time this month.

Tragedy hit **Imogene Coca** a double blow when both her mother and her husband, **Robert Burton**, died within a month. The little comedienne and Burton had been estranged, but were reconciled following her mother's passing. Burton, a New York businessman, had been in ill health for some time.

Pat Marshall, who formerly sang on Steve Allen's *Tonight* show, and then went into night-club work, has replaced **Janis Paige** as the feminine star of the Broadway musical smash, "Pajama Game." Janis left the show to go to Hollywood to film her new series, *It's Always Jan*, which is slated to debut on CBS-TV about September 10. It's a situation comedy, set in a night club, with Janis playing the role of a singer.

If you thought the **Davy Crockett** business had about run its course, get ready for more. There's a whole new series planned this fall on the *Disneyland* show over ABC-TV, and it's presently being filmed, both in Kentucky and in Hollywood. "The Legends of Davy Crockett" will soon be with us. (Continued on page 10)



Actress Jean Darling, former "gang" member, enjoys a *Clubhouse* visit with Joe Bolton.

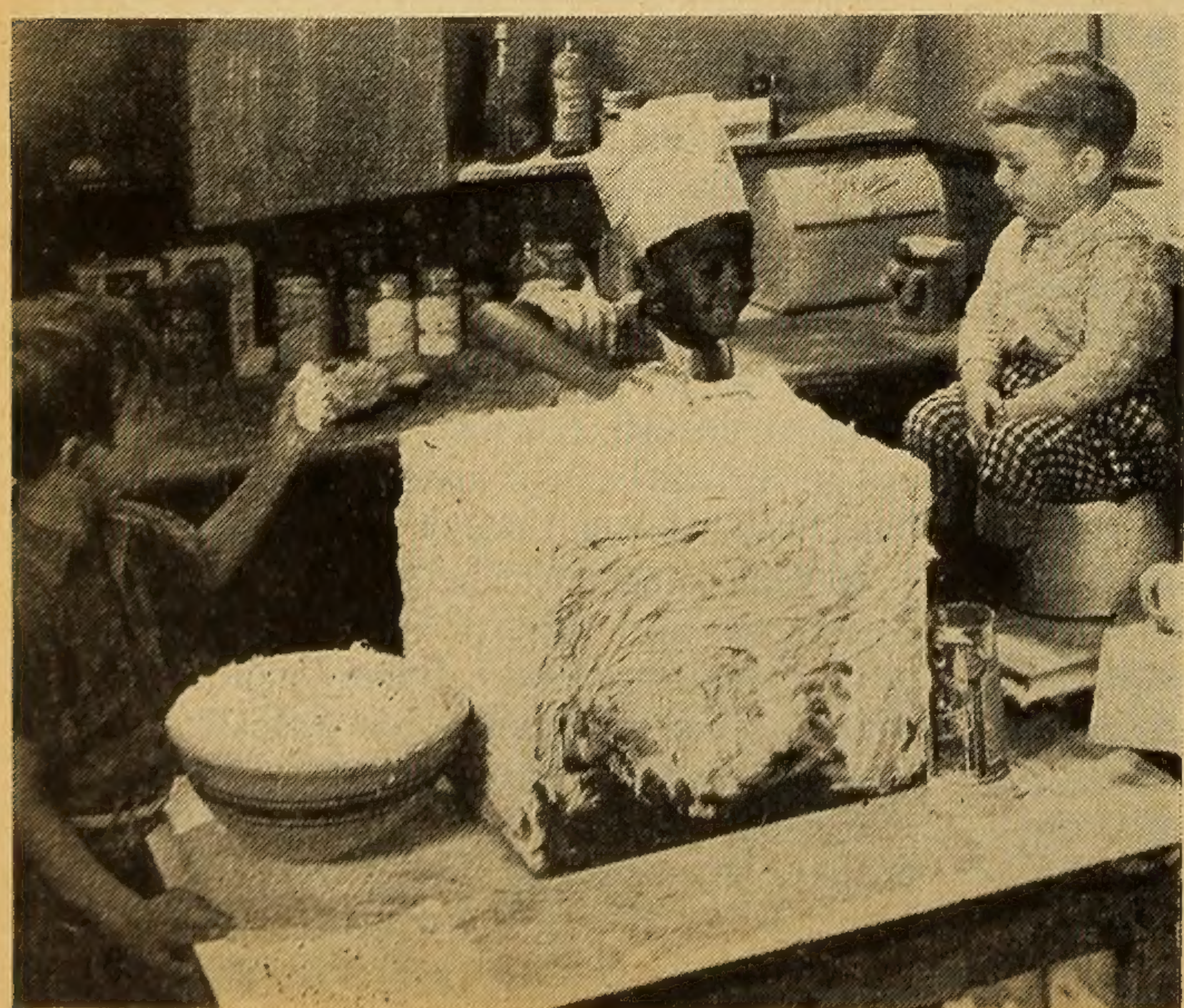


Stars of yesterday: A scene from "The Little Rascals" shows the gang with their mascot Petie, preparing to set forth on a hilarious fishing trip.

Clubhouse Gang Comedies



Remember them? "Farina" and "Jackie" make a very important phone call while, below, "Dickie," "Stymie" and "Spanky" take over in the kitchen.



SINCE the beginning of television, old Hollywood movies have been the bane of that medium's existence. Recently, however, Station WPIX viewers have experienced a happy change of heart, thanks to *Clubhouse Gang Comedies* and its showing of the "Our Gang" movies made some 25 years ago by Hal Roach, Sr. Seen Monday through Saturday at 5:30 P.M. and Monday through Friday at 10:30 P.M., the *Clubhouse* is presided over by Joe Bolton, who likens himself to the friendly police officer on the corner, daily plays host to 18 youngsters, advises little viewers on safety habits, then presents the old one- and two-reel films which find "Spanky," "Farina," "Alfalfa" and the rest of the "Gang" getting into all sorts of hilarious but harmless mischief.

The tremendous success of this series, which is shown in some 60 cities throughout the country, has stimulated a new interest in the former "Gang" members. Many of them, such as Jackie Cooper, Nanette Fabray, Eddie Bracken and Jean Darling, have continued to star in movies, on the stage in radio and TV. Others ventured into different fields. Joe Cobb, the chubby member of the "Gang," is now an aircraft worker in California. Mary Kornman is married to a California rancher and together they train horses for TV and the movies. George "Spanky" MacFarland was a salesman until the recent revival of the comedies created a demand for him in TV and movies. Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer was a hunting guide until two years ago, when he resumed his movie career in "The High and the Mighty."

Although never a member of the "Gang," Joe Bolton well remembers its heyday, for he was then breaking into show business via radio. Starting out as a banjo player, Joe went on to become an announcer, emcee, and sportscaster at various stations in New Jersey and New York. His switch to TV occurred in 1948 when he joined WPIX—before it even began telecasting—to become a "general man about the station." As friendly as he is versatile, Joe is experienced in getting along with youngsters, for he has three of his own—Joe, Jr., a college student, and James and Catherine, who are still in high school.

Since its debut last January, *Clubhouse Gang Comedies* has become the most popular daytime TV offering in the New York area. Having gained added fame as "the show recommended by children for adults," it promises to provide entertainment—for young and old—for a long time to come.



Soft, and natural right from the start . . . that's the "Belinda" hairstyle after a Bobbi. A Bobbi is so easy to give, no help is needed.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this "Beau's Ideal" hairdo.



Bobbi's specialty is young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Cover Girl" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay in all kinds of weather.



Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave necessary for this new "Sugarplum" hairstyle. No regular nightly settings are needed.

Softly feminine hairstyles like these always begin with a Bobbi

the special pin-curl permanent for soft, natural curls

Never tight, never fussy—that's the beautiful thing about a Bobbi, the easy, pin-curl permanent that's specially designed to give softly feminine curls. From the very first day your Bobbi will have the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. Your curls and waves last week after week and they are *exactly* where you want them.

Now, Bobbi is easier, faster than ever. Pin-curl your hair, apply Special Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion *just once*. Rinse with water 15 minutes later. Let dry, brush out. Right away you'll have soft, natural flattering curls. Make your next permanent a Bobbi.

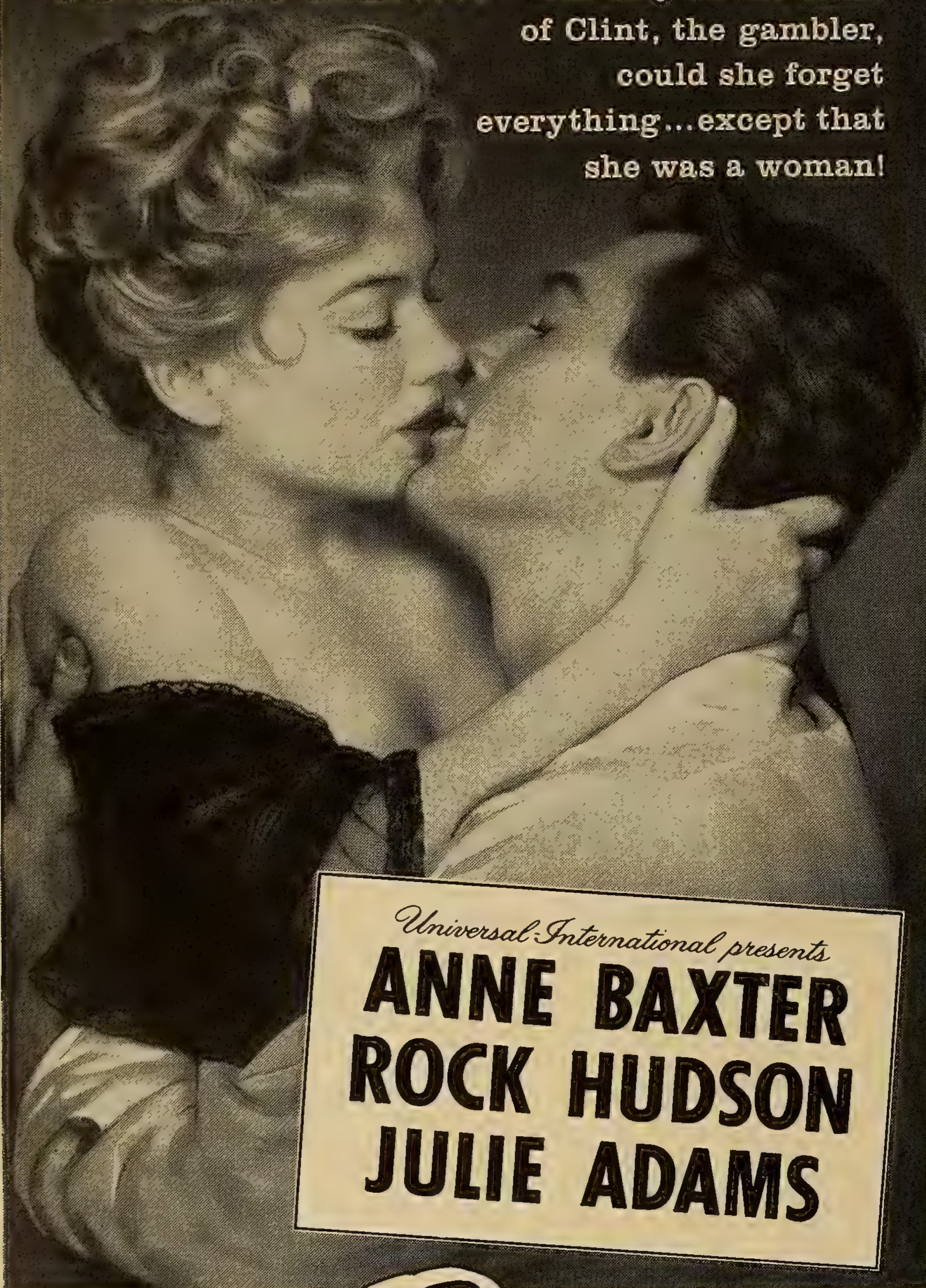
New 20-Page Hairstyle Booklet. Easy-to-follow setting instructions for new softly feminine hairstyles. Hints! Tips! Send your name, address with 10¢ in coin to: Bobbi, Box 3600, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill.



Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special Bobbi pins. \$1.50 plus tax.

TACEY HAD BEEN MANY THINGS TO MANY MEN...

but only in the arms
of Clint, the gambler,
could she forget
everything...except that
she was a woman!



Universal-International presents
ANNE BAXTER
ROCK HUDSON
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One Desire

TECHNICOLOR

with **CARL BENTON REID • NATALIE WOOD • WILLIAM HOPPER**

Directed by **JERRY HOPPER** • Screenplay by **LAWRENCE ROMAN** and **ROBERT BLEES** • Produced by **ROSS HUNTER**

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

WHAT'S NEW FROM

(Continued from page 7)



Lively Janis Paige stars in a new TV comedy beginning in September.

Another historical figure, **Dan'l Boone**, whose supporters claim he was blazing trails long before a lot of other "Johnny-come-latelies," now speaks his piece on a daily five-minute program over NBC Radio. Nobody's telling who's playing Dan'l, but the yarns and folk songs are accompanied by Tom Glazer on guitar.

And, from Sherwood Forest, to once again champion the poor, comes the handsomest of Robin Hoods, **Richard Greene**, who will play the romantic bandit in a new CBS-TV series starting September 26. The films will be made in England, produced by Anthony Bartley, who is married to actress Deborah Kerr.

And speaking of legends, the Crosby clan is fast becoming one, with more talented members popping up all the time. This summer, **Cathy Crosby**, Bob's sixteen-year-old daughter, joined her cousin Gary, "Bing's Boy," to guest on the **Bob Crosby Show** on CBS-TV. Cathy is the latest Crosby to have a CBS contract.

Perry Como hopes to give Jackie Gleason a run for his \$11,000,000 contract. The new hour-long Como show, Saturdays on NBC-TV, has now been scheduled to start at 8 P.M. EDT. Jackie bows with "The Honeymooners" over CBS-TV at 8:30. At 8:25, Old Per plans to start a ten-minute segment that will be so absorbing that viewers will keep hands off that dial—he hopes.

Comedienne **Martha Raye** signed a Gleason-type contract with NBC. It's a 60-page document involving something like \$10,000,000 over a fifteen-year period. It goes into effect September 27 when Martha will make the first of thirteen appearances in the Tuesday-at-eight spot. The contract, negotiated by Martha's manager and ex-husband, Nick Condos, calls for NBC to pay Martha even if she decides to quit after the first five years of service.

The piano gives off with a pleasant sound when **Steve Allen** tickles the ivories on *Tonight*. But as star of the movie, "The Benny Goodman Story," Steve will signal for the downbeat and the music will be made by such Goodman alumni as Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, Harry James and Ziggy Elman. All told, there'll be 29 tunes that have been linked with B. G. during his career.

COAST TO COAST



Young Dr. Malone—Sandy Becker
—also emcees TV's *Looney Tunes*.

Jack Webb also leads a jazz band for the movie cameras in "Pete Kelly's Blues," a film that recreates the Twenties with such nostalgic notes as glimpses of the Duke of Windsor.

One of the oldest programs on TV, "Smilin' Ed's Gang," returns August 20. Andy Devine will take over for the late, beloved Ed McConnell, with the show to be known as *Andy's Gang*.

Andy's partner on *Wild Bill Hickok*, Guy Madison, who plays the title role, welcomed a future Wild Bill fan, his new daughter, Bridget Catherine.

Mulling The Mail:

Mrs. L. V., Philadelphia, Pa.: Joan Alexander will be back on *The Name's The Same* shortly. She only took a leave of absence from the program in order to replace Patricia Jessel in the Broadway dramatic hit, "Witness for the Prosecution," while Patricia vacationed in England. . . . Marlowe fans, Romulus, Mich.: Marian Marlowe has no regular television show now, but the ex-Little Godfrey has signed to make several guest appearances with Ed Sullivan on *Toast Of The Town*. There is a possibility she will be making a night-club appearance in Detroit later on this year. . . . Mrs. J. B., Boston, Mass.: *The Road Of Life* has gone off television, but it is still on radio. . . . Mr. A. McL., San Antonio, Tex.: You are right, and your friend loses the bet. Betty Johnson, the song girl on *Don McNeill's Breakfast Club*, did get her professional start with her talented family, well-known for years in radio and on records as the Johnson Family Singers. . . . Miss D. B., Gatesville, Tex.: Gisele MacKenzie is not married nor engaged. . . . Mrs. G. R., Cleveland, O.: The part of Mrs. Brown on *This Is Nora Drake* is played by Katherine Emmett, noted New York stage actress. . . . Mr. C. L., Omaha, Neb.: Singer Denise Lor is married. Her husband's name is Jay Martin, and he is also a singer, who records under the name of Brud Jones. . . . Miss H. S., Cupertino, Calif.: The best place to write Ina Rae Hutton regarding her all-girl orchestra would be c/o Guild Films, Hollywood, California. . . . Mrs. M. B., Massillon, Ohio: Sandy Becker, who has played Young Doctor Malone for many years on radio, has
(Continued on page 18)

"What I did
may shock
you...but
a woman has
the right to
use every
female weapon
to hold the man
she loves"



Universal-International presents

JOSÉ FERRER | **JUNE ALLYSON**

The Shrike

EVERY SHOCKING EMOTION OF
THE GREAT PULITZER PRIZE PLAY!



with JOY PAGE • KENDALL CLARK • ISABEL BONNER

Directed by JOSÉ FERRER • Screenplay by KETTI FRINGS

Based on the play by JOSEPH KRAMM • Produced by AARON ROSENBERG

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE



STEVE ALLEN'S TURNTABLE

GREETINGS from Hollywood again, where I'm in the middle of shooting "The Benny Goodman Story" and am enjoying every minute of it. I've got my turntable right in my dressing room, and between scenes the latest record releases have been going 'round and 'round. Lots of variety this month, which makes for good summertime listening.

Johnnie Ray has two new sides, either one of which could be another click for him. The first is a pretty ballad, "Song of the Dreamer," and the second, an oddly-titled song, "I've Got So Many Million Years" (That I Can't Count Them). (Columbia)

David Rose and his orchestra play "Summertime in Venice" and "Violin" (Let Your Song Begin), with full Rose arrangements featuring the string instruments, in his usual tasteful style. The A side is the haunting theme of the new Katharine Hepburn picture, "Summertime," and it's a melody you'll probably be hearing for months to come. (M-G-M)

"Summertime in Venice" is also Jane Froman's newest record, and a mighty good one it is. Jane is in great voice and her lyric interpretation is excellent. On the reverse she does "You're the Answer to My Prayer," a new ballad. Sid Feller's orchestra accompanies on both. (Capitol)

The Sauter-Finnegan orchestra has a new jazz album called, "The Sons of Sauter-Finnegan," and it really rings the bell. There are several standards and some interesting originals, especially "Two Bats in a Cave," as done by trumpeters Nick Travis and Bobby Nichols. The boys do this in fugue style with no orchestral backing, and the jazz fans should love it. (Victor)

Decca has teamed up one of their top platter salesmen, Sammy Davis, Jr., with Carmen McRae—a singing gal from whom Decca expects big things—and the result is a pleasing record. Carmen and Sammy blend their voices on a cute tune, "I Go for You," and revive the oldie, "A Fine Romance," which Decca originally released many years ago with Bing Crosby and his late wife, Dixie Lee.

Jackie Gleason has had another musical brainstorm, and this time he has come up with an album called "Captain Gleason's Garden Band." Jack takes you right out to the park for an afternoon band concert, complete with tubas and French horns, etc. Jackie previewed two of the songs from the album on his TV show a few weeks ago—"In the Good Old Summertime" and "The Band Played On." The other two are "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and "Too Much Mustard."

Wonder what the Wonder Man will think up for his next album. (Capitol)

The lass with the financial name, Jaye P. Morgan, is moving right along in her vocal career, and her new record shouldn't slow her pace a bit. Jaye sings the ever-lovin' "Swanee," in up tempo, coupled with a slow ballad, "The Longest Walk." Hugo Winterhalter conducts. (Victor)

"Fred Astaire's Cavalcade of Dance" is the title of an album by Paul Whiteman and his "new" Palais Royale Orchestra. There are twelve dance numbers, all quite right for just about any heel-and-toe stuff you might want to do. Included are waltzes, tangos, fox trots, etc., with the tunes ranging all the way from "Beer Barrel Polka" to "The Black Bottom." There are a few vocal choruses by the "New" Rhythm Boys. (Coral)

You've probably heard several versions of the novelty, "Freddy," but now you can hear the original record that started the whole thing. "X" Label has acquired the first waxing of the tune, which was done in Europe by a girl named Annie Cordy. She sings the lyrics in German on one side and in English on the other.

Something new for hillbilly-music lovers has been put out by the Four-Star Recording Company. It's titled "The Trailways Blues" and features vocalist Bill Taylor, backed up by the Miller Brothers aggregation. Pretty neat.

Lena Horne, with hubby Lenny Hayton's orchestra, has a terrific side in "It's All Right with Me," one of the hit tunes from the long-running Broadway musical, "Can Can." In the show the song is done as a ballad, but Lena sings it very fast, and it's all right too. For the coupling she slows down on "It's Love," a pretty ballad from another Broadway hit of a few seasons ago, "Wonderful Town." This record could be a winner for Lena following closely after her popular "Love Me or Leave Me." (Victor)

"Boy Meets Girl" is a new Columbia album, with a new idea behind it. It triple-stars Peggy King, Felicia Sanders and Jerry Vale, with the threesome singing a love story. The tale unravels through the songs, beginning with "The Boy Next Door," and ending, about ten numbers later, with—you guessed it—a happy ending. Percy Faith conducts the orchestra.

Peggy Lee bounces forth with a new novelty called "Oh! No!" a musical paraphrase on the popular expression, backed up with the familiar "Ooh, That Kiss," and ooh, that arrangement—something different, for sure. The orchestra plays it in a cha-cha-cha tempo. (Decca)

Woody Herman and his orchestra have

recorded two songs from recent movies, and the treatment of both is rather unusual for Woody. One tune is "You're Here, My Love," from "The Seven Little Foys," and the other is "The Girl Upstairs," from "The Seven Year Itch," the melody which is played every time Marilyn Monroe comes on the screen, so it won't be hard to remember. Woody has used interesting arrangements on both sides, featuring the harp and a vocal chorus. (Capitol)

"Just Too Much" is a new album by the Hal Schaefer Trio, and it's quite a bit at that. Schaefer, in his early twenties, is the lad who has been creating quite a splash in West Coast spots with his jazz piano style. On this set, Hal's trio (Alvin Stoller on drums and Joe Mondragon on bass fiddle) play a group of standards, and two Schaefer originals, "Yes" and "Montevideo." (Victor)

The banjo, an almost-forgotten instrument, has come back into the spotlight this past year, and now they've whipped up a tune about it called, "The Banjo's Back in Town," and Teresa Brewer belts across in her usual sock style. On the backing Teresa tells all about "How To Be Very, Very Popular," which is also the title of the new 20th Century-Fox movie, starring Betty Grable and Sheree North. (Coral)

And that about wraps it up for now, as they say on the film sets. I'll be seeing you again next month.



Jane Froman renders a lilting version of "Summertime in Venice." (Capitol)

For the Easiest Permanent of Your Life . . .

New



SET IT!



Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone to help.



WET IT!

Apply CASUAL lotion just once.
15 minutes later, rinse with clear water.

FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it! CASUAL is
self-neutralizing. There's no resetting.
Your work is finished!



**Naturally lovely, carefree curls
that last for weeks . . .**

CASUAL is the word for it . . . soft, carefree waves
and curls—never tight or kinky—beautifully manageable,
perfect for the new flattering hair styles that highlight the softer,
natural look. Tonight—give yourself the loveliest wave
of your life—a CASUAL pin-curl permanent!



takes just 15 minutes more than setting your hair!

\$1.50 PLUS TAX

*Ted Steele holds WOR-TVers
young and old in the
palm of his talented hands
as he daily delights them
on two merry shows*



Ted's shows always "jump." Here, he and Cozy Cole are on drums, with Johnny Chavez, guitar, Bobby Caudana, accordion, Tommy Abruzzo, bass.

Mr. Matinee



WITH two wonderful TV shows of their own, an equal number of daughters—also wonderful—and a Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farm that can be similarly described, Ted Steele and his wife and producer, Doris, are often told they're lucky. To this, Ted and Doris smile at each other with affection and long-time understanding. Then Ted says, "Yep, the harder we work, the luckier we get."

Currently, it's Station WOR-TV viewers who consider themselves lucky. Weekday afternoons, from 3 to 5, there's the *Ted Steele Show*, a program of music and variety starring Ted, Ceil Loman and her Woman's Corner, drummer Cozy Cole and sax man Johnny Hodges heading up an aggregation called the "Oblong Squares," and Corky Robbins, her piano and songs. The whole gang presents music, charades and other games, and discusses questions sent in by viewers—all making for a sprightly two hours of fun for the whole family.

Following this, Ted's *Teen Bandstand* stars the teenagers of the Greater New York area. Every day, a group of 30 youngsters from a school or organization dance to the music of Steve Schultz and his Dixie-landers, meet and talk to musical stars, compete in contests and games. Pretty Jeanne O'Brien presides over her Gossip Board of initialed mystery items culled from 3,000 letters a week and leads the talk on teen fads and



Teener Ann Marie Sisko gets a prize from Ted and Jeanne O'Brien for giving the *Bandstand* its name.



Partners in marriage and work, Ted the performer and Doris the producer check their show schedule.



No "gentleman farmer," Ted is an expert on his pure-bred cattle, wades right into the farm work.



Doris, Susan and Sally love the pets—30 cats, 2 dogs, outdoor aviary—that come with farm life.

the most up-to-date fashions.

Ted, whose own daughters—Susan, 13, and Sally, 12—are his off-camera leading lights, takes especial pleasure in giving the teenagers a show of their own, incorporating their letters and ideas and their requests for tunes and guest stars. He feels youngsters can use the games and gimmicks presented on *Bandstand* for at-home parties and that the program can show parents what kind of entertainment teenagers enjoy.

Ted Steele is serious about having worked hard. As a Trinity College student, he divided his time between the Hartford, Connecticut, campus, trips to Manhattan for radio auditions, and the theater-night club circuit around Hartford where he earned his tuition and upkeep. His first big

break came when Ted quit an announcing job in Hollywood to fly to New York and take on a \$65-a-month chore as a page boy.

His musical background quickly made Ted a salesman for a radio recording library. While selling, he learned to play the then-new Novachord, then organized the "Novatones," which became a favorite disc group. Next Ted switched to arranging and conducting scores for such top talent as Perry Como, Connie Boswell, Jo Stafford and Frank Sinatra.

But, in 1947, Ted again began fronting his own orchestra at hotels and night spots and doing radio and TV work. Today, in addition to his WOR-TV shows, he presents the *Ted Steele Show* over the Mutual Radio network,

Monday through Friday at 1:30 P.M.

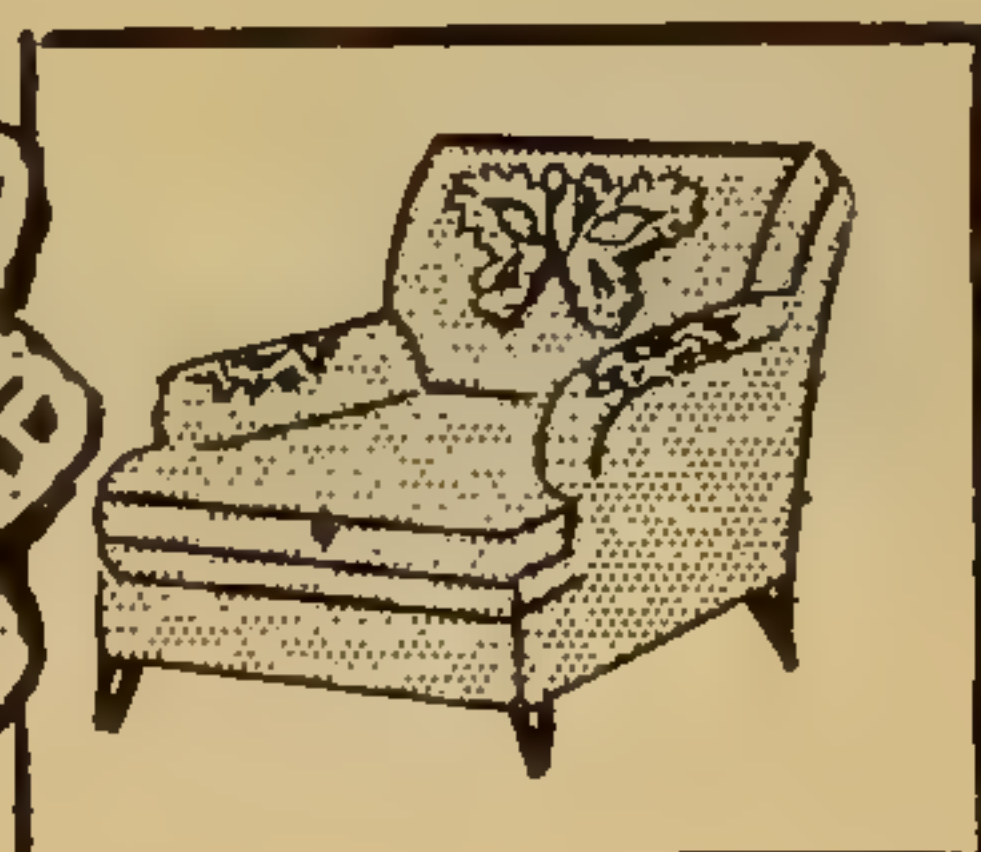
The Steeles commute to the New York studios from their Celebrity Farm, 100 acres stocked with pure-bred Guernseys and 400 acres which Ted rents for growing feed and other crops. Ted defers to Doris' professional advice, but at home he's very much the head of the house. "We are really interdependent," Doris says, cherishing the closeness that comes with being partners in marriage and in career.

When the Steeles first bought their farm, they moved in with one lamp, some borrowed beds and a framed motto: "You can do anything you want to do." Ted Steele has proved the truth of this motto to cheers and applause from WOR-TV viewers of all ages.

NEW DESIGNS FOR LIVING



589



589—Lovely, lacy pineapple design forms this unusual "butterfly" set to pretty and protect your chairs. Easy-to-memorize crochet. Use as a buffet set, too. 25¢

7344—Doll-making is easy with these iron-on faces in color. Pattern pieces for 15-inch dolls and clothes. Also included are iron-on color transfers of faces for two dolls and motifs for pockets. 25¢

Iron-On Flowers



7316



Iron-on
Color
Faces

7344



525

SIZES
2-10

525—Ideal for school, pretty for parties. Make two versions—one with and one without sleeves. Frost the edges with eyelet trim. Child's Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Tissue pattern, transfer, instructions. State size. 25¢

7316—Easy-sew apron takes one yard 35-inch fabric. No embroidery—iron-on red petunias with green leaves. Tissue pattern, washable transfer. Medium Size only. 25¢

7204—The pride of every state—its own lovely flower—embroidered on this cozy quilt. Diagrams, transfers of embroidery motifs included. Quilt 72" x 102", double-bed size. Each square, 7" x 8". 25¢

7391—Crochet this cover for any size TV set—in your favorite spider design. TV cover, 28" in No. 30 cotton; smaller in No. 50; larger in mercerized bedspread cotton. Join 4 to make a 56-inch cloth. 25¢

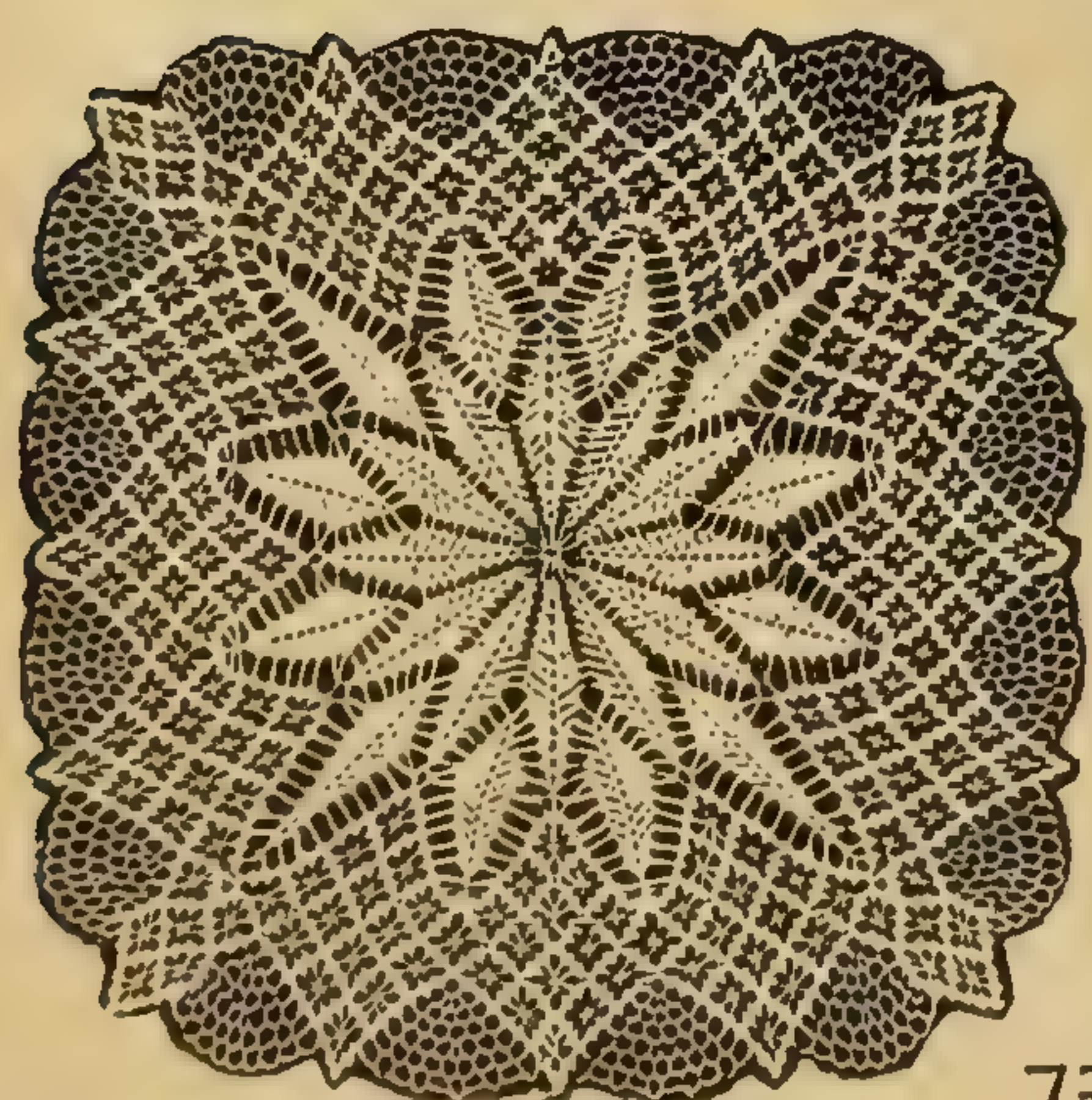
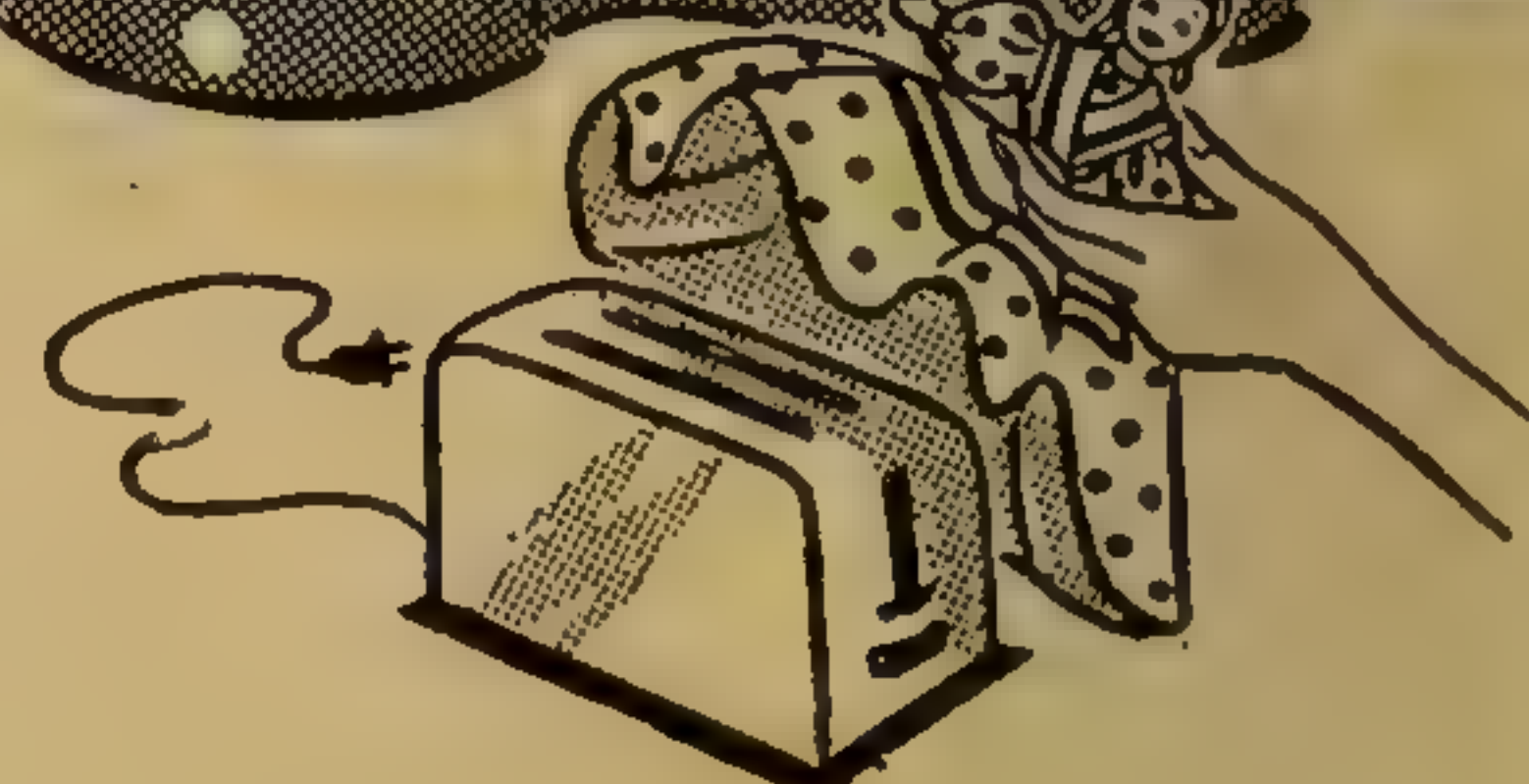
767—Let this little lady perch atop your toaster—keep it soil-free. Her long, full skirt is its protective cover. Pattern pieces, instructions, transfer of embroidery. Use scraps, stuff with foam rubber. 25¢



7204



767



7391

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: TV RADIO MIRROR, Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 137, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalog.

*For the sound of dreams come true . . .
set your dial each week for PHONORAMA TIME
the song-hit show for the young at heart . . .*

starring the idol of millions

JOHNNY DESMOND

Saturdays at 11:30 EDT

MUTUAL

BROADCASTING

SYSTEM



See local listings for program time in your area.

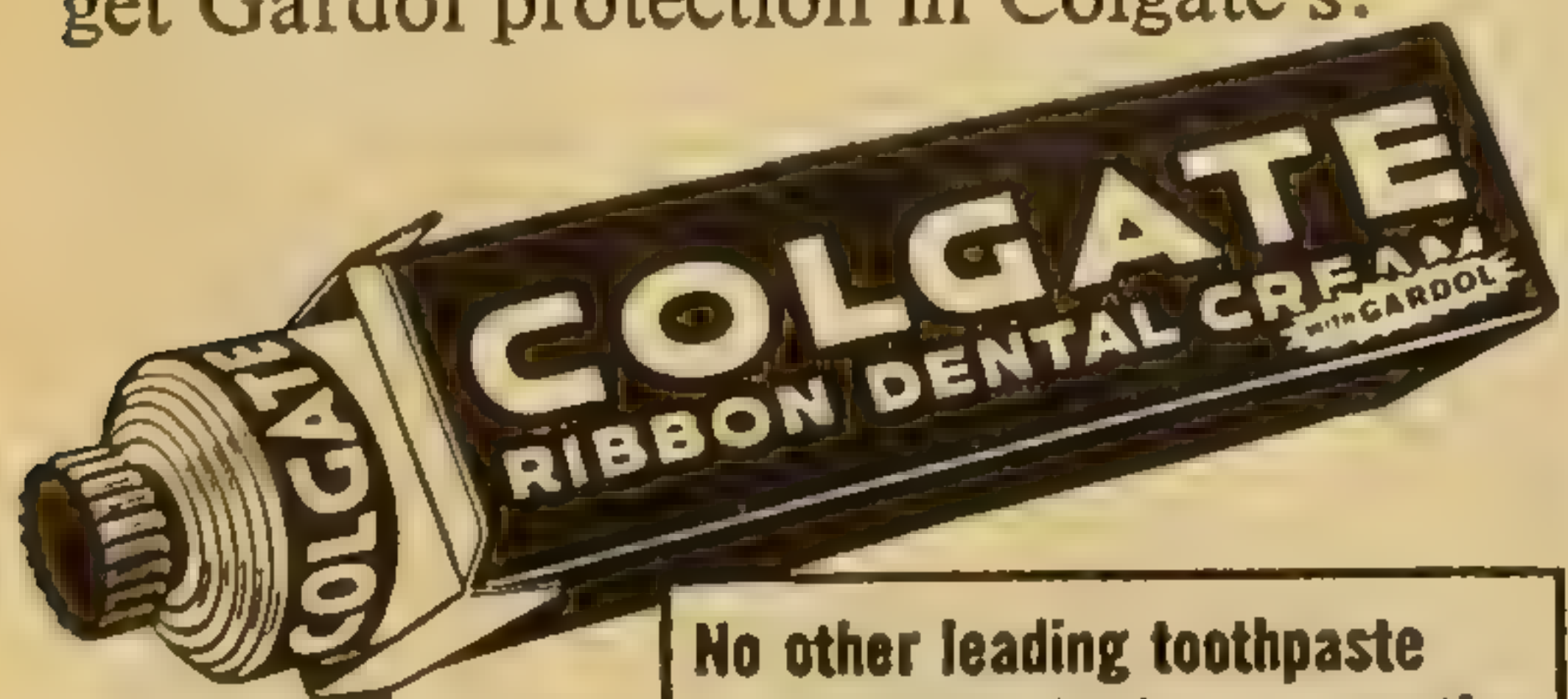
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING- MISSING- MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL—
To Give Up To
7 Times Longer
Protection Against
Tooth Decay...
With Just One Brushing!



Any toothpaste can destroy decay- and odor-causing bacteria. But new bacteria return in minutes, forming acids that cause decay. Colgate's, unlike any other leading toothpaste,* keeps on fighting decay 12 hours or more!

So, morning brushings with Colgate's help protect all day; evening brushings all night. Gardol in Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that lasts 12 hours with just one brushing. Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. Encourage your children to brush after meals. And at all times, get Gardol protection in Colgate's!



*THE LEADING TOOTHPASTES
ACCOUNT FOR OVER
70% OF ALL TOOTHPASTES
SOLD TODAY!

No other leading toothpaste
can give the 12-hour protection
against decay you get with
Colgate's with Gardol

CLEANS YOUR BREATH
While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST

(Continued from page 11)

recently taken over the emcee role on the *Looney Tunes* TV show over the Du Mont Network. . . . Miss E. K., Portland, Ore.: **Bing Crosby** was originally mentioned for the television production of "Our Town," which has been adapted as a musical, but Frank Sinatra is now set to do it in September on NBC-TV.

What Ever Happened To . . . ?

Cliff Edwards, the singing comedian known as Ukulele Ike? Cliff's career hasn't been zooming too much in the past few years, but now, thanks to his recording of "When You Wish Upon a Star," things are looking up for him. Cliff made the record back in 1949 when he did the voice of Jiminy Cricket in Walt Disney's film, "Pinocchio." Disney used the record as the theme song for his *Disneyland* TV series, and now Cliff will again work for Disney on the forthcoming *Mickey Mouse Club* daily TV kiddie show. He's also set to record some new tunes shortly.

Kenny Delmar (Senator Claghorn), who resumed his radio career a while back in the running part of Buck Halliday in *The Second Mrs. Burton*? Kenny has left New York, and the program, to return to live in Hollywood. Howard Smith, Broadway actor now appearing in the stage show, "Anniversary Waltz," has replaced Delmar as Buck.

Don Herbert, creator and star of the *Mr. Wizard* program, seen over NBC-TV? Herbert was taken ill a few weeks ago and his condition was diagnosed as acute and chronic exhaustion. He was taken to the Augustana Hospital in Chicago, where he is improving. Pending Don's return to work, kinescope telecasts will be substituted for his Saturday program.

Molly Berg, who wrote and starred in the heart-warming adventures of *The Goldbergs*? Molly is filming a new series of Goldberg stories for Guild Films—and just to keep up with the trend throughout



Kathy Godfrey presents the bright side of the news, Sundays on CBS.

the country, the family is moving to the suburbs. The series will probably start sometime this fall.

If you have a question about one of your favorite people or programs, or wonder what has happened to someone on radio or television, drop me a line—Miss Jill Warren, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y., and I'll try my best to find out for you and put the information in this column. Unfortunately, we don't have space to answer all questions, so I try to cover those personalities and shows about whom I receive the most inquiries. Sorry, no personal answers, so kindly do not enclose stamped envelopes or postage, as they cannot be returned.



Jack Benny and his wife Mary Livingstone, on a New York holiday, visit the Stork Club. Jack's slated to appear on a CBS-TV "spectacular" this fall.



**Talk
about
lather!**

You get floods more suds...better hair-conditioning too!

NEW *White Rain*

NEW PACKAGE...
NEW
EASY-GRIP BOTTLE.
WONDERFUL NEW
LOTION SHAMPOO!



You'll be talking about lather for days after your first shampoo with new White Rain. Because it really does pile up astonishingly... gives you gobs more rich, gentle suds, soft as rain water. You can *feel* your hair become silken under your finger-tips

... Yet see what happens when you comb it out. The curl just naturally springs back. New White Rain leaves your hair in better condition, sprinkled with sunshine, fresh as a breeze, and *manageable*. New White Rain was made especially for you...

BY *Toni*

THE PEOPLE WHO KNOW YOUR HAIR BEST

Gloriously Fragrant

ALL DAY... ALL OVER

Wonderful
DEAR-KISS
TALCUM

It gives your skin
a thrilling satin
softness... an alluring
feminine fragrance.
This finest of imported
talcs soothes, cools
and perfumes every
inch of you! Absorbs
perspiration—helps
prevent chafing...
keeps you delightful
to be near!



Dreams come true...

when you wear BLUE WALTZ.
This intoxicating perfume is
not for the timid.
Try it — when you're
ready for love!



Daytime Diary

*All programs are heard Monday through Friday; consult
local papers for time and station.*

BACKSTAGE WIFE Mary Noble has had years of practice at being the wife of a famous Broadway star, but every now and then even she faces a problem that it seems must wreck her marriage. Although she is certain that Larry is fundamentally devoted to her and their family, his brilliant, fascinating leading women can often manage to distress her far more than she likes to admit. Will Larry's career end by coming between him and Mary? CBS Radio.

THE BRIGHTER DAY If architect Don Harrick really works on plans for the Youth Center, all Reverend Dennis' hopes for it will be brilliantly realized. But personal difficulties beset Harrick as he sees his hold on his sister-in-law, Lydia, weakening under the warmth of her friendship with editor Max Canfield. Will Harrick use the one weapon that can really ruin Lydia's life in order to maintain his influence over her? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE Embittered by the publicity that misrepresents her association with the children's convalescent home, Julie Palmer vows to keep hands off all public activities, and withdraws so decidedly that her husband, Dr. Dan Palmer, is really concerned over an attitude he has never seen in Julie before. But a brave child reminds Julie that without courage life is much less worth living. NBC Radio.

FIRST LOVE The harrowing days of Zach's trial for the murder of Petey are bound to leave their mark on Laurie no matter what the verdict. Struggling not to show the terrible strain, she wonders if Zach can do the same—Zach who is so much more emotional and keyed-up than the average man. How will he feel about David Abbott, knowing that the clever young lawyer's fight to save him was more for Laurie's sake than for his? NBC-TV.

THE GUIDING LIGHT Long after her marriage to Dick was over, Kathy realized how much she still loved him. But even if he returns to California the chances are small that their lives can ever join again, for Dick is no longer the confused, weak man he was a few years ago. Meanwhile, Kathy's friend Bertha faces a trying time as her newly-widowed mother comes home with her. What will this mean to her husband and her older son? CBS-TV and CBS Radio.

HAWKINS FALLS Nobody who really knows a small town—knows it as Lona and Dr. Floyd Corey do—will ever make the mistake of thinking that life there is as quiet and peaceful as it appears to the casual passerby. But even Lona is surprised when she suddenly learns that her name has been forged—and finds out who did it. This, she thinks, is certainly the strangest thing that will ever happen in Hawkins Falls. But is she wrong? NBC-TV.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D The respected position Joyce has built for herself, both as a woman and a doctor, is threatened by the curious persecution of her own young sister, Kitty, who seems determined to destroy Joyce's hopes for a future with socially prominent lawyer Mike Hill. Has Kitty, through the man called James Duffy, stumbled upon a chain of events that may really help her to accomplish her purpose? NBC-TV.

JUST PLAIN BILL The beautiful young actress, Arline Wilton, has created quite a stir in Hartville. Bill watches with concern as Peter Dyke Hampton, the successful lawyer who recently seemed attracted to Bill's daughter Nancy, finds himself succumbing to Arline's undeniable fascination. What is there about Arline that leads Bill to fear that Peter's feeling for her will eventually lead to trouble? NBC Radio.

LORENZO JONES When Belle Jones' long search for Lorenzo was successful, she was so elated that she had small doubt that the future would see complete happiness restored with the recovery of Lorenzo's memory, so that they could resume the contented marriage that was disrupted by his accident. But now, months later, she faces heartbreak as Lorenzo still cannot recall the past. Will she be forced to turn to Denis Scott and his love to salvage her own future? NBC Radio.

LOVE OF LIFE Van's recovery from her miscarriage, and Paul's final courageous honesty with his former wife, Judith, has to some extent drawn Judith's fangs and cleared the way for a better future for his marriage to Van. But there still remains Judith's child—the child so deeply damaged by Judith's callousness. If Van follows the fugitive thought that has crossed her mind, will it be the greatest mistake of her life? CBS-TV.

MA PERKINS Gladys was the spoiled child of a wealthy family, and Joe was the modest, unforceful adopted son of Ma Perkins, when the two fell in love and were married. But, despite the difference in background, they were extremely happy until the tragic disappearance of their baby put torturing strain on both of them. Will bitterness transform Gladys back into the cold, superficial girl she once appeared to be? Can Ma save their marriage? CBS Radio.

OUR GAL SUNDAY Leslie Northurst's attempt to destroy Lord Henry's hold on the Brinthrope title and estates brought ruin only to Leslie himself. And yet Sunday wonders if she and her husband can ever really forget Leslie's attack. Is she right in fearing that it created havoc in her marriage that can never be completely repaired? Or is there a crisis ahead that will relegate all thoughts of Leslie to the background? CBS Radio.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY No matter how much two young people love each other, they cannot be separated for any length of time without becoming lonely enough to seek companionship elsewhere. Carter's long, harrowing disappearance has thrown Peggy back on the friendship of two very willing young men. And, in New York, Carter embarks on a strange new life with the help of a friendly young singer and his own talent for playing the piano. NBC Radio.

PERRY MASON The careful, complicated plan to get hold of Sam Merriweather's wealth approaches success as the girl posing as his daughter tightens the trap around his real daughter, known to him as his secretary, Lois Monahan. Can Perry unearth the confused framework of the truth in time to save Sam—and save Lois from a framed murder charge? Or, working in the dark as he must, will it be only Lois he can save? CBS Radio.

THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS The accident in which Carolyn is injured helps to bring to a sort of climax the strained situation between her and her husband, Miles Nelson. Does Miles' political career really suffer from his marriage, as wily Annette Thorpe has tried to convince him? More important, has Miles himself begun to suspect that he could go faster and farther alone—or with Annette as a partner? NBC Radio. (Continued on page 97)



in my * maidenform bra®

As a matter of course, you'll choose Ariette*, the new Maidenform elastic bra that sets you free! Airy-light elastic outlining the broadcloth curve-flattering cups to snug the bra to you; elastic under the cups to move with every breath you take; elastic back-panels to give you more freedom of motion than you ever dreamed of in a bra.

Ariette g-i-v-e-s with your every move—
follows your figure like a dream! 2.50 A, B and C cups.



coolest thing you can wear

There isn't any other kind of sanitary protection that's *nearly* as cool as Tampax*. In fact, millions of women first adopted Tampax in the Summertime—when they simply couldn't stand hot, uncomfortable external pads a *minute* longer!

Why put up with chafing... irritation... odor problems and disposal problems... when Tampax is as handy as your nearest drug or notion counter? It gives the wearer such a remarkable sense of freedom that many users say they almost forget it's "time-of-the-month" for them. Certainly, you feel much more poised, much more relaxed, with protection that's both invisible and unfelt when in place. You can be your dainty, fastidious self *at all times!*

It goes without saying that you can swim while wearing Tampax, that you don't need to remove it while taking your shower or tub. This doctor-invented product *must* be the *nicest* way of handling the trying days of the month—so many women say so! Buy Tampax now in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



The Winner!

You are right, when you state your reason for printing the Feather Your Nest contest winners' names first, before notifying them... it was a greater thrill. I gaze and stare at my name... and say, "It can't be!" But, thar tiz! To think of my name being all over the U. S. A. makes me feel like a celebrity... which of course I am, in a way, because the judges picked my "whacky" entry for first prize.

I can hardly wait to get my living room set... and am so afraid it might arrive when I'm out. Also, I wish to clear the room of old pieces, before the beautiful new ones "swagger" in and scoff at my poor "antee-ques." The old ones were very faithful, though battle-scarred, and might feel sensitive if they glimpsed the newcomers.

Lots of good wishes to you and your fine, enjoyable magazine. I surely did enjoy the contest, but never expected to win a prize, let alone the top one. Everyone is complimenting my family on my big win. My son, who is in the Army, can scarcely wait to see our lovely living room. Its being modern tickles him so much, as it does all of us.

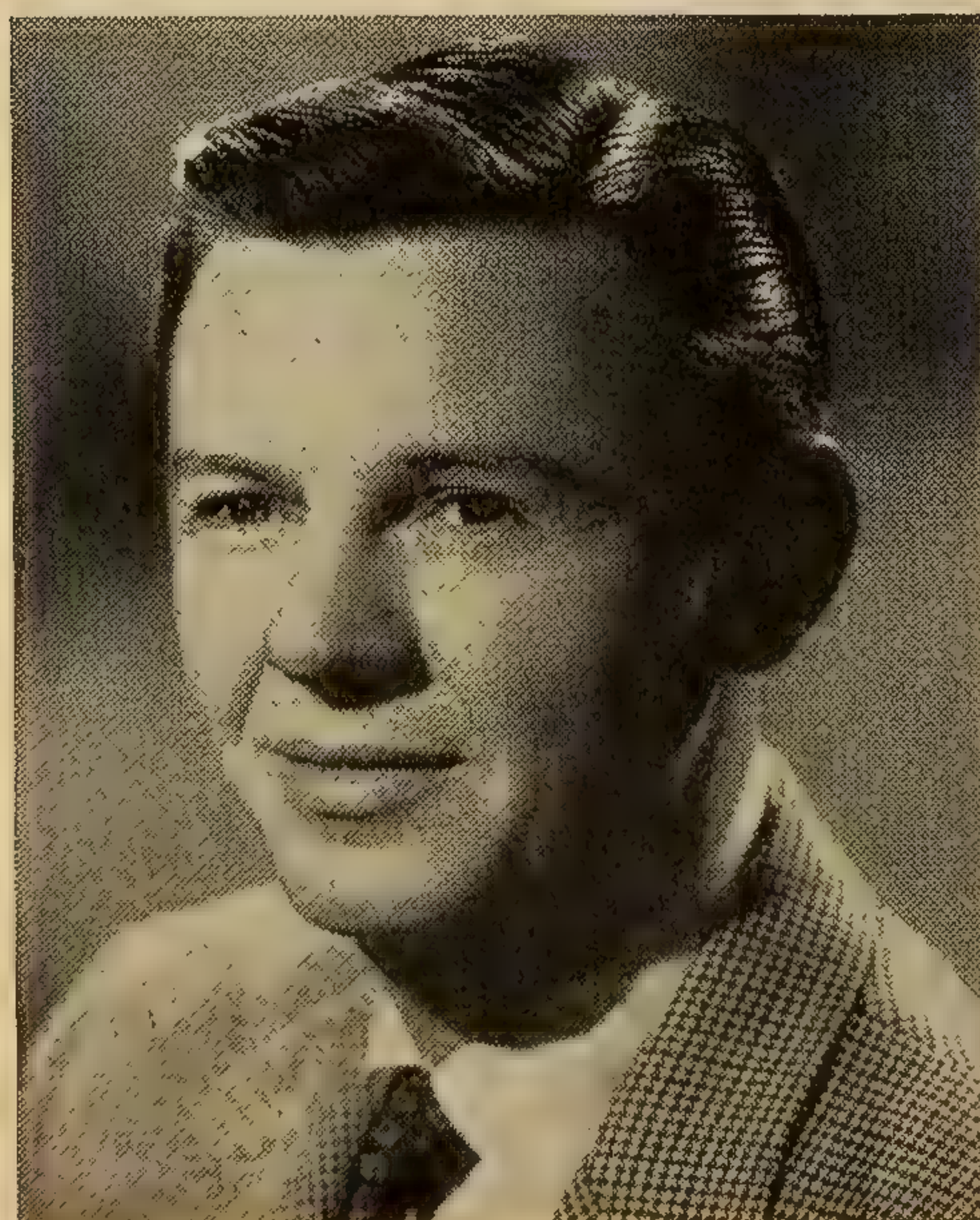
I wonder if being a "Bird" had anything to do with winning this Feather Your Nest prize? Anyway, we think it is quite a coincidence.

Bertha L. Bird,
Needham Heights, Mass.

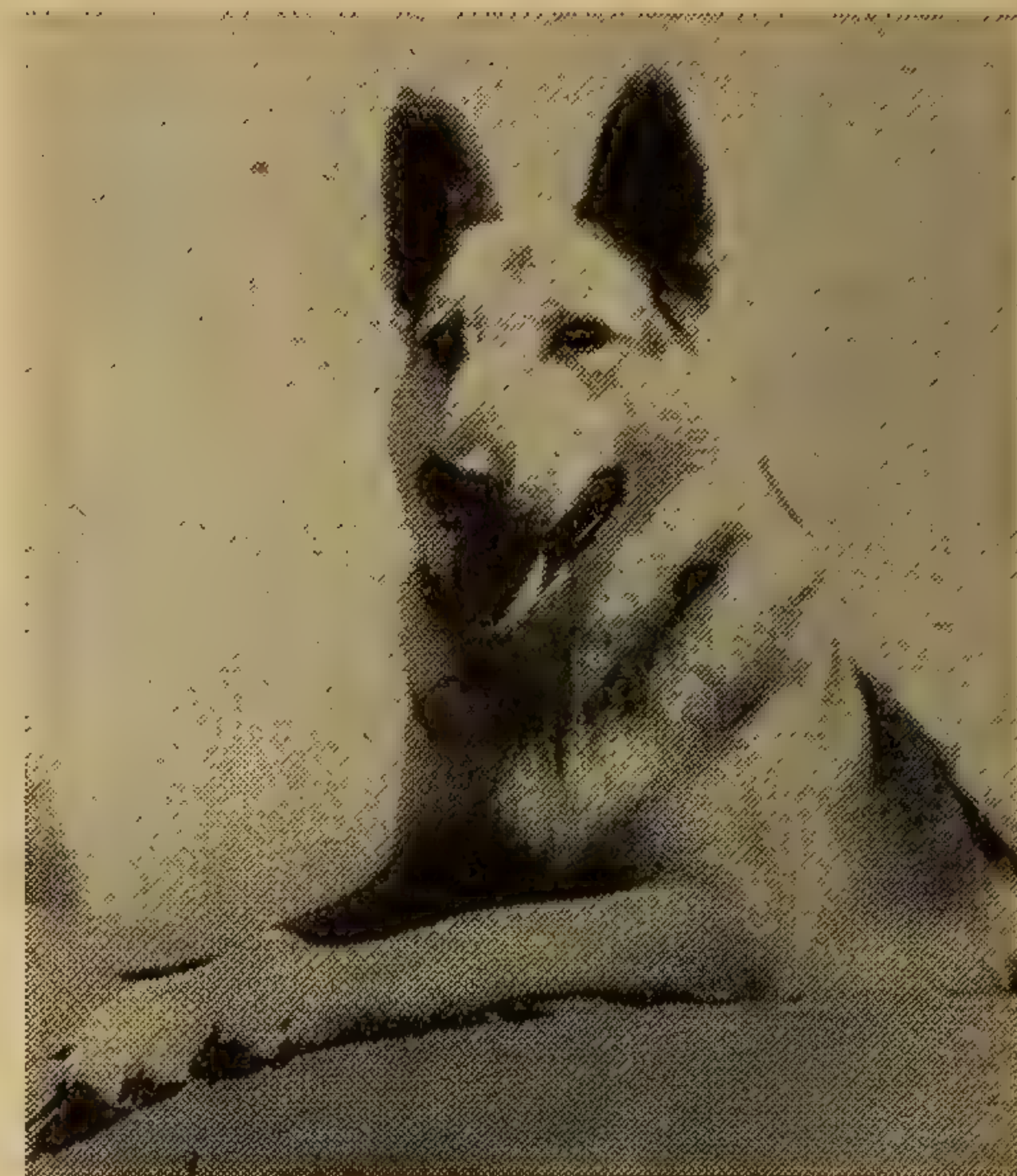
Out of His Teens

I would like to know about James Lydon, who plays Andy Boone on NBC-TV's So This Is Hollywood. Where can I write to him? C.R., Chicago, Ill.

"For eighteen years I've played a high school teenager, and that's long enough for any man," asserts Jimmy Lydon, who's happy to have graduated to the role of actors' agent in *So This Is Hollywood*...



James Lydon



Rin Tin Tin IV

Born James Joseph Lydon on May 30, 1923, in Harrington Park, New Jersey, his long-lived teen-age career began when he was studying photography at the Professional Children's School in New York City. Jimmy's father was a railroad statistician and several of his nine children became interested in acting. Jimmy's start came when his freckles attracted attention among commercial photographers and he moved to the other side of the camera to become a model. He appeared in several Broadway plays, then went to Hollywood to play juvenile roles in "Tom Brown's Schooldays," "Life with Father" and to star in the "Henry Aldrich" series. Other films have included "Joan of Arc," "Time of Your Life," "September Affair" and "The Magnificent Yankee." Jimmy has appeared in TV dramatic and suspense programs and played the lead in one of the first TV daytime serials, *The First Hundred Years*. It was while in New York for TV appearances that he once again met Betty Lou Nedell. They'd known each other before—when Betty's mother played Jimmy's mother in "Henry Aldrich"—were married in New York and now have a year-old daughter, Cathy Ann. Jimmy holds a private pilot's license, likes to take weekend air-trips or else shoulder one of the guns he collects and round up his best pals for a hunting trip. You can write to him, c/o *So This Is Hollywood*, NBC-TV, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif.

Arf! Arf!

Would you please give me some information on the dog who plays the title role in The Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin on the ABC-TV network?

D.W., Colliers, W. Va.

The dog starring in the TV film series is actually Rin Tin Tin IV, whose great-grandfather barked silently and drew millions of dollars to the box offices in pre-talkie days. The story begins when

booth

Lee Duncan was a pilot in World War I. He recalls that "when the Germans were driven back in the big push at St. Mihiel, they left a lot of things behind—including five little puppies. I took them over and nursed them back to health. They couldn't have been over three days old." . . . Lee brought two of the dogs back to the United States with him, a male he named Rin Tin Tin and a female he called Nanette. The male was named for the little good-luck dolls the French women made and sold for charity. . . . When Lee's friend, William Desmond, needed a dog for a movie at Universal, he suggested using Rin Tin Tin. "That gave me an idea of making a picture with Rin Tin Tin," Lee remembers. "I went to Warner Brothers and they liked the idea. But, by the time we spent \$35,000, they ran out of money. I managed to borrow some more. The picture—'Where the North Begins,' in 1923—cost \$135,000 and grossed \$352,000. Rin Tin Tin saved Warner Brothers from bankruptcy."

During the war, Lee Duncan trained dogs for the Army. In 1947, he brought out "The Return of Rin Tin Tin," starring Rin Tin Tin III. Now, the fourth in the line, at four years old, is a TV star and Rin Tin Tin V, about a year old, looks like a comer.

Amos 'n' Andy

I would like to know if Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll appear as Amos 'n' Andy on TV as well as radio.

L.S., Grafton, W. Va.

No, although Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll have played the roles on radio since 1928, on TV Amos is played by Alvin Childress, Andy by Spencer Williams, the Kingfish by Tom Moore. On radio Gosden is the Kingfish and Lightning', as well as being Amos Jones, and Correll is the voice for Henry Van Porter and Andy Brown.

Man From Marseilles

Would you give me some information on Louis Jourdan, who plays Inspector Beaumont on Paris Precinct on TV?

B.R., Memphis, Tenn.

Born in Marseilles, Louis Jourdan was a prominent actor on the French stage and screen when he was brought to this country for a role in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Paradine Case," in 1947. His dark good-looks and Gallic charm have since been seen on celluloid in "Letter from an Unknown Woman," "Madame Bovary," "Anne of the Indies" and "The Happy Time." Last year, he made a successful debut on the Broadway stage in "The Immoralist," an adaptation from the book by his countryman, Andre Gide. On TV, he has been seen on many of the top drama programs, including *The Elgin Hour* and *Appointment With Adventure*, in addition to his role as a member of the

French Surêté in the *Paris Precinct* series. He may return to Broadway for another play this fall.

Aloha

I would like to know what has happened to Haleloke, the Hawaiian singer who used to be on Arthur Godfrey's shows.

L.F., Massillon, O.

Haleloke has remained in New York, spreading good will with Orchids of Hawaii, Inc., an organization that provides information about the islands and arranges Hawaiian-style parties. Several show-business offers are pending, but Haleloke has not yet made any definite commitments, at this writing.

Lone Wolf

Could you tell me something about Louis Hayward, who plays the title role in The Lone Wolf on TV?

L. C., Milwaukee, Wis.

Born in Johannesburg, South Africa's diamond and gold capital, Louis Hayward struck it rich in acting almost immediately. After schooling in France and England and a stock company debut, Louis, at 22, owned his own stock company and earned as much as \$500 a week. But acting was his first love and he chucked the company to act on the London stage. His first part, in the great hit, "Beau Geste," led to other successes. . . . Finally, the American craze for British accents brought him to New York for a Lunt and Fontanne play and the New York Critics' Circle Award of 1935. This, in turn, took Louis to Hollywood and a series of swash-buckling roles in "Anthony Adverse," "The Man in the Iron Mask," "Son of Monte Cristo," and so on. Other films included the "Saint" mystery series, "My Son, My Son," "Ladies in Retirement" (in which he (Continued on page 26)



Louis Hayward

SURVEY SHOWS ANSWERS FROM

9
out of
10



NURSES suggest
DOUCHING with
ZONITE for
feminine hygiene

Brides-to-Be and Married Women
Should Know These Intimate Facts

Every well-informed woman who values her health, physical charm and married happiness, knows how necessary a cleansing, deodorizing douche is for intimate feminine cleanliness and after monthly periods. Douching has become such an essential practice in the modern way of life, another survey showed that of the married women asked—83.3% douche after monthly periods and 86.5% at other times.

It's a great assurance for women to know that ZONITE is so highly thought of among these nurses. Scientific tests PROVED no other type liquid anti-septic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFULLY EFFECTIVE yet SO SAFE to body tissues.

ZONITE's Many Advantages

ZONITE is a powerful antiseptic-germicide yet is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use it as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. A ZONITE douche immediately washes away germs and waste deposits. It effectively deodorizes and leaves you with a wonderful sense of well-being and confidence—so refreshed and dainty. Inexpensive—ZONITE costs only a few pennies per douche. Use as directed.

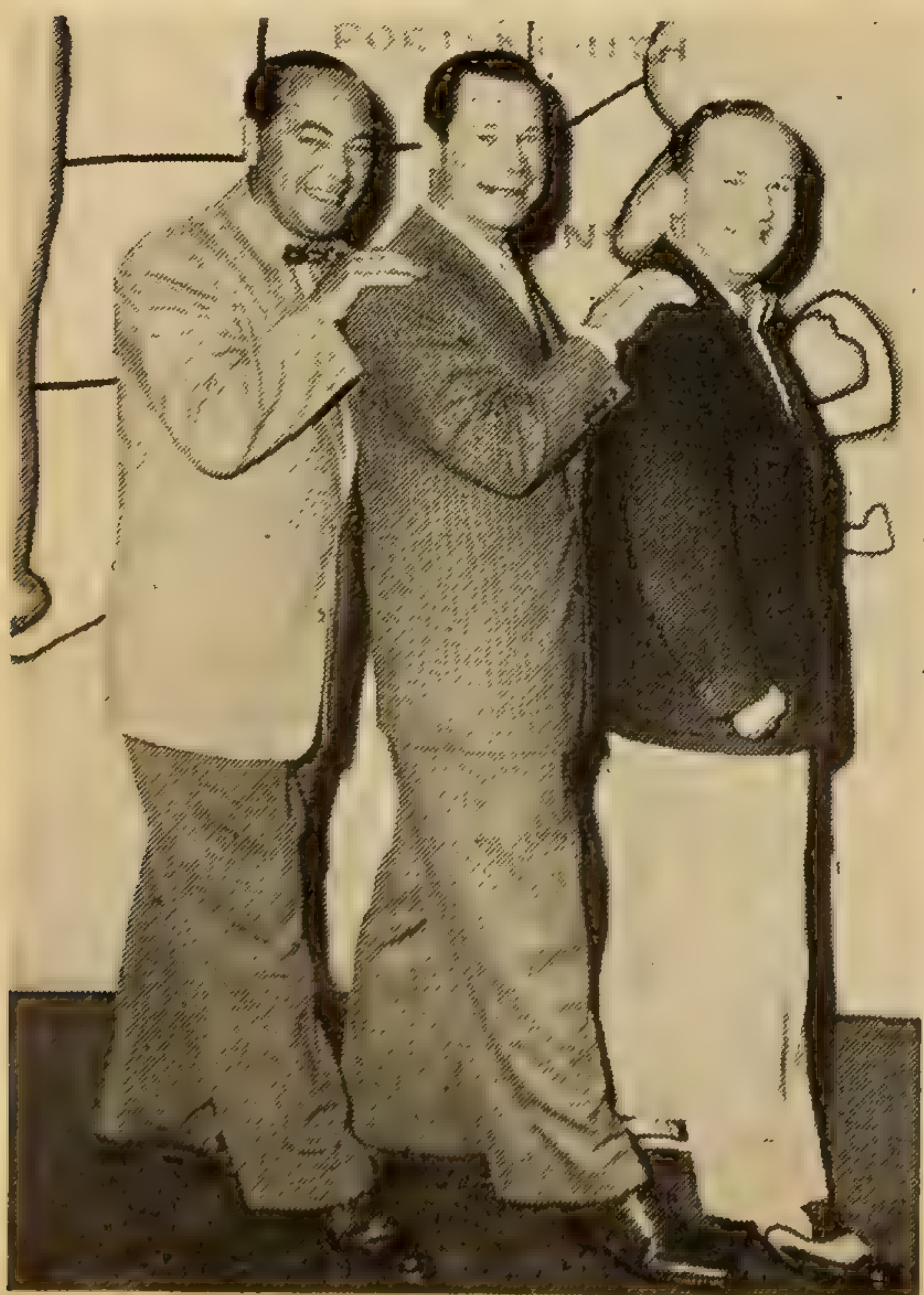


If any abnormal condition exists, see your doctor.

Hum and Strum



Thirty years as a team have found Hum and Strum entertaining throughout the world. Below, on their show, they enjoy a visit from great trouper, Joe E. Brown.



No matter how busy, Hum and Strum answer every letter they receive.

Max Zides and Tom Currier daily show Providence viewers the true meaning of "The Personal Touch"

AMONG the great show-business teams, there has been none more loved than the musical team of Max Zides and Tom Currier—better known to the world as Hum and Strum. Currently, they are regaling WJAR-TV viewers in Rhode Island and Massachusetts on their own daily show at 1:30 P.M., as guests on *Breakfast At The Sheraton*, Wednesdays at 9 A.M., as regulars on *Weekend In New England*, Fridays at 10:45 P.M.

The story of Max and Tom's great friendship began thirty-five years ago when they were track-team mates at Boston's Commercial High School. Several years later, in 1924—when Max was working on the *Boston Globe* and Tom was a long-distance truck driver—they met in a music office and started fooling around with a song or two. Soon they were filling vaudeville engagements together, then they went on radio. In addition to their air shows, they played the great Keith circuit, appearing in every major vaudeville house in the country with such headliners as Burns and Allen, Guy Lombardo and Phil Silvers. In 1931, when television was almost unheard of, Max and Tom made experimental telecasts, although, they say now, "Our thoughts were that television would never come in our lifetime. We believed it was a dream for future centuries." Nevertheless, after World War II, they became TV regulars.

In their original act, both boys strummed the ukulele and hummed many of their numbers—hence the name of their act. Today, Max no longer plays the uke because of a case of "occupational arthritis" which occurs only when he plays. Tom provides the musical accompaniment on "half a piano."

As in their partnership, Max and Tom are the best of friends in private life. Max married his childhood sweetheart and they now live in Brookline with their sons—Alan, 15 and Danny, 11. Tom, who lives in near-by Braintree with his wife, also has two sons—Tom, Jr., 23, and Terry, 20. While Max likes to relax at golf, Tom prefers flying, and was once a stunt pilot.

There is a third dimension to Hum and Strum's friendship—with their audiences. As Tom aptly puts it, "When you stop appealing to them, you might as well fold your tent and silently steal away." The boys' great personal touch also results from their attitude toward their work. "You can't call this work," says Max. "That's right," adds Tom. "We like this much better than working." From all reports, WJAR-TV viewers share the same happy view about Hum and Strum.



Think of the softest...

Now, a new gentleness . . . undreamed-of comfort . . . the luxury of a fabric covering that's soft as a whisper. Today, more than ever, it's

Modess . . . *because*

Now...compliment-catching hair for you!

Today you can look as young as you feel, because modern beauty aids make it so easy for you to keep an attractive and youthful appearance. But, in the same way regular skin care is necessary to conceal age-revealing wrinkles, your hair also needs regular care to keep it gleaming and full of color and life.

Quite simply...hair should be pampered just as much as the face beneath!

Follow your next shampoo with a NOREEN temporary rinse, for it will bring back lustre and color to your hair...leave it soft and gleaming...

young again. Choose your shade of NOREEN from fourteen natural hair tones.

At cosmetic counters everywhere.

8 rinses 60¢ plus tax.

Color applicator 40¢.

Also professionally applied in beauty salons.



Noreen®

**COLOR
HAIR
RINSE**

Information Booth

(Continued)

co-starred with his former wife, Ida Lupino), "Walk a Crooked Mile," "Duffy of San Quentin" and many others. . . . Louis became an American citizen on December 6, 1941, spent the war years with the Marines, rising to the rank of captain and earning the Bronze Star and Presidential Citation. Since the war, he has operated his own Associated Film Artists production organization. In film circles, it's said he rides with Lady Luck. Acting or producing, his every picture has been a money-maker. . . . Off-camera, Louis' friends are few, but close ones. His favorite diversion is a sudden, unplanned dash to an out-of-the-way place. He's enthusiastic about the opera, theater and concerts, likes ice-hockey, rugby and fencing, and keeps in trim with daily workouts in his own gym.

Quartet Query

Could you tell me whether two of the men in the Foggy River Boys quartet are brothers? The quartet sings on Red Foley's Ozark Jubilee.

G.M., Herndon, Va.

Yes, the brothers in the quartet are William and Monte Matthews. The two other Foggy River Boys are Charles Hutton and James Holmes.

Calling All Fans

The following clubs invite new members. If you are interested in joining, write to the address given—not to TV RADIO MIRROR.

Jayne and Audrey Meadows Fan Club, c/o Sally Powers, 2 North Broadway, White Plains, N.Y.

Rosemary Clooney Fan Club, c/o Shirley McElroy, 218 N. Gray St., Zanesville, O.

Phonorama Club (Johnny Desmond), c/o Arleen Ristav, 588 Majestic Circle, Arondale Estates, Ga.

Lucille Wall Fan Club, c/o Billy Banks, 5303 Wriley Rd., Westhaven, Md.

On- And Off-Camera

Would you tell me if Marge and Stu Bergman, in the CBS-TV dramatic serial, Search For Tomorrow, are man and wife in real life? A. McD., Peabody, Mass.

No. Melba Rae, who plays Marge, is unmarried. Larry Haines, her TV husband Stu, has a wife named Trudy in private life.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, TV RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer, if we can, provided your question is of general interest. Answers will appear in this column—but be sure to attach this box to your letter, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

WOMEN!

IF YOU NEED MONEY



"Rib-Weave"
Junior with
convertible
neckline.

Rhinestone
studded,
sparked with
white.



Wrinkle-
resistant
suiting with a
luxury look.

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DRESSES
FOR
PERSONAL
USE —
AND TO USE
AS SAMPLES!**

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Send me fabric samples and everything I need to make
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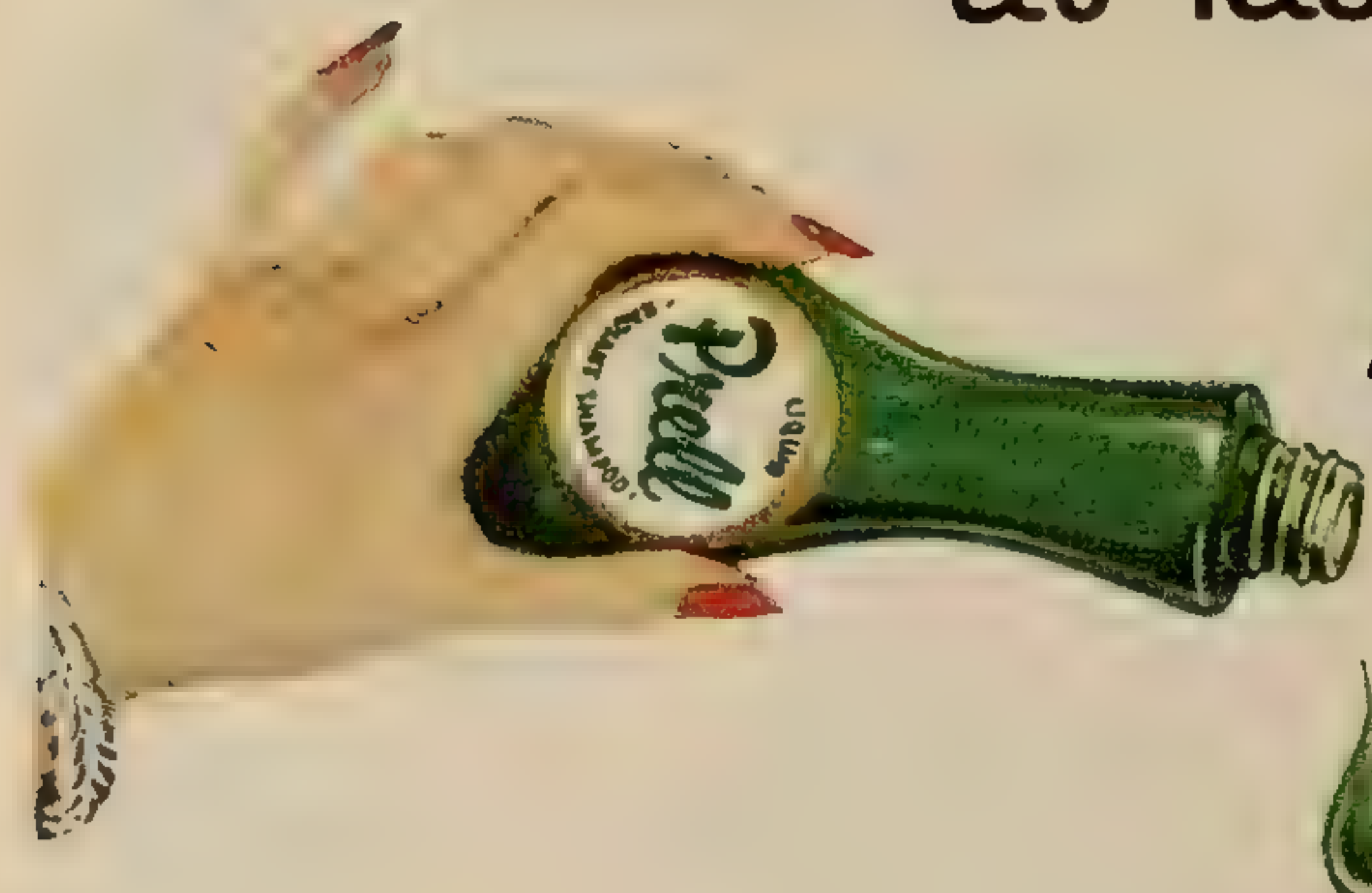
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If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to
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A LIQUID SHAMPOO

that's **EXTRA RICH!**

IT'S LIQUID
PRELL

FOR

'Radiantly Alive' Hair

Something wonderful has happened—it's fabulous new Liquid Prell! The only shampoo in the world with this exciting, extra-rich formula! It bursts instantly into luxurious lather... rinses like lightning... is so mild you could shampoo every day. And, oh, the look and feel of your hair after just one shampoo! So satin-y soft, so shiny bright, so obedient—why, it falls into place with just a flick of your comb! Shouldn't your hair have that 'Radiantly Alive' look? Try Liquid Prell this very night!



JUST POUR IT...

and you'll see the glorious difference!



Some liquid shampoos are too thin and watery... some too heavy, and contain an ingredient that leaves a dulling film. But Prell has a "just-right" consistency—it won't run and never leaves a dulling film.

PRELL—for 'Radiantly Alive' Hair... now available 2 ways:

The exciting, new extra-rich liquid in the handsome, easy-grip bottle!

And the famous, handy tube that's ideal for children and the whole family... won't spill, drip, or break. It's *concentrated*—ounce for ounce it goes further!



CREATED BY PROCTER & GAMBLE

a VERY GOOD NEIGHBOR



Heavy TV schedules lighten, as Dennis relaxes contentedly with his wife Micki at their Echo Bay home.

**Dennis James has always
known the best way to have
a friend is to be one!**

By ERNST JACOBI

DURING THE DIM, distant days of television's infancy, about eight years ago, a young man by the name of Dennis James was once asked to do an extended commercial for Josiah Wedgwood dinnerware. After some introductory remarks, he was to narrate a film describing the Wedgwood factories in England, and the film was to start at his mention of the word "mud"—which is used as a first step in the manufacturing process. However, at this precise moment, something went wrong with the film and Dennis was given the signal to "stretch."

"I had to keep stalling for four and a half minutes," Dennis reports. "That wouldn't have been so bad, but I

See Next Page

a VERY GOOD NEIGHBOR

(Continued)



Telethons to combat cerebral palsy take up much of Dennis James' limited time—and his unlimited heart. Nothing is quite so rewarding as the opportunity to help such courageous youngsters as Charles Stahlberg, a "poster boy" for United Cerebral Palsy appeals.



As emcee of CBS-TV's *On Your Account*, Dennis put on a special program during Hospital Week and was made an honorary member of the Caledonia Hospital Society. Joyce Parkhurst, student nurse, and Patricia Burns, nurse, presented him with certificate of membership.



Boating—from his own pier—is one of his greatest hobbies.

couldn't get away from the subject of *mud*, and there's a limit to what you can say about it. I talked about mud packs, mud baths, mud pies, plain mud, ordinary mud, special mud, useful mud, and no-good dirty mud. I even tried a rhyme and came up with 'Maybe you think I'm chewing my cud—while all I'm doing is talking about mud.' Those were the longest four and a half minutes I ever lived through in my life."

Dennis' ability not to let circumstances faze him has made him the delight of sponsors, network executives, and—most important of all—a large and devoted viewing audience. Not long ago, when he was interviewing a very nervous singer on *Chance Of A Lifetime*, the scenery on the stage collapsed with a loud crash—though, fortunately, out of camera range. "Do you hear how they're knocking themselves out for you?" Dennis asked. "Now, I want you to go out and knock them dead in turn." Reassured, the girl went on and was great. And when an elderly gentleman on Dennis' CBS-TV daytime show, *On Your Account*, had a fit of sneezes and lost his upper dentures, Dennis tactfully saved what might have been an embarrassing situation by his hearty "*Gesundheit!*" Then he added another little rhyme: "A sneeze, whenever it occurs, is welcome as a kitten's purrs." By that time, both dentures and calm were restored.

Dennis says that it's come to the point where he looks forward to the unexpected. "It's sort of a challenge that helps me prove to myself that I can still think on my feet."

It has not been recorded in the annals of television or radio that this ability has ever failed Dennis or that he's ever been at a loss for words. He shuns prepared scripts wherever possible, scorns teleprompters or cue cards, and doesn't use writers for his material, relying entirely on his quick-wittedness, his spontaneous sense of humor, his sincerity and warmth. "I'm no comedian. When I'm before a camera, I just try to be myself," he says. "And I'm satisfied if I can come across with a degree of warmth and humanity." That he succeeds (*Continued on page 69*)

Dennis James emcees *On Your Account*, CBS-TV, M-F, 4:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Procter & Gamble for Tide and Prell—and *Chance Of A Lifetime*, ABC-TV, Sun., 9 P.M. EDT, sponsored by Tweed and other Lenthéric fragrances, and Bromo-Seltzer (Emerson Drug Co.)



Micki's learned to love water sports, too, and they often launch a boat just to go calling on their neighbors. Their swimming pool is another of their delights. They like informal picnics—and friendly get-togethers in Dennis' well-filled "trophy room."



Dennis enjoys cooking on the outdoor barbecue—particularly the Italian specialties so dear to his childhood. Below, right, he proudly introduces his parents, Teresa and Demetrio Sposa, and his brother Lou—who directs *Chance Of A Lifetime*, over ABC-TV.



WINSOME ANNIE OAKLEY

Riding on location, dancing on a date, Gail Davis shows how a smart girl can always aim for glamour

By PEER J. OPPENHEIMER

TO THE OLDER FOLKS, the middle-aged group and the "young-married" couples, Gail Davis was just about the most glamorous girl at the Grand Ball—the highlight of Little Rock's Rose Festival—as she led the Grand Parade on the arm of Lieutenant Hoyt Allen. The Lieutenant wore his white Naval uniform. Gail also wore white, a beautiful, off-the-shoulder, nylon gown with a tight bodice and billowing skirt.

But, to the younger fans in her home town, she was a disappointment. They thought the gun-toting, fast-riding heroine of the *Annie Oakley* series was far more glamorous in her cowgirl outfit, gun belt with six-shooters slung around her waist, a wide-brimmed Stetson jauntily perched on her head. Two worlds. Two points of view. Two attitudes toward the same girl. Or is she the same girl?

"In a way, I live a double life," says Gail. "I've always been tomboyish, loved to ride, climb trees, wear jeans. But at the same time I wanted to be feminine, glamorous and sophisticated. I've been competing with myself!"

That's the story of a girl who has fifteen glamorous evening gowns in her closet, side by side with a dozen cowgirl outfits, who puts on her (Continued on page 75)

Gail Davis stars in the title role of *Annie Oakley*, as produced for TV by Gene Autry's Flying A Pictures. See local papers for time and station in your area.



Gail can really ride! She can also handle Annie's favorite Winchester—as Gene Autry (foreground) and champ John J. Crowley (left) can well testify.





Even as a little girl, Gail loved her mother's pretty clothes—and her perfume.



She still believes in being feminine today—and is, on the set or at home.





Clothes mark the man: Fess forsakes horse for plane as he tours the country.

**Fess Parker fits every description of
a legendary hero—particularly
that beloved giant, Davy Crockett!**



Davy Crockett fans experience the

Mighty Man is He

By FREDDA DUDLEY BALLING

FESS PARKER has appeared in ten motion pictures, the latest and most important of which is "Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier," and he has starred in three television films on *Disneyland*—"Davy Crockett, Indian Fighter," "Davy Crockett Goes to Congress," and "Davy Crockett at The Alamo." Comparatively speaking, this is not extensive film footage for a newcomer, but Fess Parker's fast fame proves that uranium is where you find it. He is authentic Geiger-quaking, fissionable material—all six feet, five inches of him—but the only atomic fallout expected by Walt Disney, who has Fess under long-term contract, is pennies from heaven. Or, more likely, thousand-dollar bills.

To get a few things straightened out at once: Fess Parker is his square moniker, and Fess, in Old English, means "proud." In heraldry, a fess is a wide, horizontal band across the middle of an escutcheon—usually constructed of some such

See Next Page ►

Fess, in his first starring role, studies the Davy Crockett script with Walt Disney and Norman Foster, director of the famed film.



the thrill of a lifetime as they meet their idol in person.



George Russel (Buddy Ebsen) was Davy Crockett's best friend. Off-screen, Buddy and Fess are also good friends and neighbors. Fess (6'5") calls Buddy (6'3") "Shorty."



Fess Parker, star of Walt Disney's full-length feature film, "Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier," also stars in the popular "Davy Crockett" episodes on *Disneyland*, as seen over ABC-TV, Wed., 7:30 P.M. EDT, sponsored by the American Motors Corp., Derby Foods, Inc., and the American Dairy Association.

a Mighty Man is He

(Continued)

opulent fabric as ermine, velvet, silver or gold. In spite of all this implied fanfare, Fess himself has never looked up the Parker family crest for fear of finding on it a small biscuit rampant—the Parker House roll.

Born in Fort Worth, Texas, ma'am, Fess grew up in San Angelo. He started his college career at Texas A. and M., transferred to Hardin-Simmons (where he hoped to play four years of college football), served three years in the Navy—rising from apprentice seaman to seaman, first class—returned to Hardin-Simmons briefly, and then moved to the University of Texas, where he earned his degree. He also attended U.S.C. in Los Angeles, where he knocked out his master's degree in Theater Arts. His fraternity is Pi Kappa Alpha.

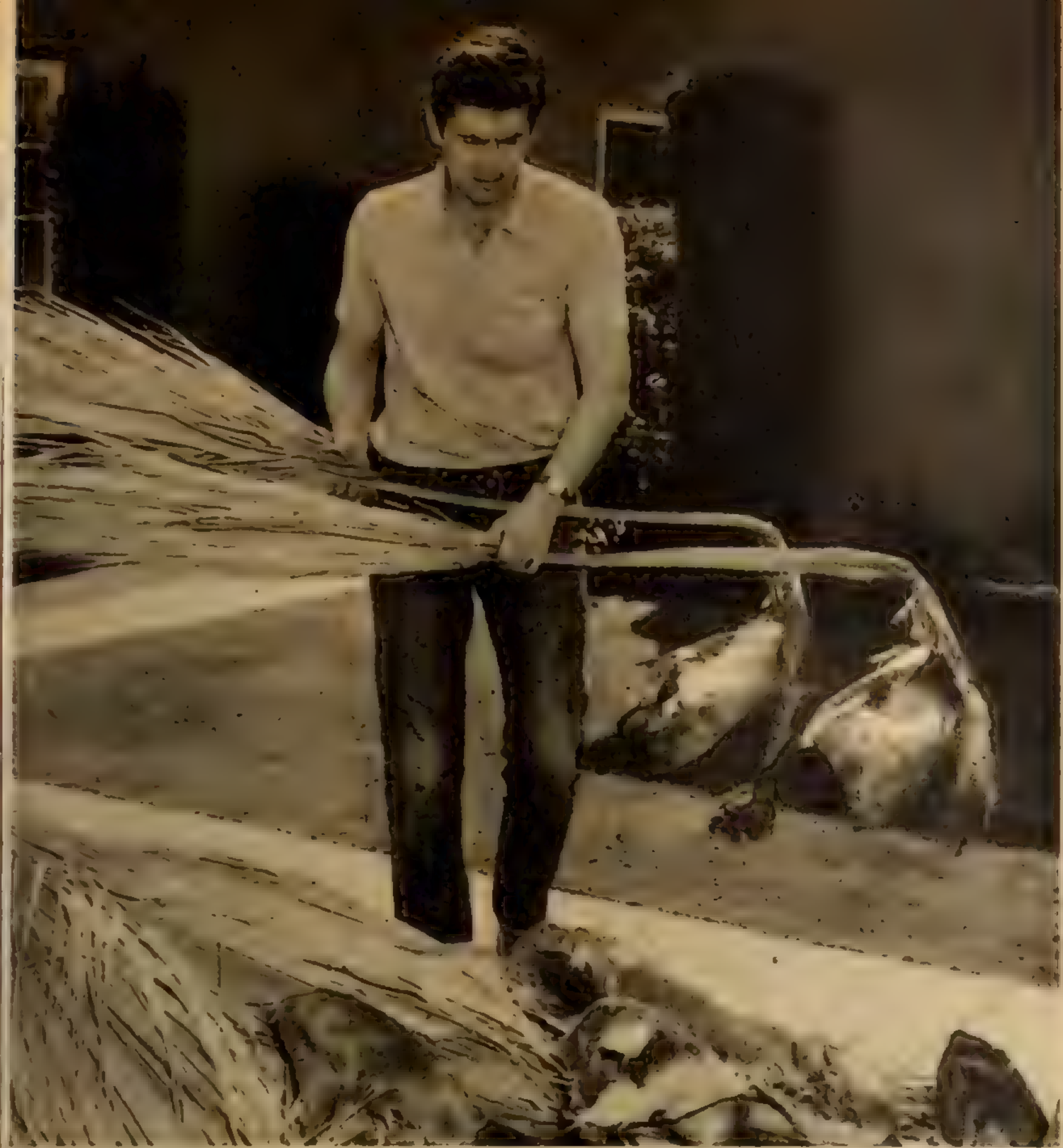
At this point, it might be remarked that Fess is not only a picture and TV star, but a recording artist, as well—a fact which makes at least one woman furious. The lady in question stormed into a Los Angeles record shop and asked the salesman whether he had the Fess Parker platter of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett." Apologetically, the salesman admitted that he was temporarily out of the number, but added that a new supply would arrive shortly. Meanwhile, he said, a number of guitar-and-gullet boys had waxed the song . . .

"I don't want a substitute," snapped the shopper. "I want Fess or nothing. This is the seventh record shop I've tried, and every single one of them is sold out. It makes me simply furious."

(Note to the lady: By the time you read this, you will be able to buy—not only "The Ballad"—but a 45 rpm Columbia recording of the three "Davy Crockett" dramas which have been telecast.)

At The Alamo: Hans Conreid as Thimblereg, Nick Cravat as Bustedluck, join Fess and Buddy in their last stand.





Raised on a ranch in Texas, bachelor Fess has long known how to take care of himself. He lives modestly in a small but comfortable house in Hollywood, keeps a neat yard, and can scramble up a "mean" egg to satisfy his hearty appetite.

Incidentally, the beginnings of Fess' guitar playing (so vital a part of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett") are shrouded in mystery. One version is that he was born with a guitar in one hand and a Texas bluebonnet in the other. A more comfortable theory is that, while Fess was a student at the University of Texas, folk singer Burl Ives appeared at the college on concert tour. Fess was so impressed with Ives' performance—and discovered himself to be so completely at home with the material used and the interpretation employed—that he could talk of nothing else for weeks. His girl friend finally retaliated by buying Fess a guitar for Christmas.

Of course, it was a gag gift for which she had paid only a few dollars at the local music store, but Fess elected to take it seriously. So seriously that he asked if she would be hurt if he traded in the six-stringer for a fine instrument. She said something like no, not if he wouldn't practice under *her* balcony—and that did it.

From that moment to this, scarcely a day has gone by during which Fess has not found a few moments in which to beat out chords. Between scenes on the set, he can be found strumming and humming, composing melodies of his own. His only periods of stringless silence—sometimes lasting a week—are brought on by attendance at a Segovia concert. "The man has a kind of magic," he says, grinning in wry appreciation. "It doesn't seem human for one pair of hands to get so much music out of a guitar."

His regional drawl (more Southern than Texan), his quiet manner, his far-flung stature, his steady eyes—and his air of considered calm—convey at least one wrong impression. A stranger (*Continued on page 86*)



A guitar player since college days, Fess composes his own tunes, enjoys duets with girl friend Marcy Rinehart.

TWICE BLESSED



Mr. and Mrs. Charles Novotny of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, were aboard the *Queen Mary* when they learned their number had won! Below, Janis Carter welcomed them back from Europe.



Feather Your Nest, NBC-TV, M-F, 12:30 P.M. EDT—for Colgate-Palmolive, Cavalier Cigarettes, other products.

Fate had an inspiring surprise in store, when *Feather Your Nest* presented a house to the Novotnys

By LILLA ANDERSON

THE STAFF at *Feather Your Nest* was still buzzing. "You should have been here yesterday," said George Backman, the set designer. . . . "You never saw such a thing," said a stagehand. . . . "Bud Collyer got all choked up and red in the face and Janis Carter couldn't talk, she was that surprised," said Randy Kraft, the announcer. . . . "The people who won the house darned near broke up the show," said Louise Hammett, the associate producer.

Breaking up that tight, competent, happy gang takes some doing. I got a word in edgewise: "What actually happened?" And Pearl Penney, who is in charge of the prizes, explained: "They said nothing had ever meant so much to them as winning this house. So they brought Bud a silk tie from Italy and Janis some costume jewelry from Paris. It's never happened before. Contestants just don't do that."

Everyone nodded. This, they indicated, was their own, particular (Continued on page 84)

Charlie and Glad were all smiles as builder LeRo





Bud Collyer, emcee of *Feather Your Nest*, handed the Novotnys the key to their dream house, as hostess Janis beamed.

Skogman showed them their P & H "Lakeside" model home—which had even more meaning for the Novotnys than a new house.





Holiday Time for



Coney Island was as much of a thrill to Godfrey's small guests from the Henry Street Settlement as it was to Arthur himself—and he was as excited as any of 'em. His own Little Godfreys were somewhat timid about the various "rides," requiring his constant reassurance. Below, he grasps Phyllis McGuire's hand as they swing in the Chairplane.

When the world's gayest redhead takes over the world's gayest playground, anything can happen—and so it does!

By MARTIN COHEN

IF A MAN is as old as he feels, the world-famous one with the red hair and freckles has no business running around in long pants. The day Arthur Godfrey spent at Coney Island, he acted like a nine-year-old—give or take a year. There were four hundred children from the Henry Street Settlement as Arthur's guests, but you needed a score card to tell the Godfrey gang from the kids.

GODFREY



Holiday Time for GODFREY

(Continued)

"This is the greatest fun," he said, and for the next hour laughed harder than a Macy's Santa Claus.

Fun it was but, to be downright objective, some of those screams of joy sounded mighty like screams of anguish. And they'll tell you the color was something—and it was—the shimmering scramble of the merry-go-round bulbs, the bold stripes of Arthur's fancy coveralls, the Godfrey gals in red and green dresses with faces to match.

"Such fun," Arthur kept saying. "I can't remember when I ever had such fun."

The show from Steeplechase Park had been in the works for a few years. For one good reason or another, it was put off until this summer. When Arthur gave the go-ahead, director Bobby Bleyer, Arthur's assistant Freddie Hendrickson, and a crew of technicians swarmed over the Park. They checked for acoustics. They timed the rides. They planned a route for the cast. And talk about rehearsals—days, weeks, months—this one had none. The evening before the telecast, Arthur came out to the Park and stayed until midnight. He literally rehearsed for the entire cast.

"Arthur was on every ride at least a half-dozen times," a spy from NBC reports. "He said that he was doing it for the sake of the show, but he was really having the time of his life."

The Little Godfreys were kept away until near show time, for Arthur felt that getting their first

Whirlpool: Godfrey in center, back to camera—flanked by Janette and assorted McGuires—with Frank Parker to his right and Carmel Quinn poised in the foreground.

Arthur whooshed happily down the breathtaking Panama Slide, as the McGuire Sisters prepared to follow and Janette Davis (top right) hesitated—and hesitated.

Arthur Godfrey Time, on CBS Radio, M-F, 10 A.M., and CBS-TV, M-Th, 10:30 A.M., and *Arthur Godfrey's Digest*, on CBS Radio, Fri., 8 P.M.; multiple sponsorship. *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, on CBS-TV and CBS Radio, Mon., 8:30 P.M., sponsored by Thomas J. Lipton, Inc. and CBS-Columbia. (All EDT)

reactions to the rides would be more fun. The McGuire Sisters were singing in Pittsburgh that week. Arthur sent his plane down for them and they got to the Park about an hour before broadcast time. Janette Davis, who was supposed to be vacationing in Europe, startled even Arthur by walking into the studio that same morning. She had landed at International Airport at nine-thirty A.M. Actually, Jan had got homesick and cut her vacation short by three weeks. And, of course, Carmel Quinn and Tony Marvin were on hand.

The wardrobe department had brought clothes for everyone. Arthur and Frank Parker, Tony Marvin and dance director Harry Rogue, all wore fancy bib-overalls. Arthur wore a bright-yellow shirt under his blazing blue stripes.

The case history of the women's clothes is intriguing. The man in charge of buying and supplying clothes had brought in form-fitting, faille, mechanic-type suits for the girls, plus flat shoes.

"No, no, no," said Arthur with incisive realism. "If women are going to dress up like test pilots, men will stop going to amusement parks with them. If you can't see a bit of ankle and calf, then we might as well go back to Manhattan and play pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey."

The wardrobe man was a magician. He put the coveralls back on the rack and brought out some new dresses, pink (Continued on page 78)



Around and around they go—and where they'll land nobody knows! Janette was the last to spin off. Godfrey alone maintained his equilibrium.

Janette had no fears of the parachute jump, made two trips with Tony Marvin. Godfrey was good with a target rifle—and a crack shot with a baseball!



The \$64,000 Question

For Hal March, it isn't making money
—or even giving it away. It's:
How long is he going to be a bachelor?

By GREGORY MERWIN



Hal March and Tom D'Andrea have an informal look at the script for their situation comedy, *The Soldiers*.



Contestant Redmond O'Hanlon waits as Hal reaches for the envelope which might have led him to the \$64,000 Question. Banker Ben Feit is the custodian of both cash and queries.

ALL THE PEOPLE in this story are really people, except for Hal March . . . sometimes he's a character—and why not?—for he is or has been a boxer, actor, writer, lover, comedian, burlesque-type baritone, an unhappy bachelor, a happy bachelor . . . and now he's got the job of passing out dollars by the bucketful!

"The way I hear it," Hal (Continued on page 90)

Hal March emcees *The \$64,000 Question* on CBS-TV, Tues., 10 P.M. EDT, for the Revlon Products Corporation. He co-stars with Tom D'Andrea in *The Soldiers*, on NBC-TV, Sat., 8 P.M., EDT.

Commuting to New York from California, Hal camps comfortably in a hotel apartment, catches up on his East Coast mail . . . watches his beloved Giants play ball on TV . . . and learns how to live out of a suitcase, in real stage-trouper style.







Bill and Mary wed in college. Today, they count their blessings: Growing mail from his TV fans, a gold disc for his first million-sale record, a lovely home—and lively Carrie, 7, Billy, 5, Cathy, 4, and Tommy, 1.



Bill Hayes is always lucky—whether meeting Mary, making records, or singing on Sid Caesar's big new show

Early to Love



By FRANCES KISH

THE SEVEN GIRLS with previous commitments, who had to turn down Bill Hayes when he telephoned for a date, couldn't know that destiny was on the side of Mary Hobbs. Mary was a sorority sister of Bill's cousin, and she was eighth on the list of possible dates the cousin had given him. The only reason Mary happened to be free that evening was that she was angry at her own date. It would prove to that young man she didn't have to stay at home, moping over him!

Practically any girl in town would have said "yes" to a date with Bill Hayes, if she could. He was a handsome five-foot, nine-and-a-half-inch college

Continued ➤





Their present home on Long Island is the fulfillment of a dream Bill and Mary had since the makeshift rooms of early student days and their years of touring.



As might be expected, "Davy Crockett" is a popular theme in the Hayes household! A more surprising hobby is Bill's painting—a talent shared by young Carrie.



Early to Love

(Continued)

junior, with wavy black hair, nice gray-blue eyes. He had a smile which came suddenly and lit up his whole face, a quiet speaking voice and manner, and a fine singing voice. He was a serious musician who played the violin, piano and guitar. In sum, he was an altogether attractive and eligible young man. (All of which were also good reasons for Mary Hobbs to become Mrs. Mary Hayes a little more than a year later.)

Now, some ten years after that first date, Bill is still a quiet and serious young man—though he's a highly popular TV personality in the musical revue produced by Sid Caesar, with such co-stars as Phil Foster, Bobby Sherwood and Barbara Nichols. Bill has to his credit a fabulously successful Cadence recording of "The Ballad of Davy Crockett"—well past the million and a half mark in sales—and a newer one called "The Berry Tree," which is climbing up fast. Behind him are such successes as three and a half years on *Your Show Of Shows*, with Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca; the juvenile leads in a long-run romantic Broadway musical, "Me and Juliet," and a Hollywood movie, "Stop, You're Killing Me!"—plus innumerable leads in summer stock, hundreds of personal appearances, dozens of guest shots on radio and television. You could say that this Bill Hayes is a young man who has definitely "arrived."

You wouldn't guess any of this if you saw him at home, however, with the four lively Hayes youngsters—who make Bill seem even quieter and calmer by contrast. Besides his own brood, the neighbors' kids usually come a-shouting when his canary-colored convertible turns into the driveway of the ranch-type house the Hayes live in, on Long Island. It's a pretty house, cedar-shingled with pale-green trim, with room for a growing family and for a boxer named Mister and a white cat named Snowball.

Bill Hayes sings on Sid Caesar's new hour-long revue over NBC-TV, three Mondays out of four, from 8 to 9 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Lee Limited (for Dri-Mist and Sof-Set No-Lac), American Chiclet Co. (Dentyne chewing gum), Remington Rand Electric Shavers.



Special family quartet—Bill Hayes III and Bill Hayes IV, Carrie and Cathy—blending voices in guess what ballad?

The children are seven-year-old Carrie (full name Carolyn, but nobody calls her that); five-year-old Billy (Bill Hayes IV, named after his father, his grandfather and great-grandfather); Cathy, a merry four-year-old; and Tommy, a friendly, laughing toddler. The boys look like Bill, except that they have blond hair. The girls look like Mary, who is a five-foot, four-inch, blue-eyed, slender, strawberry blonde. Cathy, in particular, is the image of her mother, with the same gold-red long bob and bangs.

Mary sighs a little over the fact that there isn't a child in the lot with Bill's shining dark hair. Or, right now, with Bill's quiet voice! The noise at times can be shattering—but not to Bill. He may come home, ex-

hausted from long rehearsals and quick personal-appearance trips and business conferences. Yet he'll sit there and listen to the kids as if their shrieks and laughter were the muted music of some far-off symphony. He just *likes* kids.

Sometimes, when three or four of the neighbors' children join his own and the going gets too rough, he will ask gently, "Will you kids play outside for a while?"—adding a "Please." It's the closest he comes to a command, but they understand, and out they go without too much fuss. But, mostly, it's Mary who shoos them away when Bill wants to rest or read.

"If you want a typical picture of my husband with the children," she observes, (*Continued on page 82*)





To Patricia Wheel, love and marriage were but distant dreams—then, suddenly, the right man came along!

By HELEN BOLSTAD

Unexpected Romance

AT THREE O'CLOCK in the morning, in the baronial elegance of the Hotel Plaza's Oak Room, Miss Patricia Wheel . . . young and lovely star of NBC Radio's *The Doctor's Wife*, featured player in CBS-TV's *The Guiding Light*, and talented charmer of assorted television dramas . . . gazed across the table at her handsome companion, Eric Henry Alba Teran, and—as definitely as though she were reading a line of script—said silently to herself, "I like this man."

Among those never-to-be-forgotten moments by which a woman marks the course of her love, usually the first is that one in which her secret heart tells her conscious mind, "I like this man." For Pat, however, it was belated and consequently confusing.

Seated in the charming garden (Continued on page 88)



Interest in her work first brought Pat and Eric Henry Alba Teran together. Now, she's fascinated by his career as an industrial designer—and both are busy with projects in their garden apartment.



Patricia Wheel is Julie Palmer in *The Doctor's Wife*, as written by Manya Starr, NBC Radio, M-F, 10:30 A.M. She is Peggy Ryan in *The Guiding Light*, CBS-TV, 12:45 P.M.—CBS Radio, 1:45 P.M.—M-F, for Ivory and Duz. (All EDT)





Television's excellent
 "one-night stands" play to
 the greatest audience on earth



Kraft Television Theater. Left: Curtis James as the witch doctor, Ossie Davis as the emperor, and Everett Sloane as the "trader" in a colorful scene from Eugene O'Neill's noted drama, "Emperor Jones." Right: Celebrating its eighth anniversary as the first and oldest TV dramatic hour, Kraft featured Harry Townes, Elizabeth Fraser and John Cassavetes in "Judge Contain's Hotel."



Ford Theater. Left: Franchot Tone, Laraine Day and Natalie Wood star in "Too Old for Dolls." Above: Kathryn Grant in "Touch of Spring."



U. S. Steel Hour (now on CBS-TV): Kenny Delmar, Josephine Hull and Wally Cox in "The Meanest Man in the World."



Studio One Summer Theater: John Forsythe and Nita Talbot in "Operation Home," slated for the movies.

TV theater close-up

TEN YEARS AGO, the idea of bringing plays of Broadway caliber into American homes via television was a far-fetched dream—possible, perhaps, but most improbable. Even five years ago, although great strides had been made, TV was still in the knee-pants stage. The pioneer dramatic programs of today—such as *Kraft TV Theater*, *Studio One*, *Philco TV Playhouse*—were then in their infancy. Television, like any growing child, still had to seek its guidance and dependence from a parent—Hollywood. But today the shoe is on the other foot. Hollywood's former attitude of condescension and indifference has changed to one of respect—and gratitude. For the film world has recognized television for what it is: a tremendous and unlimited source of creativeness. Hollywood can thank TV for stars such as Eva Marie Saint, James Dean, Charlton Heston, Jack Lemmon, who got their first "breaks" in video. And to TV goes the credit for such movies as "Little Boy Lost," "Marty" and the forthcoming "Patterns" and "The Catered Affair."

The list of fine dramatic TV programs is as long as it is varied. Granddaddy of them all is *Kraft TV Theater*, which debuted May 7, 1947. *Kraft* also has the distinction of being the first commercial network show, first to be carried on the Midwest cable, first to prepare a drama for a color telecast, and first to present 104 full-hour live drama productions in one year (on two networks). The following year, 1948, *Studio One* made its bow and, during its seven-year run, has consistently presented outstanding performers in excellent productions ranging from opera and



Philco TV Playhouse: Thelma Ritter, Kathleen Maguire, Pat Henning, Pat O'Malley in "The Catered Affair."

See Next Page ►

TV theater close-up

(Continued)



Robert Montgomery Summer Theater: Elizabeth Montgomery and John Newland, who is the show's director.

ballet to comedies and fantasies, melodramas and documentaries. In 1949, *Philco TV Playhouse* entered the TV picture and immediately distinguished itself by presenting "Dinner at Antoine's," the first TV adaptation of a full-length novel. By 1950, *Robert Montgomery Presents* was in full swing, presenting an unusual variety of original and adapted stories and providing a debut center for celebrities and unknowns. In more recent years, as the number of viewers has grown to be the greatest audience on earth, those behind the scenes have striven to present bigger and better productions to match the magnitude of that audience. *Climax*, *U. S. Steel Hour*, *Lux Video Theater*, *The Hallmark Hall Of Fame* are but a few fine examples. And—whereas, in previous years, summer was considered a slack season—this year the powers-that-be have taken a bold step and have continued to give viewers first-rate fare throughout the warm months.

Pictured on these pages are stars and scenes from leading TV dramatic programs which can be seen the year 'round. Many of the lead players are top Hollywood stars—Dane Clark, Ruth Roman, Thelma Ritter, Mary Astor. Others have distinguished themselves on Broadway—Josephine Hull, Eddie Albert, Franchot Tone, John Forsythe. Then there are those who, in addition to stage, radio and movie appearances, have established a definite and esteemed place for themselves in TV.

Everett Sloane has behind him twenty-five years of acting experience. Leaving the University of Pennsylvania in his junior year, he studied at the Hedgerow Repertory Theater. Soon, he established himself in radio as a leading actor on such programs as *Crime Doctor*, *Mr. Ace And Jane*, *Grand Central Station* and, most recently, *21st Precinct*. His many movie credits

General Electric Theater: Eddie Albert, Ruth Roman, Robert Armstrong and Dane Clark combine their years of experience on Broadway and in Hollywood to present the suspenseful drama, "Into the Night."





The Vise: High-tension drama, British style, is presented weekly in films made in England and featuring numerous international stars. Above, Brenda Hogan and Kenneth Haigh star in "Weekend Guest."

include "The Desert Fox," "The Men" and "The Blue Veil," and on Broadway he was seen in "Room Service" and "A Bell for Adano." Television has consistently claimed him on all major programs, among them, *Kraft TV Theater*, *Studio One* and *Front Row Center*.

John Newland started his stage career at 16 and, after many years as a singer and dancer in vaudeville, switched to serious acting and studied in New York. He has appeared on Broadway in "Lend an Ear" and "Ziegfeld Follies." In the past few years he has devoted his talents almost exclusively to television, most notably on *Robert Montgomery Presents*.

Harry Townes, after a long run in Broadway's famous "Tobacco Road," spent four years at the Kennebunk Playhouse in Maine, appeared in other leading Broadway productions, such as "Finian's Rainbow," and starred in the movie, "Operation Manhunt." His consistently excellent performances on every major dramatic show, including *Studio One*, *Kraft*, and *Pond's Theater*, have made him a favorite of producers and viewers alike.

Nita Talbot showed show-business promise from the time she was three and entertained at parties. She was a Conover model in her teens, studied acting in New York and later with Charles Laughton. After a few unsatisfactory Hollywood roles she returned to New York and began concentrating on television. She created attention with her role as a dumb blonde in the *Claudia* series and has since proved her versatility in roles on *Studio One* and *Goodyear TV Playhouse*.

At 17 Natalie Wood has behind her the experience of an actress twice her age. First winning acclaim in movies such as "Tomorrow Is Forever," "The Miracle on 34th Street" and "The Blue Veil," she endeared herself to TV audiences as Paul Hartman's daughter in *Pride Of The Family*. Numerous other TV performances include leads in "Alice in Wonderland," *Hollywood Opening Night* and *Ford Theater*.

With the presence of such performers as these, plus many others, new and old, whom TV has to offer, there can be no doubt of good things to come. And it seems quite certain that television, show-business' biggest "upstart," is now entering its own Golden Age.



Front Row Center: Marion Ross and Mary Astor in a scene from stage and screen hit, "Dinner at Eight."



Happiness to Share

To Frankie Laine, love of music is love of people . . .

the enduring joys of friendship, family and faith



The Laines are "really living" in their Dutch Colonial home in California. Frankie's wife is lovely Nan Grey, and he's "Daddy" to Pam and Jan, 11 and 12. That's Lucky, the family pet, with Frankie and the girls, beside the swimming pool.

By BUD GOODE

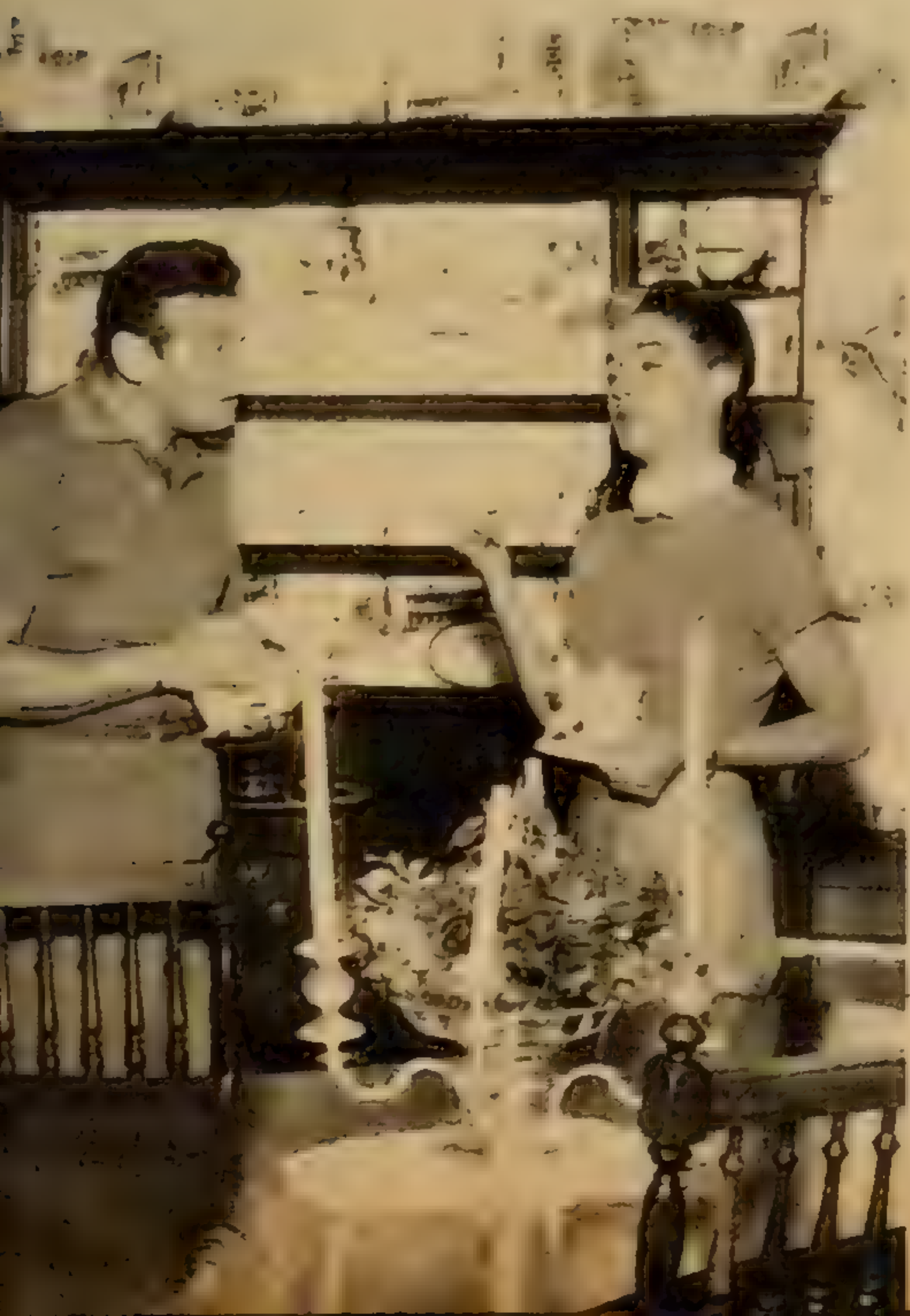
FRANKIE LAINE walked down the hall of a charitable home in Ferguson, Missouri. It was 1947, and Frank's popularity was riding the crest of his first big record hit, "That's My Desire." He and his accompanist, Carl Fischer, had driven to the charitable home from St. Louis to visit little Helen Maysey, a bedridden teenager. The attendant told Frank that Helen suffered from splenic anemia. Every three months, she had to go to the Christian Hospital in St. Louis for a transfusion—three to four pints of blood. The fresh supply of blood carried her through the next three months. The doctors knew little about her illness. She wasn't given much hope.

Frank and Carl opened the door to Helen's small, cell-like room. The wall behind her bed was covered with Frankie Laine pictures. (Continued on page 98)

The Frankie Laine Show replaces *Arthur Godfrey And His Friends* for 8 summer weeks, on CBS-TV, Wed., 8 P.M. EDT, sponsored by The Toni Company and by Frigidaire. See local newspapers for time and station of Frankie's TV program for Guild Films.



Decorator Nan designed the Laines' unique dining table. The student's chair where Jan does her homework (assisted by Frankie) is one of the many antiques Nan has collected—as is the marble-top dresser in Nan's and Frankie's bedroom.





**Tod Andrews conquered his shyness—and won even more
than a stellar career in the TV drama, *First Love***

By ED MEYERSON

HE WAS SHY. He was sensitive. And, to make matters worse, his last name began with "A." This meant that, in all his classes at school, Tod Andrews had to sit in the first row—usually, the first seat—and invariably, the teacher would call on him first. Now, it wasn't that Tod didn't know the answer. He just didn't

know how to get it out. Stuttering and stammering—his cheeks burning red with bashfulness—he could neither speak nor could he die on the spot. And the floor refused to swallow him up.

It was Tod's mother who suggested that he enroll in a dramatics class to help get (*Continued on page 80*)

Help Yourself to Living



The great satisfactions which have come to Tod Andrews as an actor have been personal, rather than professional. It was through his stage roles that he met Gloria Folland, herself a successful actress. Now there's a young Tod Walter Andrews, aged three and red-headed. "Nothing shy about him," grins Tod—who, if he hadn't been shy, might not have turned actor!



Tod and Gloria toured together in the play, "Mr. Roberts"—and got tips on real seamanship from Capt. Ralph Wilhelm, C.O. of the *USS Uvalde*, and Lieut. Comm. Edward Fain (left).

Tod Andrews is Zach James in *First Love*, by Manya Starr, on NBC-TV, M-F, 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Jergens-Woodbury Products and others.



1. Stanley Warrick agrees to pretend that Janice Bennett and he are engaged, as Stella challenges him with a test of whom her daughter Laurel loves—him or her husband Dick.

STELLA DALLAS smiled sadly to herself as she thought of the triangle of mothers of which she was a part—of the three mature women struggling and striving to protect what each saw as the happiness of her child. Stella wondered how much a mother should be allowed to interfere in her child's life and whether she had perhaps made the wrong move in her effort to protect her daughter Laurel against Mrs. Grosvenor and Ada Dexter. . . . From the very start, Mrs. Grosvenor has resented Laurel's marriage to her son, Dick Grosvenor. She has sneered at Stella's humble sewing-shop background and has always insisted that Laurel could never fit into the socialite life of the Grosvenors in their home on Boston's aristocratic Beacon Hill. Nevertheless, Stella encouraged the love Laurel and Dick felt for each other, watched it grow into a happy marriage despite their different backgrounds, and has fought to preserve this love against Mrs. Grosvenor's interference. . . . Stella

Pictured here, as heard on the air, are:

Stella Dallas.....	Anne Elstner
Laurel Grosvenor.....	Vivian Smolen
Dick Grosvenor.....	Bert Cowlan
Stanley Warrick.....	Alastair Duncan
Janice Bennett.....	Millicent Brower
Mrs. Grosvenor.....	Ara Gerald

Stella Dallas is heard over NBC Radio, M-F, at 4:15 P.M. EDT, for Bayer Aspirin, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, other products.

Stella Dallas



2. Laurel had turned to Stanley because of Dick's neglect and, as she pleads with Stanley to confess that his engagement is a joke, Stella fears Stanley may give away the plan.

knows that Dick and Laurel are right for each other, but she is also aware of Dick's weakness—of the way he has always followed his mother's lead and has never been able to offer her any strong opposition. His marriage to Laurel had been Dick's one real rebellion against Mrs. Grosvenor. But, since the marriage, Dick has failed to stand up to his mother's constant attacks on Laurel and this has made Laurel confused and uncertain. . . . Thus, when Stanley Warrick comes along to pay her the compliments and attentions which Dick has neglected, Laurel cannot help but be attracted to him. Stanley's mother, the extremely wealthy, but mentally unbalanced Ada Dexter, adores Laurel. When her long-missing son, Stanley, was returned to her, Ada became obsessed with the idea of Stanley's marrying Laurel, thus, in effect, making Laurel her daughter. At Ada's suggestion, Stanley began to pursue Laurel, and Ada had been overjoyed when Stanley actually fell deeply in love with Laurel—and when Laurel, too, seemed to share his feelings. . . . But Stella has seen Laurel's response to Stanley for what it really is—a reaction to her present unhappiness



3. Stella's plan works in that Laurel and Dick return together to the Grosvenors' Beacon Hill home, but Stella can see that the reconciliation is not a truly happy one. Dick cannot resist taunting Laurel over the manner in which Stanley seems to have toyed with her, then cast her aside, and Laurel is deeply wounded by his jibes and his mother's continued hostility.

See Next Page ►



4. Laurel's marriage to Dick has foundered because he has failed to stand up for her against his socialite mother, who has always felt Laurel's background makes her "unsuitable."



5. Stella learns that Laurel, hurt and bewildered by Dick's attitude, has begun to see Stanley again. Heartsick, Stella fears that her plan may backfire.

Stella Dallas

(Continued)

with Dick. Stella, in searching frantically for a way to bring Laurel to her senses, finally found an ally in Janice Bennett, a young socialite who had been a customer of Stella's for many years. Janice suggested that, if Stanley were engaged to another girl, then Dick would no longer be jealous and Laurel could return to him. . . . At the time, this seemed like a good idea to Stella. She had challenged Stanley to be "man enough" to leave Laurel alone, to pretend that he was engaged to Janice so that Laurel would be forced to try to forget him and resume her marriage with Dick. Stanley, convinced that Laurel really loved him and wanted to marry him, agreed with the plan—certain it would only prove to Stella that Laurel's feelings for him are genuine. Laurel is hurt when she hears of the engagement, and Dick disappoints Stella by looking upon Laurel condescendingly, simply as someone with whom Stanley toyed for a while, then cast aside when he met Janice. They decide on a reconciliation, but, on their return to the Beacon Hill house, Dick mocks Laurel for the way Stanley has treated her, and Mrs. Grosvenor puts a new viciousness into her attacks on her daughter-in-law. . . . As for Ada Dexter, she is furious that her son could possibly prefer someone else to Laurel. She becomes wilder and wilder, and—between his mother's rage and Laurel's obvious hurt—Stanley is tempted to reveal that his engagement is a trick. Only his promise to Stella prevents him. . . . Then Dick and Janice meet—and are immediately attracted to each other. Janice, who finds herself falling in love with Dick, justifies her feelings by saying that



6. At the sewing shop, Stella is shocked as Janice tells her that she loves Dick Grosvenor and that, since Laurel obviously prefers Stanley, they should "switch partners."



7. As Stanley watches Stella, Laurel and Dick after the make-believe engagement has been revealed, he is certain that now it has been proved that Laurel really loves him. But Stella is convinced that only stubborn pride keeps Laurel and Dick apart and she searches frantically for a way to avoid a divorce and then a re-mating of Stanley and Laurel, Dick and Janice.

Dick and Laurel are plainly unhappy together. Mrs. Grosvenor is delighted about Dick's attentions to Janice—who, to Mrs. Grosvenor's mind, is much more suitable a daughter-in-law than Laurel. . . . Stella becomes truly frantic, but she still refuses to allow Stanley to tell Laurel that the engagement is a hoax. She pleads with Stanley to do something to straighten out the tangle. But it is Janice who comes up with an idea. She decides that, since she wants to marry Dick, and Laurel wants to marry Stanley, they should simply "switch partners." Laurel and Dick can be divorced and then she and Dick, Laurel and Stanley, can be married. Mrs. Grosvenor is overjoyed, Ada Dexter is beyond herself with delight, Dick is easily led by Janice and, to Stanley, it is the perfect solution. . . . But Stella can only see it as an immoral plan and she is horrified by the scheme. Laurel is stunned. When Stanley declares that the changing of partners is actually Stella's idea, Stella denies it vigor-

ously but she cannot seem to stop the momentum of Janice's scheme. . . . Stella's own plan, which started out as an attempt to reconcile Dick and Laurel, has turned into the greatest threat to Laurel's happiness. In the past, Stella has always shown wisdom in dealing with people and particularly in raising and protecting Laurel. Now she searches desperately for a solution to this present confusion. But where should she take her stand against two such powerful opponents as Ada Dexter and Mrs. Grosvenor—and against such a wily young schemer as Janice Bennett? What action can Stella take to help Dick and Laurel as they persist in being their own worst enemies? How can Stella help without being called "interfering"? . . . Somehow, in some manner, Stella knows that she must find a way to make Laurel's life once again peaceful and happy . . . for, as with all mothers, the happiness of her child is the greatest happiness Stella Dallas could ask for herself.

HE'S A BIG BOY NOW

*Julius La Rosa has grown steadily
with his fame—as a man, as well as a star*

By IRA H. KNASTER

YOU HAVE a luncheon date with Julius La Rosa. The rendezvous is for half-past noon, at his office on Madison Avenue in the Fifties. You hop into a taxi, armed with pencil, note paper, and several grains of salt—this latter item for the reason that your previous impressions of Julie are, shall we say, *mixed*. They've stemmed mainly from page-one headlines and the contradictory comments of this young singer's best friends and his severest critics.

Being the painfully prompt type, you arrive (*Continued on page 92*)

The Julius La Rosa Show is seen on CBS-TV, M.W.F., 7:45 P.M. EDT. Julie also stars on TV's Top Tunes, on CBS-TV, Sat., 10 P.M. EDT, as sponsored by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company for Chesterfield Cigarettes.

Julie and "his girls," The Debutones: Left to right—Sherry Ostrus, Irene Carroll, Bix Brent, Connie Desmond.

Mixing business with pleasure, in his office high above Madison Avenue, Julie goes over scripts and scores with manager Frank Barone and publicist Beverly Browning—and plays a game of chess, his newest enthusiasm, with Barone.





Bob Haymes, who has his own shows on WCBS, helps write and plan Julie's M-W-F programs.

At home with his parents, Julie enjoys "the greatest cooking in the world"—his beloved Mom's. And his appetite for reading is equally great, with the accent on history, psychology, philosophy and "books on religious thought."





Even before the baby came, Lois and Morton Hunt checked college catalogues for future registration!



Nursery furniture was a more immediate problem, so they "scouted" the Liliputian Bazaar in Best's Fifth Avenue store.

LOIS HUNT'S LULLABY

It's her very own song, to her very own baby—the high note of a singing life which has unfolded like a dream

By GLADYS HALL

SOMETIMES, in the drama of daily living, there are emotions so deep that they can be expressed only in the lines of the greatest poets . . . such lines as:

*Happy, he
With such a mother! Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy for him; and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay . . .*

This lovely tribute to motherhood appears in Tennyson's "The Princess" . . . and also on the title page of Lois Hunt's copy of *Baby and Child Care*, by Dr. Benjamin Spock. They were inscribed there by Lois's husband, magazine writer Morton Hunt, during those ecstatic months when Lois and Morton were awaiting the birth of their first child. To them, Morton added

this tribute of his own: "And who ever thought that the girl I love would be—somebody's mother?"

"Mort," Lois observes, "always finds the appropriate thing to say, at the appropriate time, and his postscript to Tennyson's lines was especially apt. After being married for eight and a half years—and no baby—who would have thought . . . !" Her brilliant brown eyes widen at the wonder of it all.

"Actually, Mort was not surprised," she laughs, "not the least bit. I was not obliged to whisper my sweet secret into his reddening ear. Nor was it revealed to him by the unexpected sight of me knitting a tiny garment—I didn't knit any, because everything I knit turns out to be a scarf! We knew the wonderful truth even before the doctor told us. That made it nice,

Continued ➔



Lois can't knit well, but Robert Q. Lewis, her boss, is a whiz with the needles and offered to help with the "tiny garments."



As Lois continued working on his shows, bachelor Bob made sure she got plenty of milk and vitamins.

Morton and Lois don't agree with Shakespeare! They think there's a lot in a name and compiled quite a list—just in case.





Both took the Red Cross course for parents-to-be, conducted by Elizabeth J. Tiernan, R.N.



Required reading for the Hunts: *Baby and Child Care*—the book which Morton lovingly inscribed to Lois in the days of waiting. They really had fun decorating the nursery, and Lois proved her theories about chic "maternity" styles.



LOIS HUNT'S LULLABY

(Continued)

too . . . made the secret—for a time, at least—ours alone. The important thing for us is that, when we were first married, we both felt the same way about having a baby . . . not feeling secure enough, since our professions are both so unpredictable. Then we both matured at the same time and wanted a baby so much that this has been a very happy time indeed.

"Everyone has been happy about it . . . very much including Robert Q. Lewis, who had been teasing Jaye P. Morgan and me for months, asking one of us—preferably both—to please have a baby! When I told him that I was, he was just delighted, tickled pink. He started knitting tiny garments," Lois laughs. "Actually, he just took needles and wool in hand as a gag for the photographers. But Robert Q. really can knit, he does knit, and he promised me 'a dozen hand-knit diapers' . . . which, I must reproachfully add, have not—unlike the baby—been delivered as yet!

"In any other medium in which I've ever worked—in opera, on the concert stage—I would have been obliged to quit in the fifth month of my pregnancy, because of the demands which opera and concert make upon my voice. On any other television show except the *Robert Q. Lewis Show*, I probably would not have been welcome after the fifth month. But Robert Q.—feeling the way he did—made it cozy and comfortable for me to go on working up to a very few weeks before my confinement. His show is a family type of show, anyway, and the audience realizes it, feeling that they, too, are part of the family. This was proven to me in the warmest, friendliest way. After Robert Q. announced on the air that Morton and I were expecting an addition to our family, I received literally thousands of cards and was up to here in booties!

(Continued on page 94)

The Robert Q. Lewis Show, seen on CBS-TV, M-F, 2 P.M. EDT, is sponsored by Helene Curtis Industries (Spray Net, Lanolin Discovery, Shampoo Plus Egg), Miles Laboratories, Inc. (makers of Alka-Seltzer), General Mills (Betty Crocker Cake Mixes), Johnson's Wax, Mazola, Viceroy Cigarettes, and other products. *The Robert Q. Lewis Show*, heard on CBS Radio, Sat., 11 A.M. EDT, is sponsored by Perma-Starch, S-7, and others.



A Very Good Neighbor

(Continued from page 30)

in this is proved by the fact that Dennis is probably the only emcee in television who invariably gets a big hand for his Bromo-Seltzer commercials.

One reason for Dennis' infectious good nature and superb salesmanship is his complete sincerity and warmth. He obviously enjoys himself fully as much as his audience, and he becomes completely absorbed in whatever he does. For instance, to this day he recalls as his toughest assignment one given to him a couple of years after the war, when he had to meet a boat returning from Europe with six hundred war dead. It was the kind of beautiful spring day on which he'd normally have felt like jumping with the sheer joy of living. But, once aboard ship, he became terribly saddened and depressed by the thought of his buddies in the hold going to a final resting place in American soil. Under the circumstances, he couldn't comment on the beauties of the New York skyline coming into view, on the bustle of the harbor, the bright blue of the sky, or the deeper tone of the sea. He was before mike and camera for an hour and a half, and—when it was over—felt limp and drained of all energy. Though he's since been on many telethons on behalf of the United Cerebral Palsy Association—for sixteen hours straight—he considers the other by far the hardest task he's ever had to tackle.

On the other hand, the most fun he's ever had was when he used to handle the commentary on wrestling bouts, which were the steady fare of early TV programming. Knowing next to nothing about the sport, he got himself a manual, brushed up on some of the terms, and then proceeded to address himself to an audience who presumably knew even less about wrestling than he did—the American housewife. In line with his bent for keeping his chatter direct and warm, he picked out one housewife particularly dear to his heart—his mother, explaining to her what was going on in the ring. This approach brought him a vast new public, a good deal of money, and enduring fame.

Also, during this period, Dennis developed his technique of on-the-spot rhyming. This had its origin when a wrestler by the name of Gino Garibaldi was thrown clear of the ring by his opponent. "He's been thrown out, but he'll come back—and, when he does, their heads will crack," Dennis commented, and he was almost instantly rewarded by seeing his prediction come true.

His rhymed narration soon became immensely popular, but poetry backfired when a wrestler named Tarzan Hewitt didn't like the terse verse: "Look at the suet on Tarzan Hewitt." Tarzan later sneaked up on Dennis and put a hammer-lock on him that nearly broke his arm.

Dennis, never one to run away from a fight, retaliated by further taunts. Soon a regular feud developed between them and—as a consequence—matrons by the hundreds began attending wrestling matches in person, armed with baseball bats and frying pans. Dennis has referred to them as his private "Housewives' Protective League."

The affection with which millions of women regard Dennis James, "everybody's favorite neighbor," has little to do with his wavy hair and good looks but seems to be the result of some special appeal that has wrought its charm ever since he was in his cradle. While both Dennis and his mother stoutly deny that he was the family favorite, there is at least circumstantial evidence that he was on the



Are you really lovely to love?

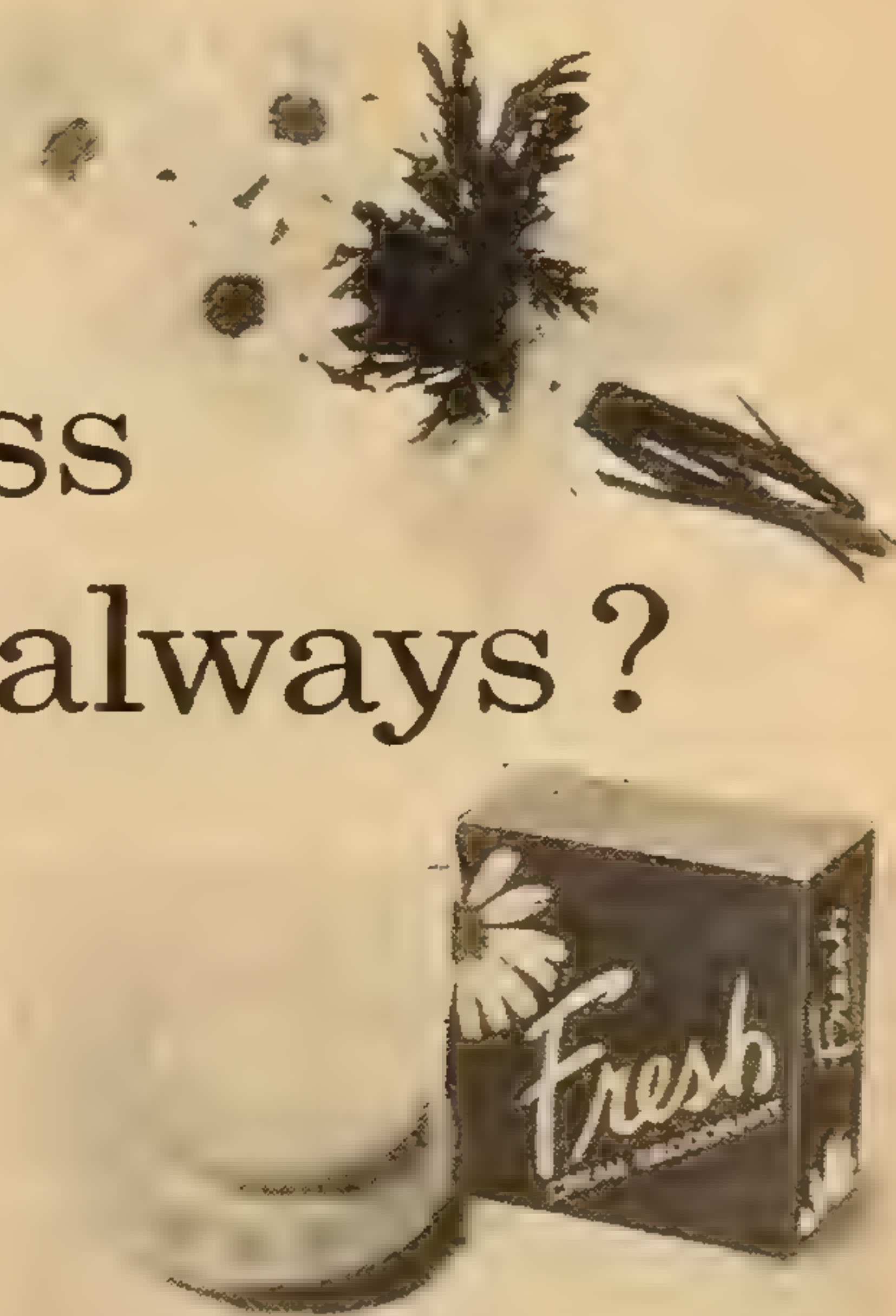
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a *Fresh* girl is always lovely to love

receiving end of plenty of love and affection. He was the baby of the Sposa family, the youngest of three sons born to Teresa and Demetrio Sposa. His father immigrated from Italy as a boy, settled in Jersey City, New Jersey, started out as a carpenter's helper, worked himself up to become a contractor, and has since retired on his savings to live in Florida. He takes great pride in having been able to send Dennis through college.

Dennis' mother recalls how all the neighbors used to oh-and-ah when she wheeled him down the street. "He was a beautiful baby," she says. "Never gave us a minute of trouble."

There wasn't too much money around the house when Dennis was a child, and he learned early that he had to work for his spending money. But that never was very difficult for Dennis, who seems to have been born with the knack for making friends. Making deliveries for Tony's meat market in the neighborhood, Dennis' smile and his helpfulness earned him a rich harvest in tips, cookies, and general good will. "Dennis was the best boy who's ever worked for me," says Tony Cantrella, his old ex-boss. "He brought lots of customers into the store." Aside from delivering meat, Dennis could always be counted on to climb through narrow windows when Mrs. Murphy had locked herself out of the house, to rescue Mrs. Poletti's baby from a deserted cellar, or to lend a hand with a heavy laundry basket.

A little later, Dennis found another way to earn his allowance. A husky youngster with good coordination and lightning reflexes, he developed considerable skill with his fists at the "Y." When he was asked to fill in a card at a local boxing club one Saturday evening, he won the bout and was given a stale cake for a prize. "When I brought it home, Dad gave me another workout," Dennis recalls with a smile. "He was very disappointed that I should have so little sense as to let myself be knocked around for nothing but a stale cake. He didn't calm down till I had a chance to cut it open and show him the twenty-dollar bill inside it. The cake was just to protect my amateur standing." In college, Dennis subsequently became middleweight boxing champion.

Planning to become a doctor, Dennis attended St. Peter's College, in Jersey City, as a pre-med student and, upon graduation, won admission to a medical school. However, being a doctor wasn't what Dennis really wanted. All through his school years, he'd been extremely active in amateur theatricals, debating clubs and similar projects, and he felt a terrific urge to get before a microphone and make his living by talking to people, instead of doctoring

them. Nowadays, whenever he feels a twinge of regret that he didn't become a doctor, he consoles himself with the thought that he probably contributes as much to keeping millions of people well by making them smile as he would by treating a few hundred patients.

As for his dramatic urge, Dennis freely admits that he's been something of a ham as far back as he can remember. "Nobody ever had to egg me on to do my stuff," he says. "Even in grammar school, I used to recite long poems at the drop of a buskin. One of my standbys was 'Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.' I'd get down on my knees and really emote. And I wasn't satisfied unless I could wring a few tears out of the mothers in the audience."

Tears, along with smiles, are still part of many of Dennis' shows. People win jackpots on other give-away shows without bursting out crying, but there's something in the way Dennis brings out a story of sorrow, heartache and need that invariably moves viewers and participants alike to tears. Dennis likes people, and his genuine kindness and concern make them respond in kind. "Oh, you're just grand," is the way one elderly lady spontaneously put it the other day, after winning two thousand dollars in *On Your Account*—and before bursting into tears of gratitude. And Dennis' heavy fan mail echoes this sentiment.

It was, perhaps characteristically, a woman, Miss Bernice Judis—then the fabulous manager of the New York's fabulously successful independent Station WNEW—who gave Dennis his first break in big-time radio. Also characteristically, it was the result of a fluff which he'd turned into a joke.

Though still planning officially to enter medical school in the fall, Dennis took a course in radio announcing at an evening school in New York during the summer following his graduation from college. During the day, in order to meet expenses, he worked as a salesman for Abercrombie & Fitch. Both of his intended careers, incidentally, were almost shelved by his success in this job. Discovering a "sleeper" in a theretofore slow-moving item—an infra-red lamp used to destroy ticks, fleas and other vermin on pets—he became so impressed with the lamp's possibilities that he sold a hundred of them in one day. Equally impressed, the manufacturer hired him as assistant sales manager at a salary of \$125 a week plus \$100 for expenses—a pretty fair haul for a kid fresh out of college, especially in the lean days of 1938. Nevertheless, shortly thereafter, when he was offered a chance to do a disc-jockey show on Jersey City's WAAT, Dennis unhesitatingly bade adieu to both

medicine and sales as possible careers.

"I was scared to tell my parents about my decision," he recalls. "They'd made so many sacrifices to send me through college, and I knew they had their hearts set on my becoming a doctor. I hated to disappoint them. It shows what wonderful people they are that they raised no objections. 'If that's what you want to do, go ahead,' Dad said. 'I'll do all I can to help you.'"

Dennis, as it turned out, didn't need any help. Though he took the job at WAAT at no pay, he soon acquired sponsors, came to the attention of Miss Judis during his first season, and transferred to WNEW the following spring. He was earning a very nice living indeed, for a young man, when he was hit by the television bug. A total of only some three hundred sets, all of them experimental, were in existence at the time. For Dennis, television in those days meant a lot of hard work at very little money. But he was fascinated by the medium, had enough vision to foresee its possibilities, and was determined to stay with it. Today he is less proud of having been one of the first men to appear before a television camera than of the fact that he's still around and going strong.

"Being a pioneer is all very well," he says, "but their usual fate is to fall by the wayside, once a new thing gets going and the big boys come in. The trick is simply to 'stay alive,' especially in a medium as insecure and fickle as television."

Despite a considerable income, continuing popularity and the unabated demand for his services by sponsors and networks, Dennis admits that he is aware of the constant pressure and doesn't feel completely secure to this day. "Success in this business depends on too many factors beyond your control," he explains. "You never know what is going to happen from one thirteen-week period to the next. People read about fabulous contracts, but they fail to realize that these bind only the performer, not the network. Once you feel you've got it made, that's when you usually start sliding."

While Dennis is aware of the pitfalls, he has, nevertheless, the happy faculty of not letting it worry him. "I'm doing the best I can each day, six days a week. That's all anybody can do. Once you allow yourself to be upset by the constant pressure, you're liable to wind up in the hospital."

One reason for Dennis' relative peace of mind is his matchless versatility. With the exception of conjuring, there's practically nothing he hasn't done—and done well—before the TV cameras, from straight commercials to straight drama. Another, and perhaps a far more powerful reason, though, is his exceptionally happy marriage.

The story of how he met his wife Micki, in Florida, while he was recuperating from a throat operation and unable to talk—forced to rely exclusively on scribbled notes and a subtropical moon—has been told often. Begun in silence, their romance has grown into serene contentment at having found each other and being at peace with the world.

Micki, the former Marjorie Crawford, is a beautiful and sensitive girl who tends to be quiet and retiring, while Dennis is outgoing and hearty. During the three and a half years of their marriage, both have made compromises and achieved a happy balance. As Dennis puts it, "We each try to consider the other's happiness first."

Micki, who used to be a commercial artist, is a talented painter who has sparked Dennis' interest in painting to where it is now his most absorbing hobby. They paint on a double easel in a spacious studio on the second floor of their home overlooking

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JEAN HAGEN of The Danny Thomas Show

MARION RANDALL of Valiant Lady

ROSEMARY DeCAMP of The Bob Cummings Show

PEG LYNCH of Ethel and Albert (ALAN BUNCE is "the other half," of course)

OCTOBER

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Long Island Sound, in New Rochelle, New York. And that beautiful house of theirs is another enthusiastic interest they share. Still others including: Taking and editing films, for which Dennis supplies the narration; boating; and their two-year-old boxer, Candy. Dennis also does a lot of wood-working with power tools, following plans designed by Micki.

Micki, on the other hand, has learned to take in her stride all that's required of the wife of a man who's as famous, popular and successful as Dennis. A superb hostess in her own home, she's equally gracious and charming at a party or reception given by others and has no difficulty mixing with people in all walks of life.

The Jameses have no children of their own as yet, but have virtually adopted thousands of others—the unfortunate victims of cerebral palsy. Dennis became aware of the problem almost accidentally, when he was asked to pose for a publicity photo on behalf of the United Cerebral Palsy Association. Holding the quivering body of a spastic little girl in his arms did something to him. From that moment on, he's given unstintingly of his time and energy to help raise funds necessary for the long and costly retraining and rehabilitation of afflicted youngsters. Over the past couple of years, he's presided over more than a dozen telethons, each lasting for sixteen uninterrupted hours. And, while Dennis is before the cameras, Micki is at the switchboard, sparing herself no less than her husband does. "The biggest reward we have," Dennis says, "is to hear a little girl talk, who a year before could only stammer—or see a little boy walk, who couldn't get out of his wheelchair before."

Another share of the unspent love in their hearts goes to their dog, Candy, who was given them by Dennis' brother, Lou. "Candy was the runt of the litter," Micki relates. "Lou couldn't understand why we wanted her instead of one of the other, sturdier pups. She was so puny, weak and trembling they called her Shaky. Maybe that's why Dennis and I fell in love with her. Today, she's a real beauty, though, and the gentlest dog alive."

"And the smartest one, too," Dennis adds. "That dog seems to understand everything, even spelling. She'll obey spelled-out commands, as well as words."

The Jameses have many friends whom they love to entertain. Closest among them are the Herb Shriners, who are neighbors and also live in a house at the water's edge. When they want to drop in on each other for a neighborly visit, they take the boat. "It's a little complicated, when you just want to borrow a couple of eggs and a cup of sugar, but it's fun," Micki says.

For a long time, boating has been one of Dennis' great passions, and it's one Micki has learned to appreciate in turn. During the summer, they spend much of their leisure time cruising on the water, and this summer Dennis even considered commuting to town by boat, instead of train.

Still a young man despite his sixteen years in television, Dennis isn't apt to give much thought to the future. He likes what he's doing and hopes to keep busy at it for a long time to come. Though retirement seems to be a long way off, Dennis and Micki have still given it some thought. "Micki and I, we're really both small-town folks at heart," Dennis says. "We have our eyes on a nice spot in Florida. Someday, that's going to be home for us."

With all their interests to keep them busy, chances are they won't get bored. But, when they do pack up and head South, TV won't be the same any more. Not without "everybody's favorite neighbor."

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Inside Radio

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Monday through Friday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 8:45	Local Program	John MacVane	
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Robert Hurleigh Easy Does It News, Cecil Brown 9:35 Easy Does It (con.)	Breakfast Club	News Of America
10:00	Mary Margaret McBride 10:05 Norman Vincent Peale One Man's Family Second Chance	Cecil Brown	My True Story
10:15 10:30	Guest Time* News 10:35 Johnny Olsen Show	10:25 Whispering Streets	Arthur Godfrey Time
10:45	Break The Bank	When A Girl Marries	
11:00	Strike It Rich	Mutual Morning	Arthur Godfrey (con.)
11:15		11:25 Holland Engle Queen For A Day	Make Up Your Mind Second Husband
11:30 11:45	Phrase That Pays Fibber McGee & Molly	*Wed., Faith In Our Time	

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Noon News 12:05 Down At Holmesy's	Valentino	Wendy Warren & The News
12:15 12:30 12:45		Frank Farrell	Backstage Wife Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Pauline Frederick	News, Cedric Foster Luncheon At Sardi's Letter To Lee Graham	Road Of Life Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15		Luncheon With Lopez	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
2:30 2:45		2:25 News, Sam Hayes	This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	News 3:05 Wonderful City Spotlight Story Just Plain Bill	Ruby Mercer Show	Martin Block (con.) Linkletter's House Party Fred Robbins Show
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Right To Happiness Stella Dallas Young Widder Brown Pepper Young's Family	Bruce & Dan Tex Fletcher's Wagon Show	Broadway Matinee Chautauqua Student Symphony, Mon.; Treasury Band- stand, Tues.-Fri.
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Woman In My House Lorenzo Jones Lone Ranger	Sgt. Preston Bobby Benson America's Business 5:50 Wismer, Sports 5:55 Cecil Brown	Musical Express Bobby Hammack Gloria Parker Vincent Lopez
5:55	Dan'l Boone		

Monday Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	ABC Reporter	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Three Star Extra	Bill Stern, Sports George Hicks, News	Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:00	Your Land And Mine	Top Secret Files	Mr. Keen, Tracer Of Lost Persons
8:15 8:30 8:45	Berkshire Festival	Broadway Cop	8:25 Doug Edwards Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts
9:00	Telephone Hour	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story Reporters' Roundup	Rosemary Clooney
9:15 9:30 9:45	Band Of America	9:25 News Freedom Sings 9:55 News	Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall 9:55 News
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Hollywood Bowl Concerts	Orchestra Distinguished Artists	

Tuesday

Evening Programs

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Three Star Extra		Lowell Thomas
8:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:15 8:30 8:45	People Are Funny	Treasury Agent	Suspense
9:00	Dragnet	John Steele, Adventurer	8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:15 9:30 9:45	Biographies In Sound	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History Spotlight Story Army Hour	Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Mus Hall
10:00	9:55 News	Music Show 9:25 E. D. Canham, News Platterbrains 9:55 News	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Fibber McGee & Molly Heart Of The News New England Survey	Virgil Pinkley Men's Corner Dance Music	

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Three Star Extra		Lowell Thomas
8:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:15	Conversation	True Detective	Suspense
8:30 8:45	News 8:35 College Quiz Bowl	Sentenced	8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Best Of Groucho Truth Or Consequences	News, Lyle Van Spotlight Story Family Theater	Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Mus Hall
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	Scoreboard 10:05 Newsmakers Presidential Report
10:15 10:30	Heart Of The News Keys To The Capital	News, Edward P. Morgan Behind Iron Curtain Relaxin' Time	

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Three Star Extra		Lowell Thomas
8:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Behind The Iron Curtain Gabriel Heatter Eddie Fisher	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:15 8:30	Roy Rogers	Official Detective	The Whistler
9:00	Dr. Six Gun	I Am Brady Kaye	8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:15 9:30 9:45	News 9:05 X Minus One	News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes to History Spotlight Story State Of The Nation	Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Mus Hall
10:00	The Loser	Music Show 9:25 News Rhythm On Parade 9:55 News	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	9:55 News		
10:00	Fibber McGee & Molly	Virgil Pinkley	
10:15 10:30	Joseph C. Harsch Jane Pickens Show	Book Hunter Henry Jerome Orch.	

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Local Program	Bill Stern, Sports	Jackson & The News
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Three Star Extra		Lowell Thomas
8:00	Alex Dreier, Man On The Go News Of The World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter In The Mood	Scoreboard 7:05 Tennessee Ernie Edward R. Murrow
8:15 8:30 8:45	National Radio Fan Club	Counter-Spy	Godfrey Digest
9:00	Radio Fan Club (con.)	City Editor	8:25 Doug Edwards Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:15 9:30 9:45		News, Lyle Van 9:05 Footnotes To History	Disk Derby (con.) Bing Crosby Amos 'n' Andy Mus Hall
10:00	Ted Heath Orch.	Virgil Pinkley	Scoreboard 10:05 Dance Orchestra
10:15 10:30	Stars In Action	Forbes Report London Studios Melodies	

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 World News Roundup 8:45	Local Program	Doug Browning Show	News
9:00 Farming Business 9:15 9:30 Monitor 9:45		No School Today	News Of America Farm News
10:00 Monitor 10:15 10:30 10:45	American Travel Guide	No School Today (con.) Breakfast Club Review 10:55 News	Garden Gate News 10:05 Galen Drake Show 10:55 News
11:00 Monitor 11:15 11:30 11:45	Lucky Pierre Johnny Desmond Show 11:55 Young Living	11:05 Half-Pint Panel All League Club-house	Robert Q. Lewis Show

Afternoon Programs

12:00 National Farm & Home Hour 12:15 12:30 Monitor 12:45	I Asked You Tex Fletcher Wagon Show	News 12:05 How To Fix It 101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Noon News 12:05 Romance Gunsmoke
1:00 Monitor 1:15 1:30 1:45	Fifth Army Band Ruby Mercer	News 1:05 Navy Hour Vincent Lopez	City Hospital 1:25 News, Jackson Stan Daugherty Presents
2:00 Monitor 2:15 2:30 2:45	Ruby Mercer (con.) 2:25 News Sports Parade	News 2:05 Festival, with Milton Cross	Dance Orchestra Jazz Band Ball
3:00 Monitor 3:15 3:30 3:45	Country Jamboree	News 3:05 Festival continues with Chautauqua Symphony	String Serenade Sinnay Ennis Orch.
4:00 Monitor 4:15 4:30 4:45	Bandstand, U.S.A.	News 4:05 Festival (con.)	Treasury Show
5:00 Monitor 5:15 5:30 5:45	Teenagers, U.S.A. 5:55 News	News 5:05 Dinner At The Green Room	Adventures In Science Richard Hayes News, Jackson 5:35 Saturday At The Chase

Evening Programs

6:00 Monitor 6:15 6:30 6:45	John T. Flynn World Traveler Report From Washington Basil Heatter	News 6:05 Pan-American Union Sports Kaleidoscope Bob Edge, Sports Afield	News Sports Review Capitol Cloakroom 6:55 Joe Foss, Sports
7:00 Monitor 7:15 7:30 7:45	Pop The Question	News 7:05 At Ease Overseas Assignment Labor-Management Series	News, Jackson 7:05 Make Way For Youth Gangbusters
8:00 Monitor 8:15 8:30 8:45	Quaker City Capers	News 8:05 Dance Party	21st Precinct Disk Derby, Fred Robbins
9:00 Monitor 9:15 9:30 9:45	Hawaii Calls Lombardo Land	News 9:05 Dance Party (con.)	Two For The Money Your Hit Parade 9:55 News, Jackson
10:00 Monitor 10:15 10:30	Grand Ole Opry	News 10:05 Edison Hotel Orch. Lawrence Welk	Country Style (con.) Dance Orchestra

Sunday

NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
Morning Programs			
8:30 Monitor 8:45		Light And Life Hour	Renfro Valley 8:55 Galen Drake
9:00 World News Roundup 9:15	Wings Of Healing	News 9:05 Great Moments Of Great Composers Voice Of Prophecy	World News Roundup Sidney Walton Show
9:30 9:45	Back To God		Organ Music, E. Power Biggs 9:55 News, Trout
10:00 National Radio Pulpit 10:15	Radio Bible Class	News 10:05 Message Of Israel News 10:35 College Choir	Church Of The Air Church Of The Air (con.)
10:30 Monitor 10:45	Voice Of Prophecy		
11:00 Monitor 11:15	Frank And Ernest Christian Science Monitor Northwestern Reviewing Stand	Sunday Melodies 11:05 Marines On Review	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:30 New World 11:45		News 11:35 Christian In Action	Invitation To Learning—"The Out-Of-Doors"

Afternoon Programs

12:00 Monitor 12:15 12:30 12:45	Marine Band The Eternal Light	News, Bill Cunningham Merry Mailman	News, LeSueur 12:05 The Leading Question Foreign Affairs Washington Week
1:00 Monitor 1:15 1:30 1:45	Basil Heatter, News Christian Science Lutheran Hour	Herald Of Truth News 1:35 Pilgrimage	Woolworth Hour—Percy Faith, Donald Woods
2:00 The Catholic Hour 2:15 2:30 2:45	Music From Britain (con.) Bandstand, U.S.A.	Dr. Oral Roberts Wings Of Healing	Kathy Godfrey World Music Festival
3:00 Monitor 3:15 3:30 3:45	Salute To The Nation Nick Carter 4:55 Lorne Greene	News 3:05 Pan American Union Hour Of Decision	World Music Festival (con.)
4:00 Monitor 4:15 4:30 4:45	Adventures Of Rin Tin Tin Wild Bill Hickok 5:55 News	Old-Fashioned Revival Hour	Rhythm On The Road
5:00 Monitor 5:15 5:30 5:45		News 5:05 Disaster Church In The Home	News, Trout 5:05 On A Sunday Afternoon (con.) 5:55 News, Trout

Evening Programs

6:00 Meet The Press 6:15 6:30 6:45	Public Prosecutor—Jay Jostyn On The Line, Bob Considine All Star Sport Time	Monday Morning Headlines Paul Harvey, News Evening Comes	Gene Autry Summer In St. Louis
7:00 Monitor 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Hayes Show Studio Concert	News 7:05 Showtime Revue George Sokolsky Valentino Travel Talk	Juke Box Jury
8:00 Monitor 8:15 8:30 8:45	West Point Band Enchanted Hour	American Town Meeting	Our Miss Brooks Gary Crosby
9:00 Monitor 9:15 9:30 9:45	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Success Story Manion Forum Keep Healthy	News, Paul Harvey News, Quincy Howe Sammy Kaye 9:55 News	Music Hall, Mitch Miller
10:00 Fibber McGee & Molly 10:15 Joseph C. Harsch 10:30 American Forum	Billy Graham Global Frontiers	Elmer Davis, News Seven Deadly Sins Revival Time	News, Schorr 10:05 Face The Nation John Derr, Sports

See Next Page→

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN, CHANNEL 8, AUGUST 8—SEPTEMBER 9

Baseball on TV

DATE TIME CH. GAME

9, Tu.	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
	8:15	11	Boston vs. Yanks
10, W.	2:00	11	Boston vs. Yanks
	8:00	9	Giants vs. Dodgers
11, Th.	2:00	11	Boston vs. Yanks
12, F.	8:00	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
13, Sat.	2:00	2,8,9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
14, Sun.	2:00	8,9	Phila. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Pgh. vs. Giants
16, Tu.	8:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
17, W.	8:00	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
18, Th.	1:30	11	Dodgers vs. Giants
19, F.	8:00	9	Dodgers vs. Phil.-R
	8:15	11	Balt. vs. Yanks
20, Sat.	2:00	8,11	Balt. vs. Yanks
	2:25	2	Detroit vs. Chicago
	8:00	9	Dodgers vs. Phil.-R
21, Sun.	2:00	8,11	Balt. vs. Yanks
23, Tu.	8:00	9	Chicago vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	St. L. vs. Giants
24, W.	1:30	9	Chicago vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	St. L. vs. Giants
25, Th.	1:30	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Mil. vs. Giants

D—Doubleheader R—Road game

DATE TIME CH. GAME

26, F.	8:00	9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
27, Sat.	2:00	2,8,9	Cinc. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Mil. vs. Giants
28, Sun.	2:00	8,9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	2:00	11	Chicago vs. Giants
29, M.	1:30	9	St. L. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Chicago vs. Giants
30, Tu.	8:00	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	8:00	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
31, W.	1:30	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
	8:00	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
SEPT.			
1, Th.	1:30	9	Mil. vs. Dodgers
	1:30	11	Cinc. vs. Giants
2, F.	2:00	11	Wash. vs. Yanks
	8:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
3, Sat.	2:00	2	Chicago vs. Cleve.
	2:00	8,11	Wash. vs. Yanks
	2:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
4, Sun.	2:00	8,11	Wash. vs. Yanks
	2:00	9	Pgh. vs. Dodgers
5, M.	1:30	9	Phila. vs. Dodgers-D
	1:30	11	Pgh. vs. Giants-D
7, W.	2:00	11	Kan. C. vs. Yanks
	10:00	9	Dodgers vs. Mil.-R

Monday through Friday

7:00	4 & 8	Today—Getway with Garroway
8:55	4	Herb Sheldon—Plus Jo McCarthy
9:00	4	Skinner Show—Everything's George
	7	Tales Of The Trail—Kid stuff
10:00	2	Garry Moore Show—Moore fun
	4 & 8	Ding Dong School—TV nursery
10:30	2	Godfrey Time—Relax with Arthur
	4 & 8	Way Of The World—Drama
10:45	4 & 8	Sheilah Graham—She tells all
11:00	4	Home—Arlene Francis, homemaker
	7	Romper Room—For little people
11:30	2 & 8	Strike It Rich—Warren Hull
	5	Wendy Barrie—Gay gal talk
12:00	2	Valiant Lady—Daytime drama
	2 & 8	Tennessee Ernie—Pea-picking
12:15	2 & 8	Love Of Life—Serial story
12:30	2 & 8	Search For Tomorrow—Serial
	4	Feather Your Nest—Quiz show
12:45	2 (& 8 at 2:30)	The Guiding Light
	11	Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
1:00	2	Jack Paar Show—Jack's Jake!
	4	Norman Brokenshire Show—Gay
	5	Claire Mann—Glamour treatment
1:30	2 & 8	Welcome Travelers—From NYC
	9	First-Run Feature Films
2:00	2 & 8	Robert Q. Lewis Show—Lively
	5	Maggi McNellis—Chit-chat
	7	Summer Entertainment—Variety
2:30	2	Art Linkletter's House Party—Fun!
	5	Ern Westmore—Beauty hints
3:00	2 & 8	Big Pay-Off—Mink-lined quiz
	4	Ted Mack Show—Variety
	9	Ted Steele Show—Music & talk
3:30	2	Bob Crosby—With Gary & Cathy
	4	It Pays To Be Married—Bill Goodwin
4:00	2	The Brighter Day—Daytime drama
	4 & 8	Hawkins Falls—Serial
4:15	2 & 8	Secret Storm—Daily story
	4	First Love—Drama of newlyweds
4:30	2 & 8	On Your Account—Quiz
	4	Mr. Sweeney—Chuckles with Ruggles

EARLY EVENING

5:30	5	Jr. Featurama—Great for kids
6:30	4	Sky's The Limit—Quiz
	11	Liberace—Music by candlelight
7:00	7	Soupy Sales—Comedy with puppets
7:30	4	Matt Dennis Show—Music, M, W, F;
	9	Vaughn Monroe Show, T, Th.
	9	Million Dollar Movies
7:45	2	Julius La Rosa—Songs, M, W, F

LATE NIGHT

10:00	9	Million Dollar Movies
10:45	11	News & Weather Report
11:00	11	Liberace—Valentino of the keyboard
11:15	2	The Late Show—Feature films
	4	Steve Allen Show

Monday P.M.

8:00	2	Burns & Allen—Repeat films
	4 & 8	Caesar Presents; Aug. 22,
8:00-9:30:		"The King & Mrs. Candle," Cyril
		Ritchard, on Summer Special
	7	Digest Drama—Human-interest stories
8:30	2	Godfrey's Talent Scouts—Variety
	7	Voice Of Firestone—Summer concerts
9:00	2 & 8	Those Whiting Girls—Comedy
	4	The Medic—Film re-runs
	7	Pee Wee King Show—Corn-fed fun
9:30	2 & 8	Ethel & Albert—Domestic fun
	4	Robert Montgomery Presents
10:00	2 & 8	Studio One Summer Theater
	7	Eddie Cantor—Pop-eyed laffs
10:30	4	Big Town—Mark Stevens stars

Tuesday

7:30	5	Waterfront—Preston Foster stars
8:00	4 & 8	Place The Face—Bill Cullen
	5	Star Playhouse—Hollywood films
8:30	2	Music '55—Stan Kenton's sounds
	4	Arthur Murray Dancing Party
9:00	2 & 8	Meet Millie—Elena Verdugo
	4	Summer Theater—Half-hour films
	7	Make Room For Daddy—Repeats
9:30	2 & 8	Spotlight Playhouse—Drama
	4	Dollar A Second—\$\$\$ Quiz
10:00	2	\$64,000 Question—Hal March quiz.
	4 & 8	Truth Or Consequences
10:30	2	The Search—Documentaries
	7	Name's The Same—Bob & Ray

Wednesday

7:30	7	Disneyland—Repeat films
8:00	2	Frankie Laine Show—Music galore
	4	Request Performance—Dramas
8:30	4 (& 8 at 9:30)	My Little Margie—
		Beginning Aug. 31: Father Knows Best
	7	Wild West—Feature films
9:00	2 & 8	The Millionaire—Stories
	4	Kraft Theater—Fine, hour-long plays
	7	Masquerade Party—Costume quiz

9:30	2	I've Got A Secret—Panel quiz
	7	Penny To A Million—Bill Goodwin
10:00	2 & 8	U.S. Steel Theater—Alternates
		with Front Row Center
	4	This Is Your Life—Re-runs
10:30	4	Doug Fairbanks Presents—Stories

Thursday

8:00	2	Bob Cummings Show—Farce
	4 & 8	Best Of Groucho—Re-runs
	7	Soldier Parade—Hour of GI variety
8:30	2	Climax—Suspense & mystery
	4	Make The Connection—Quiz
9:00	4 & 8	Dragnet—Film repeats
	7	Star Tonight—Filmed teleplays
9:30	2	Four Star Playhouse—Excellent
	4 & 8	Ford Theater—Re-runs
10:00	2	Johnny Carson—Bright comedy
	4 & 8	Lux Studio Workshop—Drama
10:30	2	Halls Of Ivy—The Ronald Colmans

Friday

7:30	5	Life With Elizabeth—Light-hearted
8:00	2 & 8	Pantomime Quiz—On Aug.
		26, Mama returns with live comedy
	4	Midwestern Hayride—Hoedown
8:30	2	Topper—Last four weeks
	4 & 8	Life Of Riley—Comedy re-runs
9:00	2	Playhouse Of Stars—Filmed dramas
	4 & 8	Best In Mystery—Whodunits
9:30	2	Meet Mr. McNulty—Re-runs
	4 & 8	Dear Phoebe—Comedy re-runs
	7	The Vise—Spine-Chillers from Britain
10:00	2	Undercurrent—Mystery & adventure
10:30	2	Windows—Ambitious drama series
	4	So This Is Hollywood—Rib-tickling
	5	Alec Templeton—Enchanting music

Saturday

7:30	2	Beat The Clock—Stunts for prizes
	4	Show Wagon—Heidi's talent salute
8:00	2	America's Greatest Bands—Tops
	4	The Soldiers—Comedy
8:30	4	Dunninger Show—Mystifying
9:00	2	Two For The Money—Sam Levenson
	4 & 8	Musical Chairs—Stars Johnny
		Mercer; Aug. 27: "One Touch Of Venus."
9:30	2	Down You Go—Witty panel patter
	4	Durante—O'Connor Show—Re-runs
10:00	2	Julius La Rosa—TV's top tunes
	4 & 8	Here's The Show—Gobel rests
10:30	2	Damon Runyon Theater—Stories
	4 & 8	Your Play Time

Sunday

6:00	2	I Love Lucy—Repeat of early shows
7:00	2	Let's Take A Trip
	4 & 8	People Are Funny—Linkletter
7:30	2	Private Secretary—Re-runs
	4	Do It Yourself; Aug. 14, 7:30-8:30:
		Tam O'Shanter Golf Tournament
8:00	2 & 8	Toast Of The Town—Variety
	4	Sunday Hour—Comedy & variety
9:00	2	G-E Theater—Ronald Reagan, host
	4 & 8	TV Playhouse—Hour teleplays
	7	Chance Of A Lifetime—Variety
9:30	2	Appointment With Adventure
	5	Life Begins At Eighty—Sprightly
10:00	2	Stage 7—New stories
	4 & 8	Cameo Theater—On Aug. 28,
		Loretta Young Show returns
	7	Break The Bank—Bert Parks, quiz
10:30	2	What's My Line—Job game
	4	Bob Cummings Show—Comedy
	7	Paris Precinct—Louis Jourdan stars

Winsome Annie Oakley

(Continued from page 32)

riding boots in the morning—and exchanges them twelve hours later for dainty dancing slippers.

As a little girl, Gail had no choice except to become a tomboy, unless she wanted to miss all the fun. She was the only girl in a neighborhood crowded with boys. If she wanted to play with them, she had to join their games, or be left out.

The advantages of being the only girl were not obvious until some years later. At that age, being a member of the weaker sex had many more drawbacks—not the least of these being that, whatever the game, Gail was the victim. If they were cops and robbers, sooner or later she got clobbered on the head “while taking off with the bankroll.” When they were cowboys and Indians, she was tagged the “outlaw” and was tied to trees or punished in any number of ways which would have done credit to a Hollywood scenario.

Once, to help her hide from the law, two “fellow criminals” lifted her to the top of a tree—only to forget about her at dinner time, when they rushed home for their meal. Five-year-old Gail had but one way to get down—in a straight line. Ten minutes later, she was taken to the hospital with a broken leg.

Another time, the boys built a midget soap-box racer and pulled it up a steep hill. “Who’s going to try it first?” one of the older boys asked. When no volunteers answered, twelve pairs of eyes turned to nine-year-old Gail. “Oh, no! Not me. I don’t even know—”

That’s as far as she got by the time they had lifted her into the racer, and not too gently shoved her on the way. Halfway down, she smashed into a parked car and, when she woke up again, saw her father—a doctor by profession, fortunately—set her arm. Yet in spite of her mishaps, and she had more than her share, Gail enjoyed roughing it.

But, all along, her desire for femininity showed itself in various ways. In the morning she may have toted guns, but in the afternoon she sneaked in to her mother’s wardrobe closet for one of her dresses, hats, and high-heeled shoes. All little girls play “dress-up” games. Gail, however, went one step further. To complete the “grown-up” illusion, she also put on her mother’s lipstick—and perfume.

For many weeks her mother, Mrs. Gray-

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Watch for these intimate stories and exclusive pictures:

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(he’s on the cover, too!)

★
Garry Moore

★
Steve Lawrence of Tonight

★
John Baragrey

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Tommy Rettig (and “Lassie,” too)

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CAUTION

Reducing may be harmful if you don’t lose flabby fat with it—the wrong kind of diet may result in weight loss at the expense of vital tissues, causing weakness, anemia and infections. Play Safe—follow a doctor’s advice . . . and that means Dr. Munro’s “**SLENDERIZING for New Beauty**”



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**START
RIGHT NOW**

son, couldn't figure out why the contents of her bottles disappeared so rapidly. Neither could Dr. Grayson, who had to replenish them. The mystery didn't clear up till the Sunday morning he came back from a trip to New York, with a five-ounce bottle of Arpege perfume for his wife.

She'd hardly put it on her dresser—unopened—to go downstairs and prepare breakfast, when her four-year-old daughter crept into her room, pried open the lid, and liberally applied the contents on her arms, neck and forehead, just as "Mommy" put on cologne. At breakfast, the aroma of Arpege completely eclipsed that of the bacon and eggs. Suspicious, Mrs. Grayson rushed upstairs and found her new bottle half-empty!

Gail's craving for perfume persists to this day. Whether she made \$15 a week during school vacation as her father's secretary, \$150 a week at M-G-M, or her present, much higher, salary on TV, a good percentage of it goes into Chanel No. 5, Joy, Empire, or White Shoulders.

As Gail grew up—and into her mother's size—quite regularly Mrs. Grayson would search her closet in vain for one of her dresses, only to find her daughter wearing it. But she never really minded. "There's nothing wrong with a girl's desire for pretty clothes," she used to say, insisting that one of the prime functions of a female is to be feminine, graceful, and glamorous, whether she's two or eighty-two. Thus, she did her share to help Gail on her way—and by more methods than letting her borrow her clothes.

Mrs. Grayson was convinced—and so is Gail today—that "glamour" means much more than dressing to one's best advantage, that it includes such qualifications as good bearing, charm, gracefulness and self-assurance. That's why she enrolled Gail in a dancing class when she was two—not to learn a few steps of tap and ballet, but to develop grace and poise.

At home, she taught her daughter manners and lady-like behavior by setting a good example, never by threatening or actually administering punishment. And, after Gail finished high school, to round out her "polishing," she was sent to one of the finest finishing schools in the country, Harkum College for Girls, at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Here again, Gail's struggle within herself came to the surface. She loved the finishing school, the graceful way of living, the companionship of some of the finest,

best brought-up young girls in the country. But, at the same time, she had a hankering for a more carefree life, for wide-open spaces, and for "roughing it." After two years, she left Harkum College to continue her education at the University of Texas—where she was just as much in her element as in Bryn Mawr.

Today, Gail is one of the most attractive young women in television. But there have been times when it looked as though "glamour" was no more than a word in the dictionary, when she could have been disillusioned—except for her own common sense and the down-to-earth attitude of her mother. Take the scar on her cheek, still visible today.

She was just three when her little buddies egged her on to catch a hound which was known to be somewhat ferocious. Gail caught him, all right. But, in the process, she fell, the dog stepped on her, and—just to prove his grievance and superiority—bit her in the face. Her screams quickly brought her father, who sewed up her cheek with fourteen stitches extending from the right eye to her chin. Dr. Grayson did such an expert job that the scar is hardly noticeable any more. Yet there might have been a time when a girl more vain than Gail could have considered this a handicap.

Like many teenagers, she went through the "chubby" stage, when no matter how much or how little she ate, she just kept expanding in all directions. Her mother, knowing what the results could be, took prompt and drastic action. "You'll have to go on a diet" she informed her thirteen-year-old daughter one morning.

Gail didn't sound happy. "What does that mean, Mom?"

"First of all, no more starchy food. No potatoes, bread, macaroni, spaghetti, and, mostly, no hot fudge sundaes and fried chicken!" She'd listed practically all of Gail's favorite foods.

But that was only the beginning. "You'll also have to do exercises every morning." To make it easier for Gail, Mrs. Grayson joined her in dieting as well as in exercising. Every morning she came in, about half an hour before her daughter got up, carrying a big glass of orange juice, "to give her pep." So sleepy was Gail she could hardly see the glass, but somehow she managed to grab it and get it to her lips. "Now let's get out of bed and start the exercises."

To this date, Gail has never given up

dieting, nor exercising, though she isn't doing it quite in the same manner any longer. She does her exercises only when she is not actually working—which is about six months out of twelve. (Usually, when she finishes her television commitments, she heads back to Little Rock, Arkansas, to join her family.) When she's in front of the cameras, she gets all the physical exercise she needs. Anything in addition would be strictly superfluous.

As for dieting, Gail has found a unique solution which lets her eat her favorite chocolate sundaes and fried chicken and all sorts of potatoes—and still keep down her weight. One week, she sticks to rare meats and greens, won't even touch a biscuit for lunch. The next she goes all out for anything that appeals to her. Somehow it evens out, because Gail has one of the cutest figures in TVdom.

On one occasion, however, she overdid her dieting. During her early college days, she used to idolize a young star, Dixie Dunbar, who was approximately Gail's height—but quite a bit thinner. "If I want to be like her, I have to get all my measurements down to her size," Gail rationalized, and promptly went on a diet of black coffee and greens.

At the time, she was playing the lead in a college play. In one scene, in which she was supposed to laugh hysterically, director Richard Nash (who later scored in Hollywood with such hits as "Welcome Stranger") thought she was too convincing for an amateur. He knew he was right, just a few minutes later, when she collapsed on the set and was rushed to the infirmary, where the doctor said there was nothing wrong with her that a good meal couldn't fix.

After twelve hours' sleep and a breakfast the following morning that would have put Burl Ives to shame, Gail was all right again. She also decided that, as long as her height was the same as Dixie Dunbar's, maybe it wouldn't matter quite so much if her waist measured a few inches more.

For a long time, Gail considered "glamour" and "sophistication" synonymous. She had to learn the hard way that this is not necessarily so; that a girl is better off developing her own strong points, whatever they are, rather than reaching for something she doesn't possess, or pretending to be someone she is not.

In her anxiety to appear grown-up and sophisticated, time was moving along too slowly for Gail. At four she wanted to be ten; at ten, twenty; and, at thirteen—she did something about it.

Before leaving with a beau for a club meeting, she decided the time had come to wear high-heeled shoes. Speculating that her parents wouldn't approve, she waited till her mother had left the house, then got a pair from her mother's closet and put them on.

Having forgotten something at home, Mrs. Grayson pulled up in front of the house just as Gail was walking down the driveway. Disbelievingly, she stared at her daughter, who was weaving and swaying all over the driveway. Never having worn high heels, Gail felt and looked as though she were walking on stilts.

Her mother promptly marched her embarrassed daughter back into the house and made her change into low heels. Another year passed before Gail was permitted to experiment with "sophisticated footwear," as she used to call it.

In spite of such occasional faux pas, Gail developed into a very sensible young woman who, at heart, knew what was good for her. Unfortunately, not everybody did.

On a visit to Hollywood, she was discovered by an agent who found her sunbathing on the roof garden of the Hollywood Roosevelt, where she was staying.

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He promptly told Louis B. Mayer, then head of M-G-M, about the attractive girl, and made an appointment for her to see him the next day. When introduced, Gail made an immediate impression on Mr. Mayer and, twenty-four hours later, was signed to a contract.

Had the studio left her as she was, it would have been more beneficial for the contractor and contractee. But it was the Hollywood custom to turn each new find into a copy of the current glamour girl—which meant they were all made to look like Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Rita Hayworth, or whoever happened to be most popular at that precise moment.

Gail was too shy to object, when she should have. "Like most of the other girls I was sent through the complete glamour mill," she later lamented. "When I 'graduated,' I looked little different from the other newcomers on the lot. We all wore our hair the same way, used almost identical make-up, even dressed with much similarity. Result: Because I looked like everybody else, they really didn't need me. Before long, I was out of a job!"

A few months later, she went through the whole process all over, this time at RKO, and with the same result. After minor parts in a few pictures, she once again found herself outside the studio gates. Having learned her lesson, from then on, she refused to be anyone but herself. That's what Gene Autry liked when she was introduced to him, the reason he gave her a chance to play opposite him in feature Westerns, and eventually built the *Annie Oakley* series around her.

Actually, while Gail is quite the glamour girl off-screen, her younger fans weren't so wrong when they claimed she can be glamorous even as a cowgirl.

About a fourth of her time is spent in town, when the "inside scenes" of her

series are shot at the "Flying A" studio on Sunset Boulevard, when she can drive to the Hollywood Roosevelt for lunch and, at night, back to the San Fernando Valley apartment she shares with actress Nan Leslie.

But most of the scenes are filmed on location: At Pioneer Town in the Mojave Desert, about twenty miles east of Twenty-nine Palms; at Lone Pine, 10,000 feet above sea level, in some of California's most rugged country; at other locations where the climate is severe, work days long—often seven days a week without a day off—and living conditions almost as primitive as those of the heroine she portrays on the screen.

Gail's work in itself is difficult, exhausting, and often physically dangerous, which is obvious to anyone who has watched her "running mounts," galloping into camera range, ascending or descending steep hills. (Amazingly, with all the difficult riding Gail had to do these past fifteen months, her only accident occurred at Hollywood and Vine when—stepping out of her car—she slipped off the sidewalk and injured her leg!)

On location, Gail is often the only girl among dozens of men. It would be easy for her to acquire some of the rough and ready mannerisms of the male sex, of "letting herself go" after work, of coming to dinner just as she left the last scene. But that's not like her.

Imagine the surprised expression of a visitor to Pioneer Town who, having seen Gail perform one of her stunts just before sunset, sees her again an hour later at the "Golden Stallion," the only restaurant, dressed smartly in skirt and blouse, looking as attractive as if she'd just stepped out of a beauty shop. He wouldn't know that, no matter how hard she works during the day, at night *Annie Oakley* invariably

becomes Gail Davis again—which is duly appreciated by all around her.

Working in the desert presents many problems for a girl who values her appearance. The strong, penetrating rays of the sun, the high winds and sand storms—and, not least, the sudden temperature changes when the sun goes down and the mercury often drops to 80° below what it was at high noon—can be most damaging to a girl's complexion.

It takes a lot of effort on Gail's part to combat these elements. In the desert or high mountains, she makes certain she wears plenty of make-up to protect herself from the sun's rays and, when she gets back to her room, cleans it off thoroughly, then washes her face several times with ice-cold water to stimulate circulation. After that, she applies lotion or baby oil—and is all set for the next day.

Gail has one more formula to keep herself in good shape: plenty of rest. On location, she usually turns in right after dinner. Even in Hollywood, she only goes out or gives a party on Sunday nights, and then insists on being brought home early. But what she misses out on in quantity, she makes up in quality. For Gail, there's no "run-of-the-mill" date. Each is a special occasion for which to be dressed and prepared.

When she and her roommate, Nan Leslie, give a party at home, it's always a miniature gala affair, with fancy foods, exquisite table settings, dinner music and candlelight—against the soft, pastel-colored background of their walls, carefully selected to give them the most complimentary setting.

In the first fifty-two *Annie Oakley* shows she did, Gail wore only one dress. The rest of the time, nothing but cowgirl outfits. Yet she proved that even a cowgirl can be glamorous—on screen and off.

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Holiday Time for Godfrey

(Continued from page 43)

and white checks for the McGuires, a lavender skirt and olive-green blouse for Jan, a checked frock in green for Carmel—and another set of shoes to match. Everyone was pleased and Arthur nodded his approval, but this is the pay-off: When the show went on, a half-hour later, the girls were wearing something altogether different. Jan, with her Riviera tan, was lovely in yellow gingham; Carmel wore a lively blue polka-dot dress; the McGuires came on-camera in white blouses with white- and red-checked pedal pushers and skirts.

The gals looked good. Of course, they were trembling and chewing on their lips. Carmel Quinn had never been in an amusement park in her life, and she was half-praying for a miracle that would perpetuate that fact. Jan looked a little tense. The McGuires, of course, had each other for comfort, and they were just as calm as Mexican jumping beans on a hot griddle.

"We greet you from Steeplechase Park in Coney Island," Arthur announced. "Let's have a good time."

The beginning was beguiling—on the grand carousel. Originally built for Kaiser Wilhelm at the turn of the century, it was adorned with ornate pigs, chariots and ruby-lipped cupids. Arthur was entranced with this dandy of merry-go-rounds and joined his kids from the Henry Street Settlement, who loaded on with the cast. Then, enjoying a false sense of security, the cast rushed over to the Chairplane—a ride of swings on long chains that circled like the carousel.

There is an item called the Whirlpool. It is built a little like the tube-pan with the tube part covered. In action it looks like a spin drier. Symbolically, you get on the center crest by walking a plank. Everyone takes off his shoes, not because the shoes will fly off but because the riders get to flying in every which direction and are likely to land in someone's stomach. When everyone is set nicely on the center, the contraption begins to turn.

"Let's everyone sing," Arthur said.

"'Nearer My God to Thee'?" Frank Parker asked.

"Let's sing 'Tweedle-Dee-Dee.'"

At first, the Whirlpool turned slowly, like an LP record. In a few more seconds it looked like a mill saw. As one gentleman remarked who had just free-loaded a couple of frankfurters: "They don't give you dinner here. They just lend it to you."

The centrifugal force went to work and in seconds everyone was thrown out of the center into the trough—everyone except Arthur who had planted himself in dead center where he could enjoy the sight of his sprawled cast. Carmel Quinn, a loyal Irishwoman, looked like she was still celebrating St. Patrick's Day—and everyone agreed she had been so clever to use green make-up.

The wheel did stop finally, and the Little Godfreys retreated slowly from the contraption. Frank Parker was on his knees, holding on to his hat. Carmel looked a little better—a kind of pastel shade of green. The McGuires were crawling out. They looked pale and they, too, had done something to their make-up. Their mouths were O-shaped, like three iddy fish in an iddy-bitty pool taking a drag on a big cigar. And Janette Davis looked like she was thinking—perhaps: "And for this I came back three weeks early from the Mediterranean." Arthur was still chuckling.

Arthur's job was most strenuous. He

kept up a running commentary of the proceedings for a full hour, with nothing in writing and nothing rehearsed. There was no orchestra and no songs. Everything was talk. Mr. G. was a walking transmitter, equipped with an ingenious tiny microphone and a Budleman transmitter, a gadget the size of a pack of cigarettes. There were eight cameras working, but there were still technical limitations that he had to work within. And then, of course, there were his guests.

It was no accident that the youngsters were invited from the Henry Street Settlement. The Settlement is internationally famous for its work, and Arthur has been one of its patrons for many years. All year around, Arthur sends down toys, cakes, candies, frozen foods, thirty-pound smoked turkeys, twenty-pound chocolate gobblers, and the like. He is loved and idolized by people there. Arthur decided the kids would join him for the picnic.

Most of them were about the same age that Arthur was feeling. To them, it was a kind of fairyland. Everything was free: the rides, cotton candy, popcorn, sandwiches, games of skill, ice cream, soda, souvenirs. Paul Blaufox, Arthur's assistant on *Talent Scouts*, was in charge of the arrangements for the children.

"Arthur made certain recommendations," Paul recalls. "The kids were to get all the sandwiches and milk and ice cream they wanted, but were to get candy and stuff only under supervision of their leaders so that they wouldn't get sick. And he insisted that a doctor and nurse be present in case of an emergency. We had a doctor and two nurses."

For safety's sake, they arranged to have a paid adult supervisor for every ten children. The youngsters were well behaved and there was only one trying moment. Right after they arrived in their buses, at five P.M. so they would have plenty of time for the rides, they were lined up. Arthur came out to look at them and, just as he got there, the beautiful formation began to break up and the kids were scurrying off toward one of the buildings.

"The kids are getting away," he shouted to Paul.

Paul ran after them and then came back a little sheepish.

"Arthur, when you gotta go, you gotta go," he said, "and those kids gotta go."

Their first planned activity was the eating, and the conversations were rather interesting. For example:

"I'm glad it's not Liberace having the picnic."

"What's wrong with Liberace?"

"He can only play a piano. Godfrey plays a uke."

At another table the youngsters were more concerned with the production budget.

"This costs Godfrey plenty."

"How much?"

"Well, it took nine buses to get us out here at fifteen cents a person and—"

"This costs more. These are chartered buses."

Actually, the tab for the kids alone was over a thousand dollars. All together, Arthur spent about fifteen thousand above and beyond the call of duty. Much of this cost went into special equipment, extra technical assistance, lines and special transmitters and receivers for the remote. To play safe, most of the program was planned to come from the inside pavilion, a mere eleven acres, in case of rain. Even so, there was no lack of excitement. The climax of the first half-hour came on the Panama Slide.

A slide, as you know, stands about six feet high and is a plaything for children. The Panama Slide, however, rises at a 45-degree angle to the unpleasant height of about forty feet. High? Well, not so high as the moon, but when you stand at the bottom and talk to someone at the top, you shout. And the shorter you are, the higher it looks. Pretty Jan Davis is on the petite side, and to her the slide looked very, very high. She got stuck at the top.

Arthur led the pack down. Arms out, he came bouncing and sliding down and took a nice spin at the base cup. Standing with Arthur before he took off were the rest of the cast.

"I'm not going down," said Chris McGuire.

Carmel Quinn sighed. She didn't want to go down the devilish mechanism and, when she found Chris was of the same mind, she just about threw her arms around her. In the meantime, Phyllis McGuire went down the slide, followed by sister Dotty.

"I'm definitely not going down," Chris repeated—with which she sat down on the slide, gave herself a push and down she went.

"And, when Chris went, I just resigned myself to dying," Carmel recalls. "I closed my eyes and kind of jumped."

Her skirts flared up like a parachute and Arthur remarked, "Wait'll you see yourself on the kinescope, Carmel. You've never seen so much of yourself in your life."

Jan remained seated at the top, her brakes locked. Arthur noted later, "Here's a gal who flew the Atlantic Ocean this morning and reported to work, cheerful and fresh, and now she won't come down a little old slide. How can you figure it?"

Everyone else climbed back up for a repeat slide except Carmel. She noted, "I've shown enough leg for one night. Husband Bill will be angry as it is."

Then came the station break and the next half-hour started off with all of the cast riding the Steeplechase Horse Ride, after which the Park is named. The Steeplechase consists of iron race horses, with double saddles, that travel on a track similar to a roller coaster. The horses race around the outside of the building. Arthur and Phyllis McGuire, sharing the same nag, won the race by better than a full length. Arthur noted wistfully, "I wish my own horses did this well."

While Arthur did the Frigidaire commercial, the gang went to the shooting gallery. Phyllis had bad luck and couldn't hit anything. Arthur rejoined the gang and showed Phyllis her trouble. Her gun wasn't loaded.

They moved on to a game of skill. To win a kewpie doll, you throw baseballs through a canvas hole. Arthur picked up a few balls, threw them, and every one went into the hole. Wordless and almost embarrassed by his marksmanship, he moved on.

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The last and most imposing spectacle of the evening was Steeplechase's Parachute Jump. This is a landmark at Coney Island. It rises two hundred and fifty feet—you count them going up. Coming down, you swallow them all at once.

There are twelve parachutes attached to the tower, with a kind of swing hanging from each. You climb onto this seat. The machine pulls you straight up and, when you reach the top, a spring suddenly gives, the way a pair of suspenders might bust on a fat man, and you drop fast, very fast. You have time for only one thought: "Something's gone wrong with this contraption and they're going to be picking me up in a basket."

There are other things about the jump worth noting. The seat, for example, is a padded metal board not much wider than what you would find on a swing. Of course, you are strapped on, but it doesn't "feel" substantial. And at night it is the worst. You rise into a void with nothing about you but darkness and night air.

When Arthur came to the chutes, he shouted, "Someone get Carmel Quinn. She's going to ride with me."

Carmel came running in, with someone pushing from behind. She took one look at Arthur waiting for her in the chute seat and said, "I've been praying the program would run long and we'd never get to this one."

They strapped her into the seat with Arthur and then took off her shoes for safekeeping.

"Arthur, please hold my hand," she said. "What do you think I got you here for," he said.

And then they started up. Arthur, always a poet, kept saying, "Isn't it lovely, Carmel. Look out at the lights and the stars over the ocean. Isn't it lovely?"

And Carmel kept saying, "Oh, dear. Oh, dear."

Everyone went up. Frank Parker rode with the pretty Toni model. She got a little nervous and gave Frank the same routine, "Hold my hand." Frank, with other things in mind, grabbed for his hat.

Jan, who got scared on the slide, went on the parachute jump twice with Tony Marvin. "I don't mind heights," she explained, "if I start off on the ground like on the chute or an airplane. It's when I start from the top that I get scared."

And Carmel, after the first jump, started to get off and Arthur said, "You wouldn't want to do another?"

"No, thank you."

"You sure?"

"No. I don't think so. Unless you asked me," she added politely.

"I'm asking you," Arthur said.

"Well, all right then."

Up they went again.

Then, in just seconds, the show was over and in minutes the children were back in the buses and on their way back to Manhattan. The McGuires were rushed back to the airport so that they would reach Pittsburgh in time to sing at their late show. Jan went back home to unpack her bags. Carmel got into the station wagon with her husband Bill.

"It wasn't so bad, now that it's all over," she said bravely.

"Would you like to come back tomorrow and go on the rides with me?" her husband asked.

She shut up.

Arthur was one of the last of the cast to leave the Park, and you can bet it was wistfully. If he said it once, he said it two dozen times: "I've never had so much fun. This is just great."

And that big laugh of his. That will be ringing around the carousel and giant slide for years to come.



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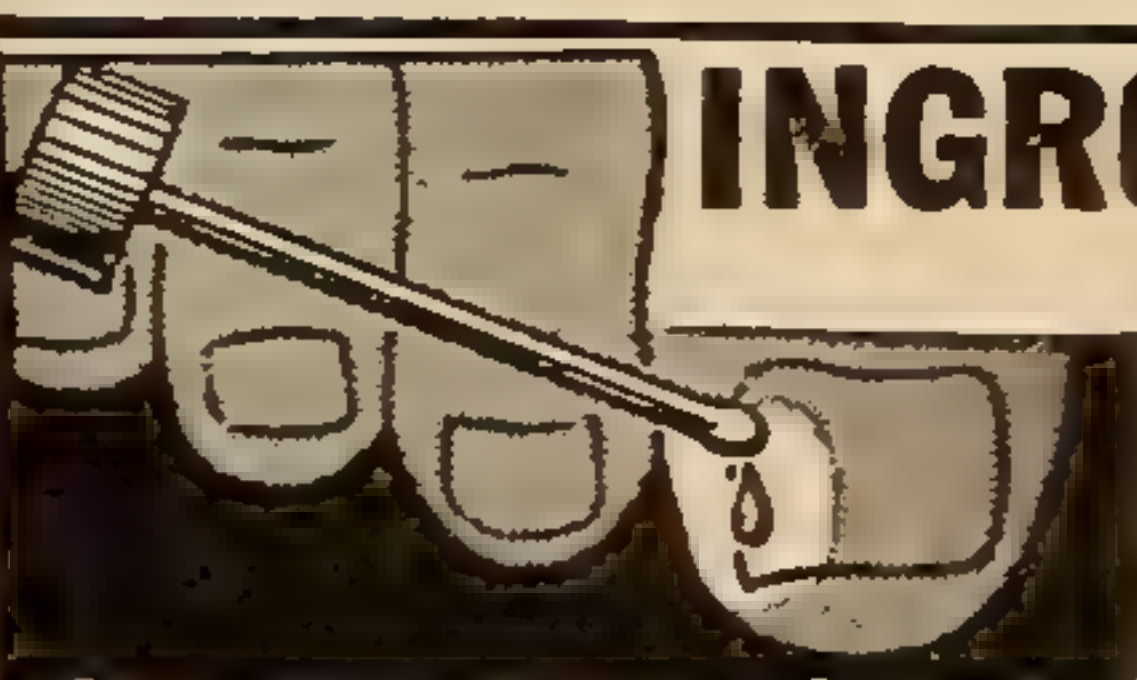
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Help Yourself to Living

(Continued from page 58)

over this shyness. He did so—and, once again, he was seated in the first row, first seat. And, the very first day, he was the first student called upon to perform—up on the stage, in front of the entire class. There was no way out. The teacher had just told the class: "Get over your bashfulness. When you're called upon to do a scene or act out a pantomime, never say you're not prepared. Just get up and do the best you can. That way, you won't build up any mental blocks."

Tod got up, shaking and perspiring, and made his painful way to the stage. At least, he didn't have to speak. The assignment was to do a pantomime on any subject he chose, and the class would try to guess what it was. Tod decided he would imitate a man hunting butterflies. Waving an imaginary net, he darted about the stage in hot pursuit of the elusive creatures. No one had the least notion what he was trying to do, and when he told the class, "Catching butterflies," they howled. Tod tried again. Only, this time, he did something no one could miss—a man swinging a golf club. The class guessed it and he returned to his seat, dizzy with relief.

"And then I noticed," Tod recalls, "that when the other students got up to perform, they were just as shy and bashful as I. We were no different. And, somehow, realizing that we were all in the same kettle gave me confidence in myself."

Tod's new-found self-confidence soon revealed a genuine acting talent, and he decided to make a career in the theater. By following his first teacher's advice—*Just get up and do the best you can*—he has not only had ten successful years in television, stage and motion pictures, but can now be seen five times every week playing the male lead in NBC-TV's popular daytime drama, *First Love*. So that, if Tod is still concerned about shyness, it's not for himself—it's for others.

"All the sad, lonely people in the world!" he says, shaking his head in genuine concern. "If they could just get over their bashfulness—the fears and hesitations that keep them apart from the rest of the world."

For the wonder to Tod, in his own experience, is not that he got over shyness to become a star of television and the

stage, but that he got over shyness—and came "into contact with life." Much as he loves acting, it's only the way he makes his living. The important thing is life itself. And maybe that's why, when you ask him about his career, he can remember the roles he's portrayed and the stages he's trod upon—not as professional milestones, but as personal ones. "That's the time I met Gloria," he'll say. Or: "That's when the baby was born..."

He himself was born on November 10, 1920, in Buffalo, New York. His father died when he was four, and his mother—a piano teacher—moved her family to Hollywood because Buffalo was "too cold." ("I've a sister," Tod says, "who's now happily married to a banker in San Francisco.")

To Tod, it is significant that before he overcame shyness, he wanted to be a writer. Not being part of the world about him, the urge was strong to create a world of his own. After his first day in the dramatics class, however, he was no longer content to observe life—he wanted to participate in life himself. Three weeks later, he was not only directing and playing the lead in a short play, but doing something about his writing by working on the school paper.

While still attending Los Angeles High School, he organized some of his classmates into a group that put on plays at a local movie house—between showings of the film. The entire company received a total of two dollars for each performance, but at least they were paid. They were professionals! And the idea had already occurred to Tod that he might make acting his career.

He continued his dramatic studies at Washington State College, where he majored in speech and journalism, then joined the Pasadena Playhouse, where he appeared in some twenty-five productions. On Broadway, he made his debut in "Quiet, Please," co-starring Jane Wyatt. Later, he acted in Maxwell Anderson's "Storm Operation." It was his role as the Brazilian admiral, however, in "My Sister Eileen," which led to a Hollywood film contract.

Although he appeared in a number of movies, none of Tod's roles was as exciting as the chance to play the "tall, dark and handsome" leading man in a

Mae West stage play, "Come On Up, Ring Twice." It was while touring with this show that he met Gloria Folland.

"We were playing in Chicago," he recalls. "A friend of mine in the cast kept telling me about this beautiful red-headed girl who was also in Chicago, playing in 'Up in Central Park.' She had also gone to the Pasadena Playhouse, so my friend thought the way was clear for me to introduce myself."

Tod did. He invited her out for coffee. And, just six months later, they were married.

Not that anything in show business is ever that simple. Tod was in Chicago six weeks. Gloria's show played there longer. And their tours took them in opposite directions. It wasn't until they met in Washington, D. C., that they were able to "line up a license, et cetera." The ceremony itself finally took place in Kansas City, on January 15, 1947.

All of which explains why the Andrews were so glad to spend the next three seasons in Dallas, Texas, acting in Margo Jones' theater-in-the-round. It meant a chance to play a greater variety of roles than would be possible on Broadway. But, more important, it gave the newlyweds a chance to lead a settled life. And it was here that Tod got his first big break in the theater.

When Margo Jones tried out Tennessee Williams' "Summer and Smoke," Tod played the part of the roistering young doctor so effectively that he was asked to duplicate his performance for the New York production. Gloria joined him as an understudy in the same show.

It was on tour with "Summer and Smoke" that Tod got his second big break in the theater—though he didn't realize it at the time. Joshua Logan, the director of so many Broadway hits, caught the show in New Orleans and came backstage afterwards to congratulate Tod on his performance.

"I remember shaking his hand when he left," Tod recalls, "and saying, 'I'd like to work for you someday.' I don't know why I said it, except that I meant it."

Some time later, when Tod auditioned for the title role in the touring company of "Mr. Roberts," it was necessary to get final approval from Mr. Logan before the producer could give him the part. Only Mr. Logan happened to be in Paris, and he had only seen Tod that once in New Orleans—in a completely different kind of role. Nevertheless, he cabled the producer to give Tod the part.

"I asked him about it later," Tod explains. "How did he know I could do it? And he told me it was the way I said I wanted to work for him someday. I was so sincere, he knew I was right for 'Roberts.'"

For the next two and a half seasons, Tod played "Mr. Roberts," from coast to coast and throughout Canada. In Washington, the President and Mrs. Truman, accompanied by General and Mrs. Marshall, saw the show and came backstage afterwards.

"It was the high spot of our tour," Tod recalls. "The President said that he didn't know when he had spent so enjoyable an evening and that we made him forget all his troubles."

That was in 1951—and that was when Tod was selected to read the I Am an American Day proclamation for the President on the Capitol steps.

Following his success in "Mr. Roberts," Tod appeared in the Broadway comedy, "A Girl Can Tell," then took over the Joseph Cotten role in "Sabrina Fair." He

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was also active in television, playing lead roles in many of the top dramatic shows. The one he enjoyed most was the title role in *The Hallmark Hall Of Fame* presentation of "The Life of Lord Byron." So far as Tod is concerned, however, the biggest break in his career came last April 11, when he began playing the role of Zachary James in *First Love*.

"Television is getting bigger and bigger," he says, "and every actor wants to grow with the medium. On the night-time dramatic shows, you're lucky if you get one to do a month. But, in daytime drama, you can be acting five times a week. And it's a wonderful training ground. I know that now, after doing five shows a week on daytime drama, whenever I appear on a dramatic show it goes like a breeze. They give you ten days to prepare a script. I'm used to one."

The difference, of course, is that—when you're playing the same role five times a week—"you get to know the character and then you can relax." Tod feels particularly lucky in his present assignment because he not only *knows* the character he portrays on *First Love*, he's very fond of him. "Zach's a wonderful person," Tod says, "with great integrity and a feeling for humanity. He's striving for perfection, yet he's very down-to-earth."

But, just as an artist paints a picture and doesn't see that it's really a portrait of himself, so Tod isn't aware—when he talks about Zach—that he's also describing someone very like himself. Although he has had ten years of uninterrupted success as a leading man, Tod is still "striving for perfection." Twice every week, he attends Sandy Mizener's class for Professional Actors at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. (By accident, his partner in the class turned out to be the same girl who plays his partner on TV—Patricia Barry.) He also takes singing lessons.

"I believe an actor should work at everything," he says, "and never stop learning, never stop growing."

But the real growth, Tod insists—for he's every bit as "down-to-earth" as Zachary James on TV—must come as a person. And, once you know what you want as a human being, it's good if you can adapt your job to the way you want to live—not vice versa. That's why, as far as Tod is concerned, from now on "the theater is just a hobby."

"It never allowed us a real home life," he explains. And, while he hopes to do a play this fall, it will have to be in New York where his TV show originates.

The "us" now includes Tod Walter, aged three. And, while young Tod would like nothing better than to go scampering about the country on tour, his parents happen to have other plans for him. "I want him to be a good man, a good citizen," Tod says, "and that starts in a good home."

Thanks to *First Love*, he and Gloria can finally settle down in the kind of "permanent home" they've always dreamed of. At present, it's an apartment with a terrace in Manhattan, but Gloria is busily scouring the surrounding countryside for a house, complete with roots—and a few trees.

For Tod, it's something new—not awakening in a strange hotel room in a strange town, called on the phone by a strange operator. Now, every morning, a red-headed youngster comes charging into the bedroom, "yelling and hollering."

"Nothing shy about him," Tod says with a pleased grin. "He won't have to become an actor to get over his bashfulness. He was in contact with life the day he was born."

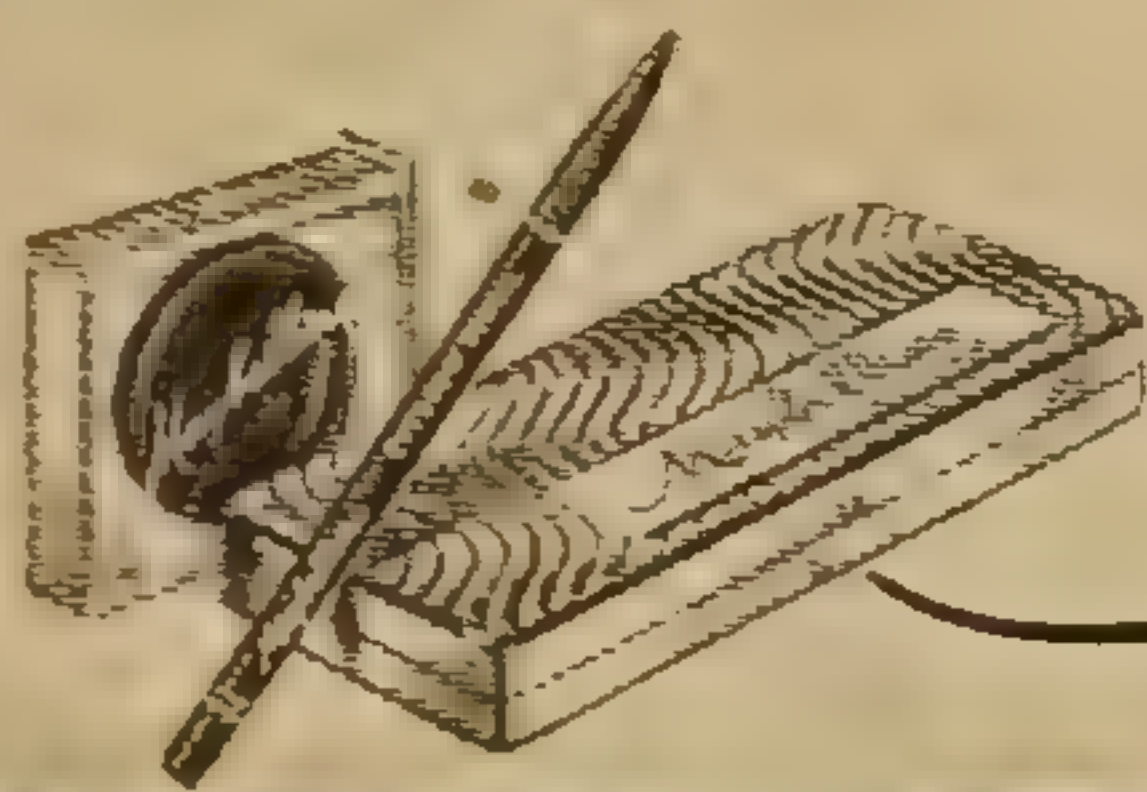


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Early to Love

(Continued from page 49)

"you should catch him before he gets up some morning—with four kids rolling on top of him in bed, with the dog barking and the cat scurrying around! I sometimes wonder if he will come out of it in one piece, but I have learned he doesn't want to be rescued. He's having more fun than anyone else."

The kids are really Bill's recreation. He loves to swim, and it's a big day when they all go off to the beach. He plays golf a little, would like to play much more frequently. But he's not an amateur cook or even a Mr. Fix-It around the house. The last time he tried to fix a curtain rod, he backed into the sliding doors of a closet and pushed them off the runners, and now they have decided it's simpler to get a handyman in the first place. He has one new hobby, and that's painting. It started when he was in "Me and Juliet," and there was leisure time between scenes. Otherwise, he lives for his work, and the family.

Although they first dated as college juniors, Bill and Mary knew each other when they both went to Thornton Township High School, in Illinois, about fifty miles out of Chicago. "He didn't give me a tumble during those years," Mary says. "In the first place, he was two years older than I, and two years ahead of me at school. He was known as a BTO—Big Time Operator—who was in everything: clubs, minstrel shows, on the swimming and track teams, cheer-leading, playing in the school orchestra and in dance bands, heading the Youth Choir at his church. He lived in Harvey, near the school, and I had to take a train in, from where I lived. I admired him from afar for a couple of years, and then he graduated, before he was seventeen, and I didn't see him for a while."

Bill went on to DePauw University, in near-by Greencastle, Indiana, but the war was on and, the next year, he enlisted in the U.S. Naval Air Corps, hoping to become a flyer. Instead, he was kept at DePauw for another eight months, then sent to ground school, to pre-flight training and primary flight training. Before he graduated to advanced training, the war was over. All through this period, however, he had added his bit by singing and playing at benefits in veterans' hospitals.

When he was discharged from the Navy, he went back to DePauw to finish college, but now he had lost two years—and Mary had caught up with him. Both were completing their sophomore year. They saw each other again, but Mary was interested in a boy from Brooklyn and Bill was just interested in readjusting to civilian life—until a Christmas vacation made him ask his cousin about girls who might be interested in a date.

That first date with Mary was almost disastrous, because they stopped for a late snack and time must have stood still for the express purpose of letting them discover each other. When they came out of the restaurant, they realized it was long past the hour when Mary was expected home.

"It was snowing," she recalls, "and, when we got to my house, Bill carried me from the car because I had taken off my light, open-toe slippers and was carrying them. My father was waiting up and, as Bill set me down, Daddy opened the front door. I murmured, 'Daddy, I would like you to meet Bill Hayes.' My father mumbled, 'How-do-you-do' and looked stern. 'Come into the house, Mary,' was all he said, and I went—with barely a good-night nod to Bill. But Bill telephoned the next day."

Six weeks later they were both in the library, and she thought Bill was lost in study, until he suddenly looked up at her. "How would you like to go steady?" he asked. She said yes, but there was a little matter of a couple of dates ahead that would have to be kept—or broken. "Break them," Bill said. After that, neither dated anyone else.

He had lost his fraternity pin and had to borrow one so they could be "pinned" in solemn ceremony, with their friends as witnesses. Bill serenaded her with "One Alone." Mary has a sweet voice, but was too shy to sing back to him. Her knees were shaking a little, anyway.

This was in January. Mary got her engagement ring on Mother's Day. "I didn't know how prophetic that date was at the time," she says. The following February, they were married—on a Saturday—and went back to their classes on Monday, living in a room at first, then finishing their senior year in a GI barracks for married couples on the campus. Later, they moved in with Mary's folks and then Bill's. But, before Carrie was born, they knew they had to have a place of their own. The only one they could find was an old store converted into an apartment. When it rained the basement filled up with water and Bill was always bailing out the place. But they didn't mind. Bill was always earning with his music, and they managed.

Later, he took an intensive two-week course in choral singing and then went on to Fred Waring's Workshop at Shawnee, Pennsylvania, for more training. While he was a student there, he got an audition with Waring, who advised him to keep on studying. At this point, Bill was a little discouraged, so they went back home to Harvey. His brother Phil had seen an advertisement for chorus singers for the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "Carousel," and—more in fun than in expectation—he answered it. Bill found his brother ill with a bad throat, and an appointment card to audition. It was an easy matter to change the name of Phil to Bill on the card, so Bill showed up for the try-out, cracked on a high A, but got the job.

"Up to that time, I never thought anyone could make really big money singing," says Bill, "and, when I learned the salaries the stars got, it was a revelation to me. It gave me a new slant on singing for a living." He spoke his first line in "Carousel," pushing an ice-cream cart across the stage. It was his professional debut as a singer-actor.

The end result was to inspire him to get more musical education, so he enrolled at Northwestern University, in Chicago, to work for a master's degree in music, putting in some serious study on the violin, an instrument which he had started to play while still in grade school. (Although he reads music very well, he still plays the piano by ear, having started that way.) With a daughter to support, as well as a wife, Bill took on all sorts of odd jobs while he was at Northwestern, directing church choirs, doing a twice-a-week radio show called *Songs You Remember With Bill Hayes*, guesting on other radio programs, singing at churches and synagogues, at weddings and funerals. He even found time to take a course in opera.

It was during his last semester that he got a chance to audition for the Olsen and Johnson show, "Funzapoppin." Right after he got his M.A., he joined the show as a singer-actor, touring this country and parts of Canada. Everywhere he went, Mary and Carrie went, too. When the show played New York, they found a small apartment in Greenwich Village. When the show went to Florida for a few weeks, they gave up the apartment. By this time, Billy was six weeks old, so there were two children to be looked after on tour.

In the fall of 1949, Bill's talent had interested television producer Max Liebman, and a more permanent home for the children began to interest Mary. Bill was signed for *Your Show Of Shows*, and he and Mary found a house a little way out from New York, on Long Island. It seemed wonderful to settle down for a while. Before Cathy was born, they bought their present house, leaving it only when Bill made his Hollywood movie. Mary picked up the kids and went with him but, after the picture was finished, they came back. Now that Tommy has rounded out the family to six persons, they hope they can stay put for a long time.

Although the children swarm all over the house, especially when Bill is at home, each has his or her own domain. Each room has easily cleaned floors of linoleum with big tan and white squares and walls which are wood-paneled part-way and painted in light colors above. There is a huge blackboard in each room to be decorated in whatever way fancy dictates, or to be used for practicing writing or arithmetic. Carrie has drawn a "Jones Beach" scene on hers, complete with ocean waves, figures in bathing suits, and hot-dog signs. This is the beach where her daddy took the kids on his first free day in weeks, so it was a red-letter occasion.

Little Tommy and Blanche, the housekeeper, have their own quarters. The dining room is green-walled, and hung with pictures of the children in various stages of growth. The living room is in greens and browns and tans, furnished in light-colored modern furniture. The kitchen is birch-paneled, and it's here that Bill's first painting hangs—a colorful arrangement of ships and docks.

The head of a gentle-looking brown horse, painted by seven-year-old Carrie, hangs in Bill's den, and it must be said that her style is freer than his and seems to mark the budding artist. Bill is very proud of the painting. All the children sing, and Carrie is learning to play the piano. Cathy is the actress of the group, telling stories with a great flair.

On the cocoa-brown walls of Bill's den are his framed diplomas from DePauw and Northwestern, from the honorary music society, Pi Kappa Lambda—he was elected to it three years before he could afford the dues necessary for him to take up his membership—and from the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America. His dad, sales manager for a Chicago children's book publisher, used to sing with the local barber shop quartet when Bill was a little boy, and he still remembers how he used to steal out of bed and stand on the stairs to listen.

In his den are shelves of his favorite books—from paper-covered murder mysteries to the best in fiction and biography—and his record collection, including both operatic albums and recordings of the country and Western tunes and folk music that he loves. His photographs of memorable theatrical appearances hang here, in-

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cluding those from "Me and Juliet." It's here that he keeps his gold disc for "The Ballad of Davy Crockett," presented to him by Cadence on the Milton Berle show, when he made a guest appearance with Milton last spring, and marking sales of over a million at that time.

Although it may well be a turning point in his professional life, the way Bill happened to make that particular record is as casual as the way he first dated Mary, which was such a turning point in his personal life. He had done several records for one company—including a recording of "High Noon" and of "How Do You Speak to an Angel?"—but he was a little dissatisfied. One day, he stopped to buy some records at Archie Bleyer's record shop in Hempstead, Long Island, near where Bill lives. Archie, of course, is president of Cadence and a former orchestra leader for the Godfrey radio and television programs, and he knew Bill's work well. He happened to be in the store, and they began to talk, and to run over some possible numbers that Bill could record for Cadence. "Davy Crockett" was one of them—the one they decided to do. At that point, no one else had recorded it, so Bill's was the first.

Within a few weeks after its release, they knew they had a hit and, by late winter of this year, it was snowballing past the million mark. No one was more surprised than Bill. He had had his share of rave notices on television and on the stage, he had added acting and dancing to his talents as a singer and musician, he had worked in night clubs, had made fans all over the country among both children and grownups. But all this was nothing to what happened after "Davy Crockett" got around! Hundreds of new fan clubs sprang up, even in such far-off places as Africa. Little Carrie came home from school one day, announcing that everybody liked her because she was Bill Hayes' daughter. She had to be convinced that she couldn't trade on her daddy's name for long and had better get liked for herself.

Any schedule the Hayes household ever had was overthrown in a few weeks. "We never did have a household in which Daddy comes home regularly at six-thirty, or anything like that," Mary says. "But since 'Davy Crockett' and the new television show of Bill's, we're right back to where we were when he was with Caesar and Coca and in 'Me and Juliet' on Broadway. I feed the children early most nights and wait for Bill. Once in a while, he gets home early and the family has dinner together. Sometimes, I go into New York and watch the show and we eat afterwards, but mostly Bill wants to come home when he's through with his work. We both like movies and we like to go together, when he has time."

When you speak to Bill of time, he answers: "Time is the thing I don't have any more!"

It's true that he doesn't have much of it, but he still seems to find time for the things he really wants to do. He found time to do the juvenile lead in a summer stock performance of "South Pacific," in June—with his dad making the first professional appearance of his life, in the role of one of the Navy captains—and it was difficult to tell which one of the Bills, father or son, was most thrilled by the experience. He has time for the kids, who start shrieking "Here's Daddy!" the second his car turns into their street—knowing he is never too tired to listen to them talk or to play with them. And he certainly has time for a happy home life with Mary—the girl he asked for a first date only because seven other girls had already filled their schedules and couldn't say yes!



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(Continued from page 38)

"man bites dog" story. From long experience on quiz shows they had learned that, while most winners truly are happy with their prizes, they often are too excited or too shy to say so. Later, many do write thank-you letters, but—since these are turned directly over to the sponsor—the show staff rarely sees them. However, when someone gets a wrong color, or there's a delay or a claim for additional prizes, the error must be checked—and it's the gripes they remember. Like all other human beings, quiz-show crews and quiz-show stars need to be told, once in a while, that they are appreciated. Now, to the surprise of everyone, the house-winning contestants had done so. They had said, too, that this was "the most important thing which had ever happened to them." I went to their hotel to find out why.

I heard the laughter even before the door to their suite was opened. Entering, I heard a man, obviously squirming with embarrassment, say to a photographer, "You know, you really ought to get over here and let me take your picture instead."

No one but another photographer can make quite so much fuss about a camera, and the two women who were "kibitzing" obviously enjoyed the subject's distress. One of them confirmed my guess by handing over a card: "C. A. Novotny, Owner, The Montieur Studios, Hotel Roosevelt, Cedar Rapids, Iowa." Mrs. Novotny introduced the second woman: "Our neighbor, Louise Powell. She went to Europe with us."

A trip to Europe, a photo studio, well-dressed happy people obviously neither in trouble nor in need—this didn't add up to the usual situation in which a quiz-show winner states, "This is the most important thing which ever happened to me." I asked how come.

They all exchanged looks and it was Louise Powell who answered for them. "I guess you have to understand that Glad and Charlie have always been the giving instead of the getting kind. To family, to town, to friends..."

The giving, I learned, had started in Charlie's boyhood. He was the eldest of eight children. "Dad was a magician," he explained, "billed as 'Bohemian Herman.' Mother was a singer. My brother Adolph and I were in the act, too, until I was seven. Then we got stranded in Cedar Rapids and Mother laid down the law. Either Dad was going to be a magician—alone—or he was going to settle down there and raise a family. He went into the barber business."

But Bohemian Herman's heart was still in show business, and so was his son's. When the father started one of the city's first motion picture theaters, Charlie, at the age of fourteen, ran the projector.

Making his own films came next. He got hold of a beat-up old camera and began shooting newsreels for the local circuit—and home-talent plays which he wrote, directed and filmed. Love and money supplied his drive. Love of pictures and the need for money to help support the large family. Even when he went to New York, his birthplace, to study at New York University, he worked as a doorman to send money home.

He quit school to take a job with the newsreels. "It was Hollywood for me," says Charlie, "but not for long. In '29, when the studios closed down, I headed back to Iowa." With his sister as his assistant, he started a portrait studio and there met Glad Nowachek, then a student

Twice Blessed

at Chicago Art Institute. "I'd been home for a visit," Glad says, "and passed his window on the way to the train. There I saw these photos which were so beautifully lighted—and these paintings, made from photos, which were just awful. I couldn't stand it. I had to ask why such a photographer could put up such terrible paintings."

Charlie told her. He was no artist, he stated, and, if she was, why didn't she come in and go to work? Says Glad, "I took the job—and I married the photographer."

Their early years together were rich in achievement, short in cash. Charlie's sisters and brothers needed help getting started in business. The Novotnys don't dwell on the difficulties. They prefer to remember times when they helped shape some young Novotny's life. "I had twin brothers, El and Ed," says Charlie. "I agreed to take El into the studio, but it turned out that Ed was as crazy about photography as I am. So Ed put one over on his twin. He got up at five o'clock that morning. I couldn't tell them apart. When El got to the studio, there was Ed, already at work. I had to find a place for both of them."

Louise Powell cut in. "Charlie and Glad didn't stop with just the sisters and brothers. They began looking after the second generation, too. And the neighbors' kids."

It was two of those neighbors' kids, Don and Mary Ellen Johnson, who took over the studio when the Novotnys retired. "When they were youngsters," Glad explains, "they were always running in to see us, and they both turned out to be 'naturals' with a camera. When they got married, Charlie helped them find a studio in a near-by small town, then, when they had gained experience, brought them back to Cedar Rapids so we could retire."

"When you really retire," Louise Powell said, "that will be the day. You can keep busier doing things for the town than most people can working."

The score on doing things for the town, I discovered, indicated that the Novotnys are the kind of people who help keep things running. Charlie has been president of the Executives Club and belongs to the Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis, and a number of Masonic organizations. Glad does her civic work through the Women's Club, the Eastern Star, the Red Cross. Her talent for art has been particularly helpful in the Red Cross, for she has taught occupational therapy as a volunteer in a near-by mental hospital.

In addition to his serious work with organizations, Charlie also sees that his friends have fun. "I guess I'll always do a little magic," he says. To keep magic from becoming a full-time job, he has worked out a rule: "If someone just wants to throw a shindig, I charge them. If it's for kids or a benefit, I work for free."

Their dream, through all their busy days, had been to take a trip to Europe. They scheduled it for April, but retired January 1.

"And then," says Glad, "we sat down at home and went right back to the same old tasks. But that's how we discovered Feather Your Nest."

Glad's mother was responsible for that. Dropping in, one blustery morning, she found Glad painting and Charlie retouching a negative. Tартly she suggested that, if they both were going to work as hard as ever, they might at least turn on television—and she switched on her favorite program.

"It didn't take us long to become fans," says Charlie. "We noticed the way Bud Collyer could always get people to relax

and Janis Carter could get them to talk easily. Well, we've tried enough of that ourselves to appreciate their talent. We decided to try to get tickets for the show when we took our trip."

Louise Powell took time off, from her job as office manager of her father's contracting company, to go with them. "We were all as excited as kids," she says.

Says Charlie, "I was worst. I went to the NBC ticket office and asked for tickets to *Tonight*. They were out, and suggested *Feather Your Nest*. I sort of glared at them and said, 'That's what I asked for in the first place.'"

They all felt that his fluff had been a good omen, when—at five o'clock of the day on which they had seen the show and filled out cards—Louise Hammett, the associate producer, phoned their hotel to ask them to be on the show the next day.

On the show, Bud Collyer's questions were just right. "How many baby pictures do you think you have taken?"

Charlie thought a minute, "About a hundred thousand."

"Why did you retire?"

"Well," said Charlie, "when the first babies started bringing their babies in, I thought it was time to let someone else do the job."

Glad fared less well with the quiz. "Charlie has always called me his 'arm-chair Ph.D.,' but my head was in a whirl. I missed almost everything."

But, when time came to draw for the house—the Harnischfeger Corporation's P & H "Lakeside" model home—their luck changed. As Charlie held up his number, Bud shouted, "Hey, that's low!"

"That's when Charlie started looking like a small boy who had been given a big league catcher's mitt," says Glad.

The contest still had several days to run, and the Novotnys had already sailed on the *Queen Mary* when it ended. But Louise Hammett had arranged to radio them if they won.

Glad watched Charlie's excitement mount. She says, "He didn't say anything, but I could sense that, for some reason of his own, this was important to him. It couldn't be the house itself. We have a house. An available house could be pretty important either to Don and Ellen or to Charlie's nieces and nephews, but those kids are now able to work things out for themselves. As the days went by, I began to understand that, for some reason he wasn't yet ready to speak about, this was very important to Charlie himself."

She found out on the day they saw a steward approach with a radiogram. Glad says, "I thought my heart would stop and, for a minute, I thought Charlie's had. He opened it and turned pale. Then he said—oh, so quietly—'Glad, do you know this is the first time anyone ever gave me anything?'"

But givers remain givers. Charlie and Glad Novotny had been too long in the habit of giving not to come back from Europe with the little thank-you gifts for Bud Collyer, Janis Carter and the members of the show's staff they had met.

And that's how they nearly "broke up" the stars and staff of *Feather Your Nest*. For when—on the day they came in to accept their big prize—they handed Bud his little gift, he choked and went red-faced. And Bud said, just as Charlie had on shipboard: "This is the first time anyone ever gave me anything."

So the Novotnys weren't the only ones who were surprised. They and Bud—and all the generous people associated with *Feather Your Nest*—had proved, once again, that gifts from the heart always bless both the giver and the receiver.

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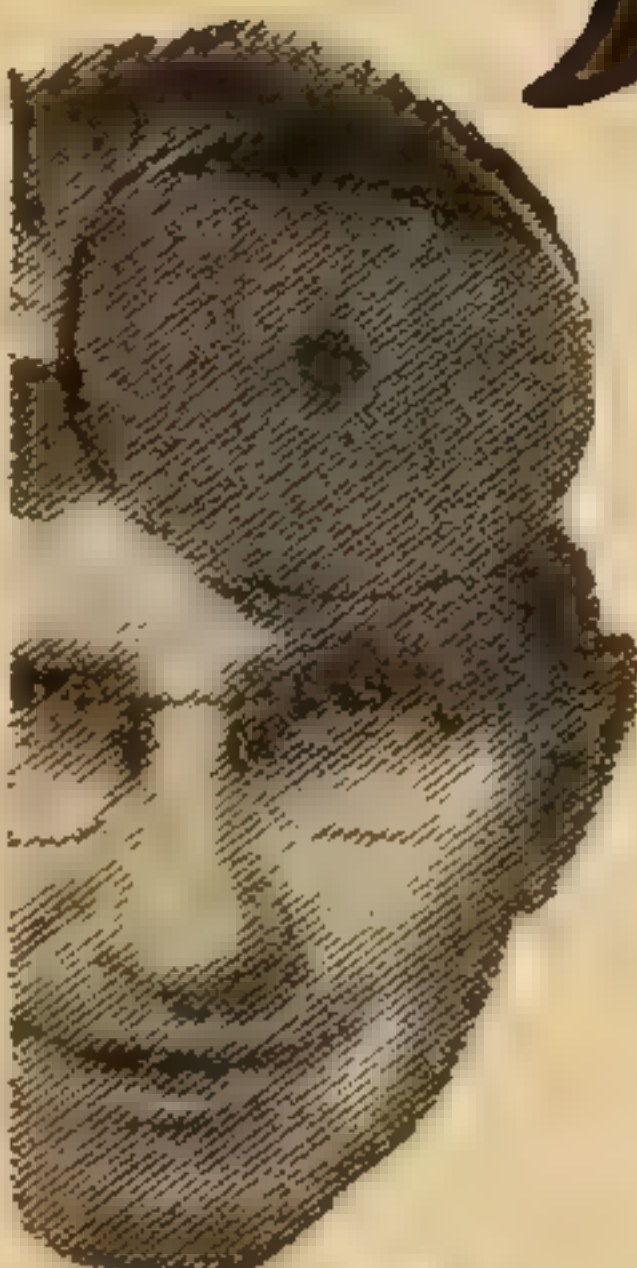
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A Mighty Man Is He

(Continued from page 37)

might be pardoned for assuming that Fess Parker is a man of temperate emotions, cool-headed and slow to anger. So watch it, stranger. His calm can be that of a mountain lion choosing the best time to spring, and his lack of haste can be that of a long fuse burning its way to a ton of dynamite.

Two things rouse his fury: Stupid inefficiency and bad manners. The slipshod job, sluffed off out of incompetence, laziness or malice, and the use of "smile when you say that" phrases without a smile, have inspired drastic Parker action. Friends say that his anger over certain types of Hollywood waste have threatened to handicap his career. Fess himself admits that one instance of "blowing his top" almost cost him his life.

The incident took place shortly after Fess had returned from his wartime job of riding a mine sweeper in Philippine waters. Fess had enrolled at Hardin-Simmons, in Abilene, and was all set to exert himself on the football field for four happy years. One afternoon, he was driving around with a girl friend when a car smacked the rear bumper of Fess' automobile. He had been moving at conservative speed, so he stepped on the gas. The driver of the car in the rear also accelerated and struck Fess' car a second time, and again a third time. He then passed Fess on the right, shouting obscenities at Fess and his girl.

Fess became 210 pounds of molten lava. When the other driver pulled into a private driveway, Fess parked at the curbing, vaulted out of his car and strode down the driveway with fists at the ready.

As Fess swung, the man slipped a knife into the left side of Fess' neck. Fess dodged, deflecting the blade—which struck his jawbone and broke. Except for this evasive action, the knife would have severed Fess' carotid artery and he would have bled to death in a matter of minutes—a fact of which the knife-wielder was well aware. He was a butcher by trade.

Fess, bleeding profusely, managed to return to his car but realized, as he tried to climb behind the steering wheel, that he dared not trust himself to drive to the hospital. He faced the fact that, for the first time in his life, he was likely to faint.

The girl, who did not know how to drive, was helpless.

Fess strode back up the driveway and told his near-murderer, "You've got to drive me to the hospital."

"You're crazy," growled the man.

"You've got to," said Fess, getting into his adversary's car.

The man, mesmerized by Fess' courage, obeyed. He drove at twenty miles an hour and he took several strange byways, occasionally casting an incredulous glance at his still-living passenger. Apparently lacking the ultimate savagery to do anything else, he delivered Fess—at last—to the hospital. A few moments more would have been too late.

For a final note of irony: Fess' case against the man was dismissed because the "fight" had taken place on the defendant's property, a technicality which interpreted Fess as a trespasser, therefore the guilty party.

Furthermore, the man testified in court that Fess had knocked him down three times. Perhaps this testimony infuriated Fess more than all his previous sufferings. "If I hit that guy three times, he wouldn't have had strength enough to have opened a springblade knife—to say nothing about cutting me," he observed flatly.

Because of the loss of his court case, Fess decided to study law, in order to move into the state legislature, eventually, and straighten out certain inequitable statutes. He entered the University of Texas and began to pound out briefs. Halfway through his pre-law course, Fess was spotted by the drama coach, who needed a tall man to tower over a Shakespearean cast of characters. An obliging customer—when not antagonized—Fess agreed to go along with a Pyramus-and-Thisbe bit. Through this and subsequent dramatic activities, he met Adolphe Menjou. "If you ever come to Hollywood, look me up," suggested Beau Brummel Menjou, who is a good judge, not only of clothes, but of the men who wear them. "I think you might have a chance for a picture career. In any case, I could put you in touch with some actors' agents."

Mr. Menjou kept his word when Fess, after graduation, appeared in Shangrila-in-the-Smog looking for a job. According to Fess: "At Mr. Menjou's suggestion I made the usual rounds of agents' offices. Those boys surveyed me with unlimited calm. They got excited about only one thing—my accent. I had too much."

While waiting for his accent to subside, Fess enrolled at U.S.C. in theater arts classes, and soon found himself a member of the national company of "Mister Roberts." That did it. When he returned to town after a ten-week tour, he had only to mention "Roberts" and casting office doors opened on oiled hinges.

Parts in seven pictures brought him a part in "Them," which in turn brought him his contract with Walt Disney. "Them" were giant ants—if you can follow the grammar. It was a low-budget film, but it made a mint because of its special effects—one of which was a screen-filling figure of a man named Parker.

He was, Walt Disney and studio officials agreed, upon seeing "Them," Davy Crockett to a whisker. Davy Crockett, for whom they had been scanning the frontiers of the Sunset Strip nighteries for many a month—with nary a cloud of dust appearing on the horizon.

No sooner had the perfect Davy Crockett been located, and exploited in three TV films and one feature-length attraction, than a fresh problem presented itself. According to "history," there are at least three versions of the fate of the valorous Davy. One story holds that he died with the rest of the defenders of The Alamo. A second legend says that he and three or four other men were taken captive by General Santa Anna, subjected to torture, brought before a military court (although they were, technically, prisoners of war), found guilty of treason and executed. The third version insists that Crockett and a few men were returned to Mexico and there starved and beaten to death.

Television audiences refused to countenance any version that would take Davy Crockett away from their screens permanently. They began to deluge the Disney organization with protests against Crockett's death or undue injury.

Have a hunk of good news, then. A new series, called "The Legends of Davy Crockett," will tell of his fictional adventures before the 1836 siege of The Alamo—which occurred when Davy was fifty.

Davy Crockett's future is assured. Meanwhile, Fess Parker hopes to portray other mighty men of America. Much as he admires Crockett, Fess has not forgotten that he himself is an actor ("of the aw-shucks school," he says), and he wants to experience as much diversity as is possible.

This can also be stated in pure Texan:

"Don't fence me in." Freedom and scope are as important to Fess as air. When he has a holiday, his idea of a great way to spend it is hiking through the Hollywood hills. Congested as Los Angeles and its environs are, there are still thousands of acres of semi-wild territory in the area.

One of the greatest of Hollywood additions to Fess' life is the man who co-starred with him in "Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier"—Buddy Ebsen. Buddy, six feet three inches tall, is known to his six-foot, five-inch friend as "Shorty." To even things up, Buddy tells mutual friends that the laconic, deliberate Parker film style proves that Fess is "the most vital actor around."

Another gag is based upon the fact that Fess is an unpretentious man who spends his money sensibly, lives well within his means, and doesn't care who knows it. When asked how soon he could leave for the "King of the Wild Frontier" location in Tennessee's Great Smoky Mountains, he replied, "In about ten minutes." He meant it, too. Had it all figured out. He would pack his clothes, his books, and his recordings in a carton, store the carton in his car—and store the car. "I figured I could always find a furnished room when I came back to town," he opined.

This economy inspired Ebsen to say that—"in order to satisfy his wild impulses"—Fess was going to buy a red sports car, probably a Mercedes-Benz.

Mr. Ebsen was left without a joke when Fess recently bought bachelor diggings directly across the street from the Ebsen home in Beverly Hills' beautiful Benedict Canyon. Fess calls the architecture "rustic modern," glories in the radiant heat installed in the floors because California seems chilly to a Texan. The house does not mean that Fess is about to get married. It does mean that he grew weary of ducking under the doorways of furnished rooms and trying to fit into apartment-hotel beds.

It also means that Fess will be close enough to Buddy for the two of them to congregate regularly to rehearse their dance routines. Both maintain that they are verging upon the sensational—Buddy has years of Broadway lights to his credit—and that Fess' version of an "off to Buffalo" is terrific.

When they were in the Great Smokies they visited the Cherokee Amphitheater, where an outdoor pageant dramatizing the tragedy of the Cherokee nation is given for three months each summer. This outdoor bowl seats about ten thousand people, and the distance from outer rim to the stage is about two hundred yards.

Fess and Buddy, clad in their fringed frontier clothes, moccasins and coonskin caps, stood at the top of the amphitheater and awarded a moment of awe to the empty edifice. Abruptly, Fess left his companion and loped to the distant stage, where he went into an off-to-Buffalo while demanding in a tone that cleaved the quiet air, "How's this?"

"Whimsical cuss, aren't you?" howled Buddy.

That's exactly what Fess is. A whimsical, tall, good-looking, talented gentleman, who is good company, has a charming sense of humor and a burning ambition to succeed.

Something should be done about those eyes of Fess Parker's. They are sea-green and fringed by thick black lashes, and their glance is as eloquent as a kiss. The Disney people had better start giving him love scenes to do, or that avalanche of angry letters is going to descend again.

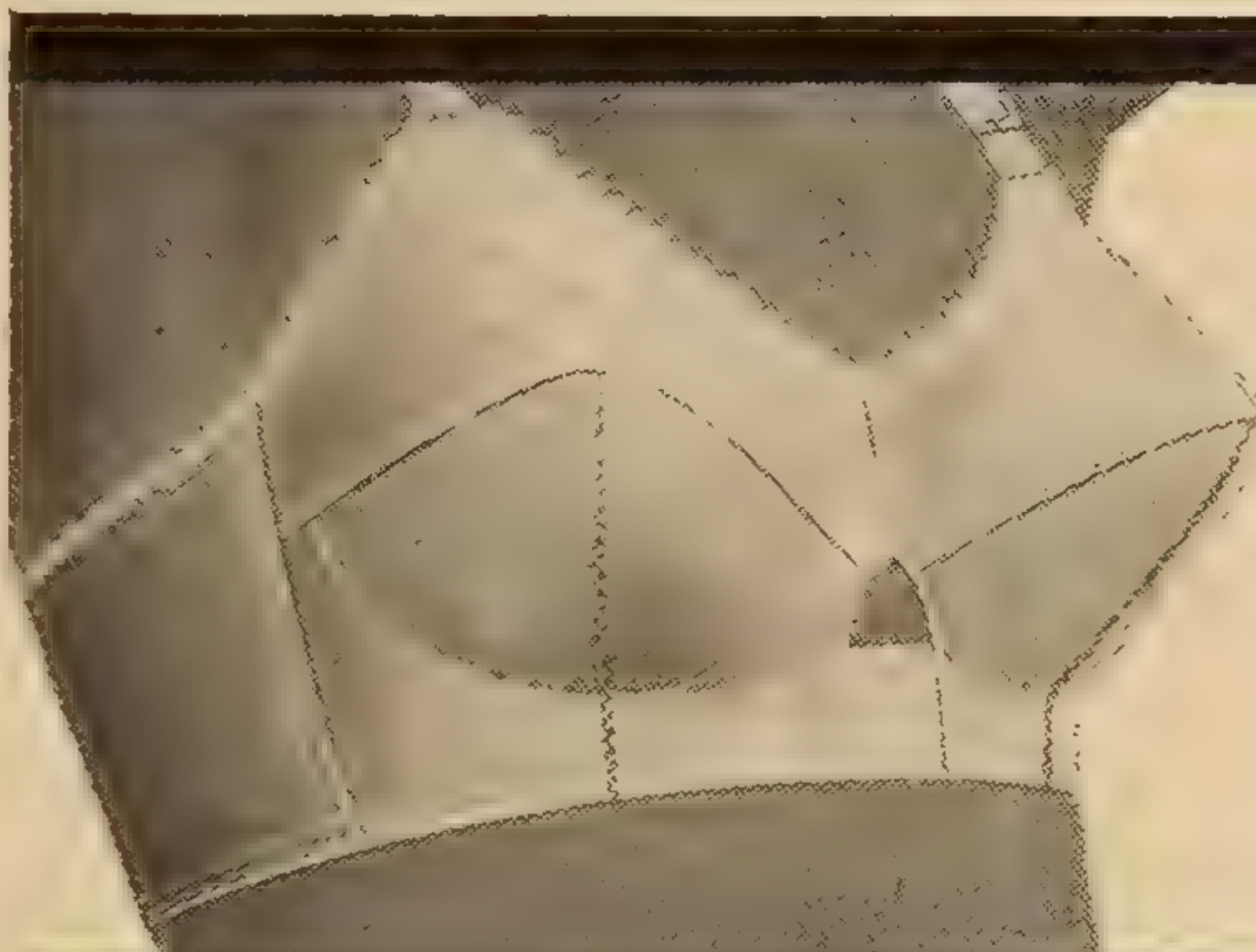
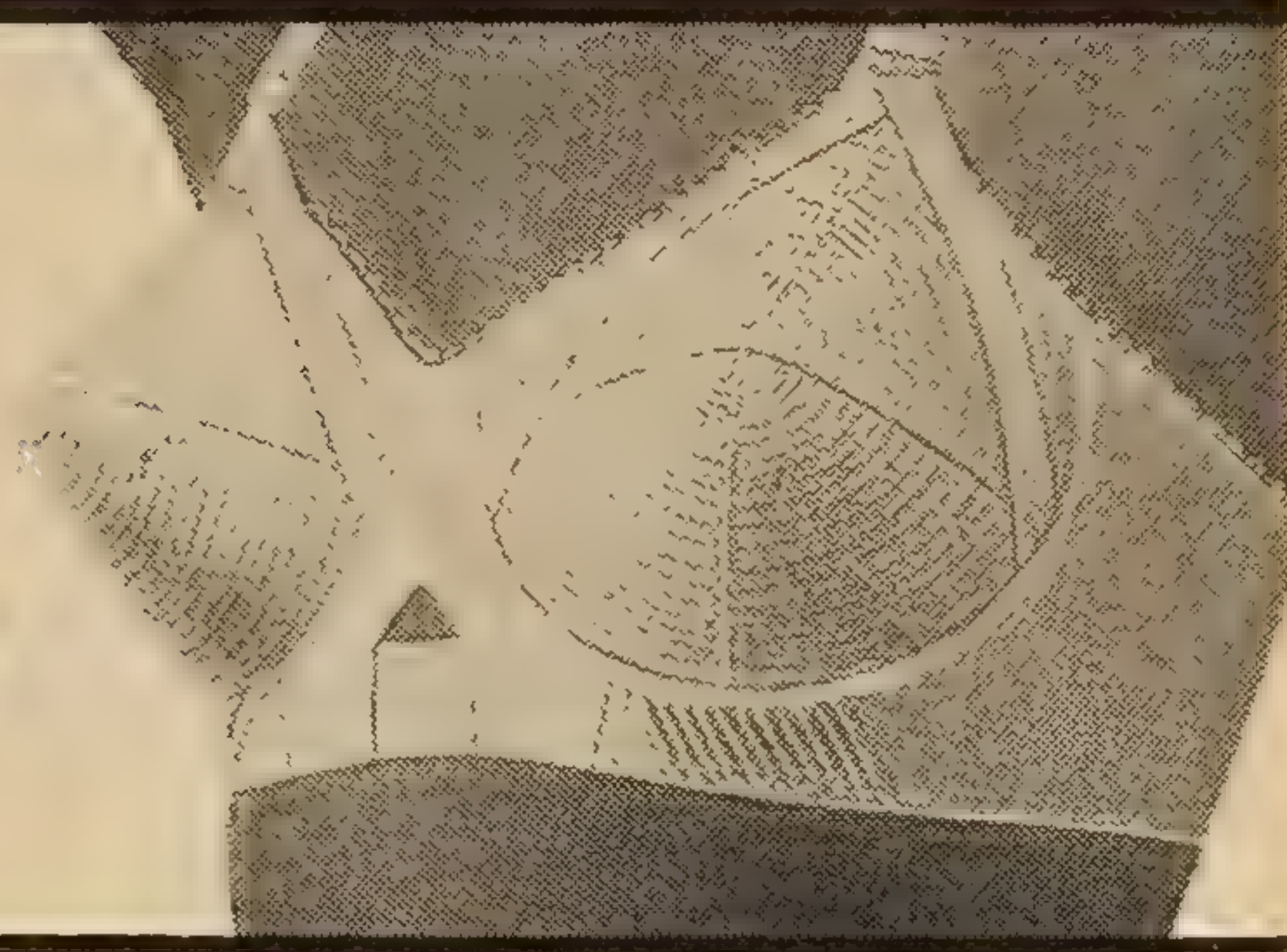
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Unexpected Romance

(Continued from page 51)

which she and Eric have created for their home on New York's East Fifty-first Street, and counting the days until their first wedding anniversary, she could find the reasons for that surprise and smile about them . . . but, at the actual time, Pat admits, she was startled. She says, "I was more mixed up than any heroine I have ever portrayed in a daytime drama. It was a time when everything seemed to be going wrong."

For her, the new year of 1954 might well have been toasted in vinegar rather than champagne. She counts up the small personal catastrophes: "Besides my radio programs, I had a part I liked in the stage production of 'Charley's Aunt'—but, early in January, business fell off and our closing notices went up. Then, to make matters worse, I had a tooth start to abscess. I played my closing night in self-conscious misery with a swollen jaw."

Despite her dentist's efforts to check the infection, the jaw reached football proportions within two days. Pat huddled in her midtown apartment nuzzling an ice bag, eating aspirin and feeling as gloomy as the gray clouds in the winter sky.

"That would be the time an ambitious press agent chose to call me," she remembers. "He was only looking for another client, but his way of selling his services was to rave about how 'glamorous' I was. If only I would sign up with him, he would—in his words—make me 'the sexiest dame on Broadway.' I muttered something about being the 'ladylike type' and hung up. I went to the mirror, took one look at my lopsided face and buried it in the ice bag. Right then, I didn't like men."

There was an additional reason for her state of mind, she tells you candidly. "I was in a period where it seemed every man I met was exactly wrong for me and I for him. More experienced actresses tell me it always happens, but I found it shocking. The best way I can describe it is to say that there seems to be a kind of man who is attracted by the glitter of show business but is also jealous of it. If a girl happens to be a little more successful in her field than he is in his, he then sets out to whittle her down to his own size. He undermines her self-confidence and belittles every achievement. He takes the joy out of everything. It's destructive and terrifying."

Miserable as she was that day, and taking the blackest possible view of everything, she had moped in pain-racked loneliness. "I tried to think of just one single eligible nice guy—someone who would be comforting when I was sick, someone who would be happy when I was better, someone who could stand on his own two feet, do his own job well, and expect me to do the same."

Again, the telephone brought an interruption. A friend of her mother's was calling to ask Pat to meet a young man. He was a most impressive person, the woman stated, a very talented industrial designer. He was also a member of an old and distinguished Spanish-Italian family. "And, besides, he has a wonderful idea for a television show. I told him you would be just perfect for it."

Pat, at the moment, could not have cared less. "I love and respect the Countess DeSales," she says. "She and my mother worked together for the British Information Service during the war, and she now is secretary to Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. But, feeling as low as I did then, my immediate reaction was: 'What does Lillian know about a television show?'"

Even simple courtesy took effort, but Pat agreed to meet him. "He must have thought I had the nastiest temper in television," she recalls. "When he phoned, the first thing he did was to invite me to dinner. I decided he merely wanted a date. I cut him off fast and said, if this was business, he could bring an outline of the show to my apartment. I would not discuss it over the dinner table."

Self-conscious about her puffy face, she had been definitely icy when he arrived, but the ever-ringing telephone turned the interview into a comedy of frustration. "First, it was my agent, asking when I would be healthy enough for new auditions. Eric flipped the pages of his script and started over. Next, a director called. Eric started again. Then my agent called back and, by that time, Eric had another appointment. All we could do was laugh and agree on another meeting."

Pat's troublesome tooth had subsided when the appointed day arrived, but she was still suffering that drawn-through-a-knothole feeling which follows an infection. Meeting him at the door, she announced she didn't want to talk. She was tired. Immediately considerate, he had apologized: "If that's the case, I'll leave right away."

Pat recalls with amusement, "I remember I didn't want him to go. Just as abruptly, I said, 'I'm not *that* tired,' and invited him in."

At their next meeting, Eric had bad news. His client had merged with another firm, and the proposed program was indefinitely postponed. A bit hesitantly, he invited her to go to the theater with him the following evening. Pat accepted.

It was after the theater that they went to the Oak Room. Says Pat, "We stayed and stayed. I forgot I needed my sleep. I didn't want to go home."

By diminishing sounds, the great city marked its swing from dark to dawn, but Pat and Eric ignored them. They heard the traffic along Central Park South hush to country-lane proportions, but they went on discussing the play they had seen. They heard the aged drivers of the even more aged hansom cabs draw up across the street to discharge their last loads of park-touring sweethearts. But, as the venerable horses went clop-clopping homeward, Pat and Eric continued to speak of her aims and hopes and ambitions in the theater. Finally, even Fritz, the courtly headwaiter, had bowed and retired, leaving the clearing up to impatient busboys. But still the two lingered.

Pat recalls, "It was the first time Eric had told me much about himself. Because his father was a diplomat, he had spent his childhood in many cities, many countries and he had a way of making places and events come alive. I learned he had studied art, sculpture and industrial design in Italy, taken his degree in international law in Switzerland, and received his Ph.D. in philosophy from the Sorbonne, in Paris."

She had loved hearing about the rich variety of his working life. For a man in his early thirties, it was a remarkable record. In Paris, he had designed sets for a theater and high fashions for Dior, before concentrating on advertising art and illustration. Then the Mexican government commissioned him "to integrate American products manufactured in Mexico with Mexican styles and culture so that they were compatible with Mexican standards"—as he had quoted from the official assignment.

In 1950, he had opened a New York office as an independent designer. Later, he

joined Lippincott and Margulies, Inc., one of the leaders in the field. "Now I do a little of everything," he had summarized, "Package design, factory studies, advertising—everything that fits into the selling of a product. Sometimes, I'm even out in a supermarket watching to see which products catch a housewife's attention."

His talk fascinated Pat. "I won't even now say I understand it," she says. "But it's close enough to radio and television advertising so that I had some opinions, too. I also had a lot of questions, and Eric, through his research, could tell me why certain things happened."

Perhaps it was because she was so interested in what he had to say that she was slow to realize that, as he talked, the character of the man himself was revealed by his comment.

Pat, remembering the startling moment of discovering her own reaction, recalls, "It finally got through to me that here was a person quite in contrast to those acquaintances I had found so depressing. He was constructive, rather than destructive; he was creative, rather than grasping. I had held a defensive attitude for so long that it truly surprised me when I realized, 'Why, I like this man!'"

The conclusion led to a decision. "As we walked home, I also realized that he would be fully justified if he believed I was nothing but a howling hypochondriac. I had moaned about that silly tooth and I had treated him worse than any man I had ever known. Right then, I made up my mind to be nicer to him."

With the decision had come an entire new, happier frame of mind. Says Pat, "Sundays became our special days. We'd drive out to Connecticut or up the Hudson, looking for some unusual little restaurant to have dinner. Each trip became an adventure." Then came the Sunday which was brightest of all. Pat says, "It really was strange the way it happened. Before starting our drive, we were having coffee and rolls at my apartment. . . ."

Eric had been unusually silent. Then, without prelude or preparation, he had looked up from his plate and said, "I don't suppose you'd marry me, would you?"

Pat, totally overwhelmed, could only nod. "For fully thirty seconds, I bobbed my head up and down. I couldn't say a word." Neither, it turned out, could Eric. Shy as a pair of teenagers over a first kiss, they had hurried to the car and, in a flustered flurry, talked of everything else under the sun.

For an equally flustered week, the word "marriage" never was mentioned. By the next Sunday morning, Pat could stand the suspense no longer. Summoning all her nerve, she confronted him: "A week ago, you asked me something. Did you mean it?"

Eric had masked his own self-consciousness with a show of indignation. "Of course, I meant it. You know I don't kid about serious matters."

Only then did an objective view of the scene filter through. Simultaneously, they realized that, in what should have been the tenderest, most romantic moment of their lives—the moment of proposal and acceptance—they were, in utter bashfulness, glaring at each other.

"We laughed until we almost collapsed in each other's arms," Pat says. "We admitted, too, we had both had the same thought. Because our falling in love had been sudden, each of us had been afraid that the other might not share it. I suppose we had both developed the habit of trying to make work take the place of love in our lives."

But, once they knew, the doubts and differences vanished. Pat's voice turns soft as she recalls: "Spring was coming,

and on our drives, watching the trees bud and the grass turn green, we felt we had a part in it. We were going along with the current of life, rather than against it. There was a feeling of being a part of that creative force which is basic."

The feeling showed itself in many ways. When they found an apartment, Pat moved in immediately. "Doing the painting and decorating together was fun," she says, "but designing the garden became almost as important as the house. There we could see things grow."

Almost immediately, she bought, as a present for Eric, a Christmas tree. "We wanted a living one," she explains. The first tree proved ill-fated. When Pat returned in early August from a summer stock engagement, Eric had planted it, but already the needles were turning brown. "I guess I should have dug deeper," he confessed ruefully, "but I struck a cement block and a sewer pipe and I quit." It was his turn to buy a tree for Pat. That, too, failed to take root. "But," says Pat, "we then bought one together, and it's flourishing."

Their wedding ceremony, too, was the result of joint planning. "I have a deep conviction," says Pat, "that getting married is so personal I wanted no one there, except our witnesses. Eric, however, pointed out my mother and sisters would be hurt. We talked it over and finally told Mother that, while at the service itself we wanted only the closest family, she could plan a reception as big and as gala as she and my stepfather could dream up."

They were married in the little chapel of the Central Presbyterian Church on September 27, 1954. Pat's dress was a ballet-length white lace over pale pink silk. For the drive to the reception at River House, she added a pink satin coat. "Everyone said I was silly to insist on a short wedding dress," she says, "but the gown and the coat made a wonderful costume later when we went to the opera. Each time I put it on, I feel like a bride again."

Eric's ring, too, is an enduring joy. Spirals of diamond-set platinum link four deep-blue star sapphires in a circlet. "It means even more," says Pat, "because he designed it himself."

Their happiness, they have both found, has brought a new quality to their work. Says Pat, "Now it's easier to interpret a role, particularly in *The Doctor's Wife*. I have a warmer, deeper feeling for it. Often, some little thing which has happened between Eric and me makes the difference. And it's wonderful to see when I've pleased him. He'll listen to a show and, if he doesn't happen to like it, he never says a word. But when he approves, his face lights up; it means more to me than all the applause in the world."

Such inspiration is not one-sided. Often a comment of Pat's will send Eric to the drawing board saying, "Now that gives me an idea. . . ."

One of the proudest achievements in the Teran household this season is the closed-circuit TV camera which the Lippincott and Margulies staff designed for the General Precision Laboratories at Pleasantville, New York. As the picture on page 50 shows, it is astoundingly tiny and has a portable control unit. Says Pat: "All I contributed toward the project was a willingness to sit in as an animated test pattern, but it was fun. I just glow when I feel I may have helped Eric, even a little."

They agree, too, on what they want from marriage. Pat returns to their springtime courtship: "To move with the current of life, rather than against it. To be a part of that creativeness which is basic. To grow together."

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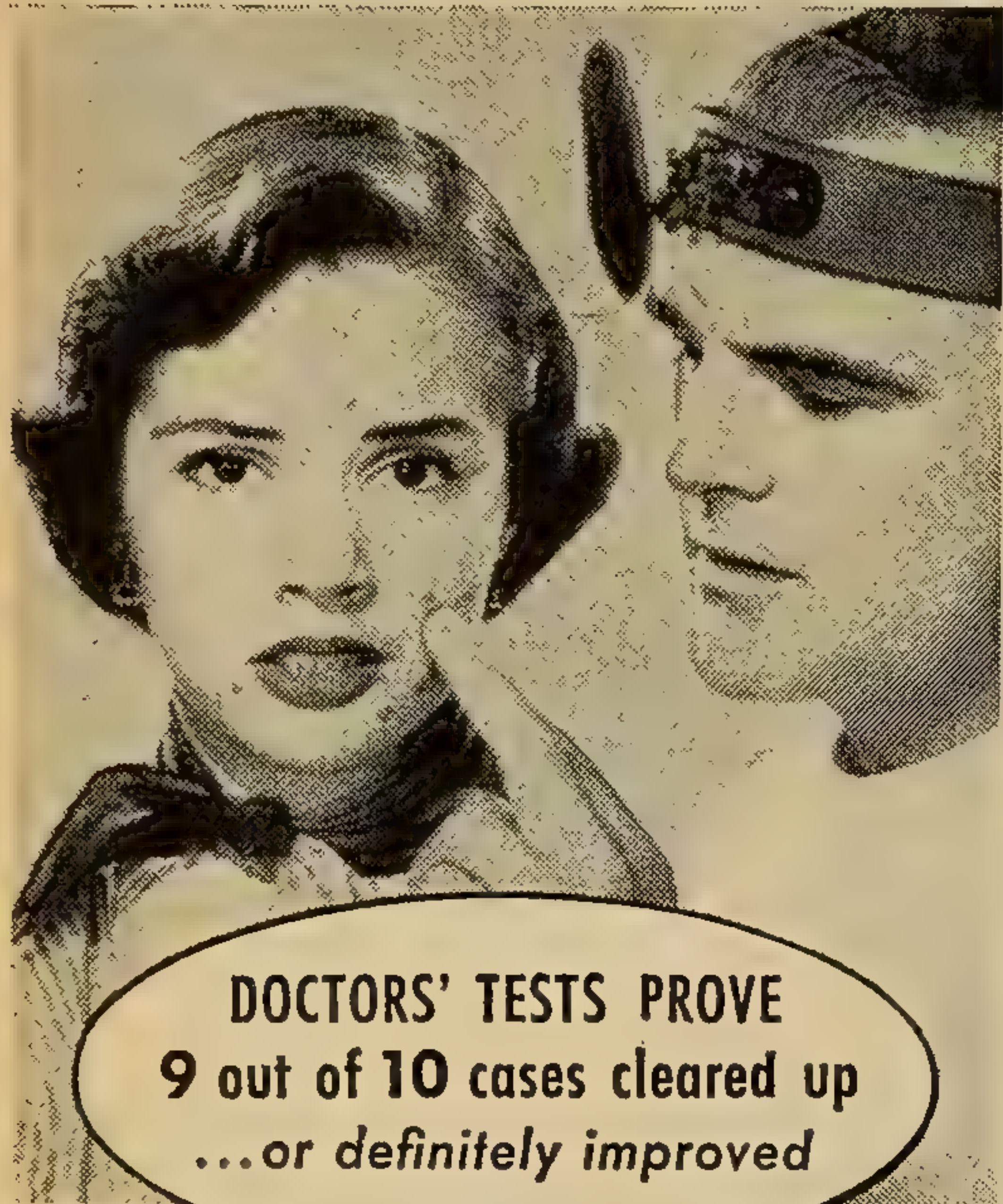
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The \$64,000 Question

(Continued from page 44)

says, "the sponsor is going to be very unhappy if contestants don't win at least a million dollars a year."

Hal is master of the biggest cash quiz in the history of radio and TV, *The \$64,000 Question*, Tuesday nights on CBS-TV. Hal also co-stars with Tom D'Andrea over NBC-TV, on Saturday nights, with a comedy titled *The Soldiers*. The clue to the true Hal is on the quiz, where he is expected to be merely good-natured, handsome, lovable, quick-witted, sympathetic, intelligent, respectful—a nice guy, which he is, anyway. But there's nothing in his contract about remaining a bachelor.

"Am I eligible? Well, I like kids and I make enough to support a thin wife and I've got this apartment."

Once a week, he commutes to New York from his handsome, duplex apartment above Sunset Boulevard, in California. His rooms are packed with books and records and paintings—for, besides cooking and girls, Hal's chief interests are reading, music and paintings by contemporary artists. Hal decorated the apartment, and autumn colors predominate. Most of the furnishings are massive, modern pieces built to his own designs.

Hal, himself, is a fairly modern piece, not exactly massive—but rugged, with an athletic stance. He is thirty-five, stands a shade under six feet, has brown eyes and type-O blood. He has dark brown, curly hair that waves gently in gentle breezes—as does his nose, which lists slightly. Hal's nose has been broken three times: Once during the course of his boxing career, the second time in a GI ball game, and the third time by Jackie Gleason in a TV skit. Women seem pleased with his looks and find fault only in that he appears to be happily single.

However, he figures he is ready for marriage now. It has something to do with coming to understand himself, a process that began some ten years ago. About this, he doesn't joke.

He was born in San Francisco. He had three sisters and two brothers. His father owned a delicatessen and they were never hard up—and never rich. His parents were very much in love and Hal doesn't ever remember a bitter argument or fight. The family spirit was fine and each of the children had respect and affection for one another. Hal recalls: "I was fifteen years old before I knew that my oldest brother and sister were really my half-brother and half-sister."

Hal got his first theatrical experience in his father's store. At the age of seven, he began mimicking the customers. His mother was a mimic, too. But only Hal got spanked—for he mimicked customers to their faces. "And I began to pick up their accents," he recalls. "By the time I was in high school, I could do a couple-dozen dialects."

In high school, Hal wrote, directed and starred in plays and operettas. He was also a three-letter man—football, track and baseball. He was an amateur boxer and won most of some twenty-five fights, but decided against professional boxing. "I guess I didn't have the killer instinct," he notes, "but you can't have everything."

In favorite subjects—such as English, languages and speech—he made good grades, but flopped around in the sciences. He was popular and was elected president of the student body. He says: "My family liked me but thought I was a bum. Not a real, unconditionally-guaranteed bum, but kind of a bum—because I didn't like to work."

He was always getting fired from after-school and weekend jobs. As president of the student body, he automatically got a weekend sales job in a department store. They threw him out—and not because he mimicked customers. Actually, he was nice to the customers. He talked about football, told jokes, played with the kids. He just wouldn't sell them anything. "I wanted to be an actor and only an actor," he explains.

The moment he got his high school diploma, he packed his bag and went to Hollywood. He had decided he would begin his career by starring in pictures and afterwards, maybe, go on to Broadway. He even took the precaution of wearing dark glasses so that he wouldn't be mobbed by autograph fans when he went to see a cousin, Irving Kumin, who was casting director at Warner Brothers.

"Well, I'm here."

"I can see that," Irving said.

Hal waited for Irving to whip out a contract—still doubtful as to whether he would sign, or just free-lance. But Irving didn't make a move, so Hal repeated, "I want to act in pictures."

"What have you done professionally?"

Hal gave his credits in high school and little-theater productions, then noted the dialects he could do. He concluded, "Now, suppose you need a seventeen-year-old boy who speaks English with a French accent. I could do it."

"Well, I'll tell you," Irving said. "If I need a seventeen-year-old boy who speaks English with a French accent, I'll get a real French boy."

Hal, slightly stunned, said nothing. Then Irving Kumin—who is Hal's agent today—said in a kindly tone: "Look, kid, go out and get some real experience. You're young. Don't rush it."

Hal took the advice, but he couldn't keep from rushing. He turned down a scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse and went to work in a night club with four other entertainers. They had more enthusiasm than know-how and rapidly shrunk to a quartet, trio, duo—and then there was Hal alone. Someone muttered a few un-magic words, and he was working in burlesque. He was young and handsome, with a fair baritone singing voice, so found himself singing "Mighty Lak a Rose," while the strippers stripped.

"It was very frustrating," he recalls. "There I was, right out on the stage—and no one ever looked at me."

Uncle Sam came to his rescue when World War II broke out and Hal was drafted. At the classification center, he asked to be put in Special Services so he could entertain.

"They're looking for guys like you," said the interviewing officer. "You have a fine background."

Hal elaborated a little.

"That's great. Just great," the officer said.

"I know all the entertainers in Los Angeles," Hal continued. "If you station me around here, I could do a terrific job of setting up shows."

"Finding a man like you is almost too much to hope for."

Hal's orders came through shortly and he was assigned to a searchlight battery.

He was stationed in the state of Washington and, when Christmas came along, he volunteered to prepare an hour-and-a-half show for the base. In a few weeks' time he wrote, directed and starred in the show. He had no other professional help, but the show was a tremendous success, so successful that the commanding general of the base invited Hal to his office.

The general congratulated Hal and they

had a long talk and Hal told the general that his real ambition was to get into Special Services and the general wholeheartedly agreed. Within a week, Hal got his new orders—for radar school.

"I had no right to be upset. I just didn't understand the Army," Hal recalls, "Then I met this other draftee. He had several college degrees. He had passed the bar and practiced law. He had held several administrative jobs and was even head of the state police in his home state. But, in the Army, he was a permanent orderly in the mess hall. After studying his situation, I understood the Army."

Out of radar school, Hal was returned to the Washington woods. He got so bored among the foliage that he prayed to be sent overseas. But it was there that he began to grow.

"We went into a forest with radar equipment," he recalls. "I don't think there'd ever been a man in there before. Some of the trees were thousands of years old. It was something. It made me realize for the first time how trivial my problems were, and I think that was the first time I began to see I took myself too seriously."

He didn't get overseas and, in spite of a healthy physique, the Army in its illogical way separated him in 1943 because of flat feet. Hal went to work at Station KYA in San Francisco. Here he met his partner-to-be, Bob Sweeney, who was chief announcer. After six months' experience on staff, Hal departed for Los Angeles again. He was impatient to get into big-time radio and happily got a job in a regional daytime serial, *The Story Of Sandra Martin*, as Sandra's private eye.

"Then Sweeney joined me," Hal says, "and he said it was about time we got into the big-time and I told him that I'd already arrived. But he disagreed."

They shared a garret on Gower Street. They beat their heads against various walls, looking for assignments. Finally, they decided to write their own shows. In three hours, they wrote three fifteen-minute programs. Within ten days' time they were signed by William Morris Agency, they auditioned and transcribed their show with a live audience, and then watched their agent turn down a contract offer from a soap manufacturer.

"We were down to our last bar of soap and suffering from vitamin deficiency and dull razor blades," he moans, "and our agent turned down the offer."

It had something to do with property rights. Anyway, the boys were soon guesting on network shows and shortly began an 89-week run of their own on CBS. After that they worked as singles. Hal was on the *Como*, *Gleason*, *Benny and Hope* shows. He played the next-door neighbor on *Burns and Allen's* radio and TV shows. Then the Sweeney-March combo was reactivated as a disc jockey team for a year and, right afterwards, Hal and Tom D'Andrea made their debut on Donald O'Connor's edition of the *Comedy Hour* with their soldier routine.

In between times, Hal also worked in pictures as a writer and as an actor. He plays a punchy fighter in a new release, "It's Always Fair Weather," with Gene Kelly and Cyd Charisse. He had a serious role in a recent film, "Yankee Pasha." Jeff Chandler had the first lead and, while he was pursuing Rhonda Fleming, Hal, as captain of the Cavalry, did a lot of fencing—but it wasn't so bad, for near the end of the picture he got to break lances with Mamie Van Doren. January of this year, he came on to New York to play the husband in the *Imogene Coca* series.

"I've never worked with a more talented person than Imogene," he says. "No one fully realizes how great she is."

He turned his Hollywood apartment

over to a friend and moved into a two-room suite in a Manhattan hotel. In the hotel, he owned nothing more than his clothes, and the only thing he contributed to the appearance was an old paper clip he dropped on the writing table.

"I missed having an apartment of my own," he says. "I like to entertain. It's better than a night club. I like the kind of conversation you get in a home."

He likes either Hollywood or New York, for he has good friends in both towns. Friends he values above job and dollar. This is part of the growing up he talks of.

"It was a matter of learning to evaluate," he says. "Now, Bob Sweeney is one of my best friends. Yet there was one time we didn't speak to each other. We worked in the same office and did our show, but we had this mad on. After a week of it, we felt a little foolish and finally talked it out. We agreed that, in the future, we would never let business come first."

Hal was best man at Sweeney's wedding and is the godfather of Bob's and Beverly's child, Bridget. "They're wonderful," he says of the Sweeneys. "Their respect for one another deepens from year to year, and it's reflected in Bridget's happiness."

Hal believes the reason for most unhappiness in marriage is that couples marry too young, at least before they know themselves.

"You've got to see yourself honestly. If you aren't happy with yourself, how dare you take on responsibility for someone else's happiness?" He recalls: "There was a girl I was very much in love with, some years ago. She married someone else, and I carried the torch for a long time. It's only now that I see that—even if we had married then—we couldn't have been happy. I wasn't ready then."

In a way, Hal's a kind of romantic type. He dines his dates where the music is soft and sweet. He likes to visit picture galleries and museums. He has a feeling for historic things, and a Lincoln quill pen or an old town sends him. When in New York, he spends a lot of time in the Museum of Modern Art and in driving north through old New England villages. Back on the Coast, he likes to pick up a date around dusk, drive out to the shore for dinner and more dusk.

Hal figures he is now ready for marriage. He'd like a wife to have a sense of humor and tolerance for herself as well as others. He doesn't care much whether she's tall or small, rare or medium, spacious or thin. The only specific requirement is that she have built-in hi-fidelity equipment, for Hal is nuts about singing. In the past, he has dated Doris Day, Gloria DeHaven, Kay Starr and Betty Ann Grove, to name a few charming songbirds. He and Peggy Lee are close friends.

"Why settle for a record and phonograph when you can have the real thing?" he says. He has developed subtle, unscrupulous methods for obtaining free private concerts. One trick is to start out humming a tune. "You know," he'll say thoughtfully, "I think that's an early Rodgers and Hart number. Know it?"

Once the gal picks up the song, he capily drops out, sits back and listens. He's positively greedy about singers and probably the best one-man audience in the country. On the other hand, he's willing to pay the piper and will knock himself out preparing exotic dishes for a date.

"It's all fun. It's the little things that make living," he says. "That's the answer to the big \$64,000 question. You're born, you live a little and you die. The thing to do is to stay awake and aware of life around you, rather than getting tied up in yourself."

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He's a Big Boy Now

(Continued from page 64)

at the appointed place precisely on the dot of 12:30. You are greeted by a pretty receptionist who ushers you into Julie's private office, assuring you that he will be along in a matter of minutes, and please make yourself at home. A break, really, because this presents an opportunity to soak up a few unscheduled impressions—more revealing and reliable, perhaps, than any you may have formed out of the sound and fury surrounding his recent historical hassle.

This office is obviously Julius La Rosa's work-studio, too. It's situated high above the bustle of "Ulcer Alley" and is remarkably quieting to the senses. It's the corner room in a large suite otherwise occupied by Frank Barone, life-long friend of the La Rosa family and, nowadays, Julie's attorney and personal manager. The furnishings are modern, but not ostentatiously so. On the west wall, a set of handsome drapes frames a fragmentary view of Manhattan skyline; from windows on the other wall, you can glimpse St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Among the things you notice is one article of furniture found in precious few Madison Avenue offices—a spinet piano. Near it is a floor-stand microphone, its cable connected to a professional tape recorder which rests on a side shelf. Sheet music, marked with penciled notations, is on the piano rack and the recording machine is loaded with a reel of magnetic tape. A forthcoming La Rosa vocal hit glimpsed in its early stages?

More details come into focus as you wait for your luncheon companion. You're aware of several golden glints in the room. For instance, the fifteen-inch-high loving cup which rests on a corner shelf and on which can be read the inscription: "To Julius La Rosa, in appreciation of your generous support to our neighborhood K.B.T. Organization." Not far away, on a wall, is a gold plaque that expresses this sentiment from the Italian Chamber of Commerce of Chicago: "In recognition of his outstanding career and his meteoric rise to stardom." Neighboring this plaque, another, smaller one has this text engraved on gold: "From the officers and men of the Submarine Base, New London, in appreciation for making our 1953 Navy Relief Ball a success."

There are other awards, including one which is to singers what the Oscar is to movie actors. It shines like a brilliant solar disc. It is a facsimile—cast in gold—of the millionth copy of "Eh Cumpari" which Julius recorded on the Cadence label. Sales have long since passed the million mark.

You wander over to a smallish desk situated in a corner between the angle of windows. On it is the usual gadgetry: pen set, blotter pad, calendar, telephone. It isn't these that catch your attention. It's the half-dozen or so books—none of which seem to quite fit into your previous mental picture of this young-man-with-the-boyish-smile, this pop-tune personality. Among the tomes are a richly-bound book titled, *The Lives of Saints, Selected and Illustrated*, Arnold Toynbee's *Study of History*, and Winston Churchill's memoirs, volume two. This last one has a couple of "working" bookmarks between pages.

On a near-by wall hangs a framed, hand-lettered quotation, some hundred or so words in length. Its authorship is not indicated, but its message seems to be one of special significance.

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled..."

Your reading of it is interrupted by footsteps behind you. Turning, you are face to face with Julius La Rosa.

"Gee, you must be about ready to flip your lid!" he says. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting."

You explain how absorbed you've been, that apologies are unnecessary. His dark eyes light up, and his wide, wide grin is more engaging than when viewed on the TV screen. "All is forgiven—great!" he exclaims. "I'm starved! Let's eat!"

He takes your arm and you fall in step with him, headed for the elevator. On the way, office doors open furtively, feminine heads peek out. Reason? Julius La Rosa—utterly uninhibited, carefree—is singing a few bars of ballad, and that famous baritone of his echoes up and down the hall.

No impromptu vocalizing inside the elevator's crowded car as it descends to street level. Only a rapid exchange of gags between Julie and the operator. Outside, in the bright sunshine, Julie seeks your approval of his suggestion: luncheon at the Epicure, located only a few minutes' stroll from his office building. You readily approve, and the stroll proceeds with an obligato of superlative-loaded chatter from Julie. As he talks, he tosses out expressions like "the greatest" and "terrific" and "the very livin' end!" as if he were tossing out confetti at a Mardi Gras. Most of these superlatives are applied to his regular and his recently acquired enthusiasms. Is it true that he plays a pretty fair game of Scrabble? "Pretty fair?" he almost shouts. "Why, I'm the champ! The unbeaten Scrabble champ—up at my office, that is," he adds, grinning. He gabs about golf, claiming considerably less skill because it's only weeks since he's been introduced to the game. He's latched on to chess, too. "I find the game very challenging," he says. "Beginning to learn a couple of opening gambits. If you master a good gambit, you increase your chances for a sure win."

Despite the noon-hour peak, a choice location table has been kept open for Mr. La Rosa and guest. From other tables, a few show-biz people signal hello. Julie waves a friendly response and then resumes his ebullient conversation. He's switched to a very different subject: Winston Churchill. There is a sense of discovery, a zestful and unabashed admiration in everything which Julie says about the world-renowned figure.

"This is one terrific guy," he declares. "The greatest political figure of our age." You venture to suggest that, here and there, people might be found who have a difference of opinion on that point.

"Sure, there were other 'greats' during the World War Two period," he concedes. "But what other man carried such a load of responsibility over a span of so many critical years? It's like with the Yankees, 'way back, and Joe DiMaggio. DiMag was the spark, the one fusing force, that led to victory. England was like that ball team and Winston Churchill was the spark, the fusing force that held it together. It could have been John Doe—but it happened to Churchill. England was lucky. A guy who was a brilliant statesman—but also a guy with a genius for being human. It's fascinating to read about him, and I do a lot of that, these days. You might say, I'm collecting Churchill."

And, at this point, Julie laughs a Gargantuan laugh, almost doubling up with mirth. Gleefully, he retells a Churchill anecdote he'd read the previous night. He tells it well and, when you laugh heartily at the conclusion, Julie beams his pleas-

ure. Then, as if to demonstrate those earlier statements about being "famished . . . ravenous," he beckons a waiter. "The roast was very good," he says. "I'll have another of the same."

Nothing in the waiter's expression betrays any surprise at the request for an encore. The whole routine seems to back up the stories you've heard about young La Rosa's prodigious eating capacity . . . surprising, because his figure is trim, like that of a boxer's. Does he always devour food on this Paul Bunyan scale?

"I pack it away," he answers. "Six eggs for breakfast, with all the trimmings of a normal meal." After a thoughtful moment, he adds, "I've had occasion to dine at some of the best places in the country—places with real class, where they serve food that's out of this world. Want to know something? The place where I can enjoy food most is right at home in Mount Vernon." Julie's eyes roll up as he murmurs, "Does my Mom make a manicotti! Absolutely terrific! You'd flip!" He pauses, then says, "But there's another reason why I enjoy dining at home."

Julie quickly reaches forward, takes hold of the little basket that holds slices of bread and various rolls. He selects a hard roll—tears it in half.

"See that? I can do that at home—naturally, without any inhibitions, without causing any eyebrows to go up. It isn't 'class,' of course, but it's real. I'll bet there isn't a guy in this whole wide world who has less 'class' than my father. But Dad, he's the greatest; the livin' greatest is that man!"

Has this question of "class" been, openly or secretly, any sort of problem for Julie? He answers in his own way.

"Let's face it. This new chapter in my life has created another world, so to speak. You don't zoom to the so-called celebrity bracket, the way I did, without encountering problems every now and then. I have absolutely no wish to forget the world I come from—to forget that I'm me, Brooklyn-born Julius La Rosa—to forget that my folks struggled and scrounged so that their kids could be decently clothed and educated. Dad was just a radio repairman—the best, God bless him. Mother worked in a clothing factory. Plain people. But the livin' best!"

Julie fumbles for a cigarette, lights up, inhales deeply, and exhales a thin jet of smoke, his expression thoughtful.

"It happens to be in my nature to like people for what they are," he continues. "All I ask is that people have the same attitude toward me. I've been terrifically lucky on that score. The overwhelming majority of folks I've met, up and down the country, have had that kind of attitude with me."

Coffee is brought to the table—American style, as per your request, and cafe espresso for Julie.

"The demands are terrific," he says. "Every day, new faces, new situations. You find yourself moving in an orbit that's removed from the old way of life. The simple, unaffected way that belongs to my folks and my old neighborhood bunch. A guy's got to conform to the niceties—got to learn what they call the 'gracious' way of doing things. Don't misunderstand me. I'm all for it. It's right, correct. Only—well, there have been occasions when I've been made to feel just a little too aware of these things. As if placing my knife and fork down, just so, was the final criterion for judging my worth."

Sitting opposite Julie La Rosa, you've had as good an opportunity as anyone to judge some of these superficial aspects—what he calls "class." If table manners are any criterion, his self-doubt appears to be completely unwarranted.

The talk gets back to books. How come this seemingly all-out interest in heavy-weights like Churchill and Toynbee? Why not read for relaxation?

"Oh, but I like to read a good novel," he says. "But look—in my lifetime there's been an awful lot of history happening. I didn't participate in any of it—the Depression, a devastating World War. The most momentous years of our time—and all I did was hear about it, usually from pretty biased sources of information. I'm a big boy now. I think I can evaluate and form my own conclusions if I read a lot—history, psychology, books on philosophy, books on religious thought."

Then, with a wry look and a shake of his head, he adds, "Dig the switch. I want to attend college. I can afford it. I'm young. But I haven't got the time."

Small wonder he hasn't the time for Ivy League learning. Night-club bookings. A fifteen-minute, Monday-Wednesday-Friday network TV show (the program slot established by his idol, Perry Como). Another half-hour Saturday night show newly custom-tailored for him. Recording dates. Important things cooking this fall for the 1955-1956 season.

The outward aspect of present-day Julie La Rosa has all the look, all the trappings of the busy, big-time star—which, of course, is actually his status. All the frantic schedule-making. All the commitment-filling. All the super-charged routine that comes with having "arrived."

Nevertheless, he is the last one to forget the special circumstances leading to this arrival at star-status. He knows his emergence as a top-billing personality has been unique; he acknowledges that fact; and he is willing to comment on it.

"To a certain extent, I feel it's been a negative career, so far," he says. "By that I mean, I've just about passed the stage where people would come over to me, say nice things about my work, but seem to imply that I've had terrific luck. None of them may have really meant anything like that, but—let's face it—I've had my moments of doubt about myself. This is the kind of thing a guy has to rebel against. It's the kind of thing that calls for a lot of faith in one's self. I've used a lot of energy simply trying to demonstrate to myself and to my audience, that I have something more than the headlines, the publicity, the luck. At this point the headlines have long since died down, and now my answer is the crowds that come out when I play return engagements. I know they're paying to see Julius La Rosa, the performer."

It's proved to be a rewarding, interest-filled luncheon. After you leave the Epicure, you walk back to Julie's office for the express purpose of finishing something you started to read—that framed, hand-lettered, anonymous quotation he has hanging on the wall.

The full quotation reads like this:

"It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled or where the doer of deeds could have done them better; the credit belongs to the man who is in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short and short again; because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; who does actually try to do the deed; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotion, spends himself in a worthy cause; who at best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

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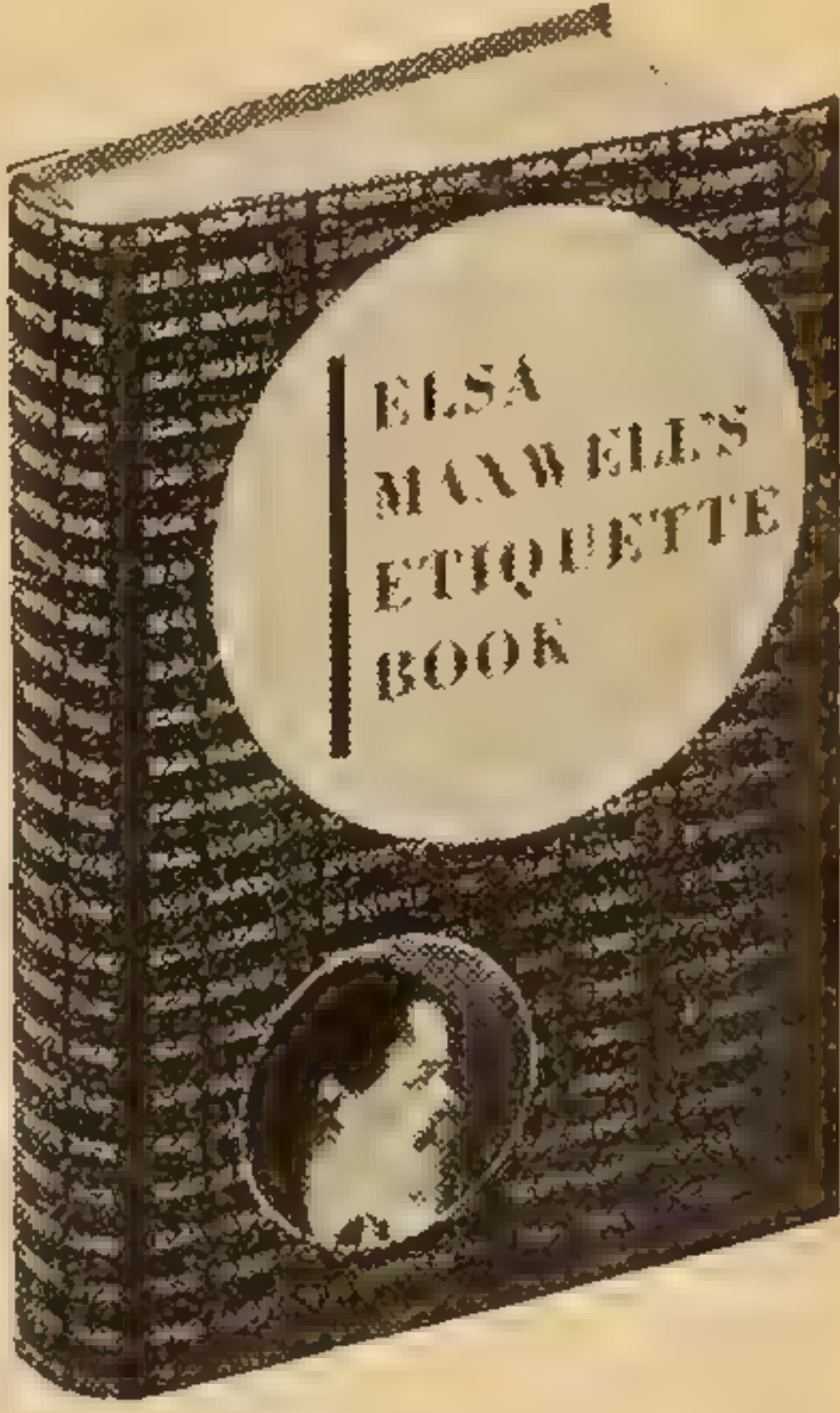
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Lois Hunt's Lullaby

(Continued from page 68)

"One of the reasons—in fact, the reason I was fearful about having a baby when we were first married—is that I knew so many girls who were just so miserable during pregnancy that it scared me. And I couldn't help wondering what giving up nine months would do to my career—precarious as a singing career, or any career in the arts, always is."

Lois's dentist-father, Dr. Mathew Marcus, is at least partially responsible, Lois admits, for her feeling that a singing career is not exactly a guarantee of solvency. Born in York, Pennsylvania, Lois was graduated as a dental hygienist from the University of Pennsylvania. But, although it was understood that dental hygiene was to be her life work, she had also been taking singing lessons ever since high school days, when a perceptive music teacher had singled her out from the Philadelphia High Glee Club to do a solo bit in a school musical-comedy production.

Later, while pursuing her study of other people's mouths, at the U. of P., Lois was simultaneously mastering the use of her own vocal equipment along more esthetic lines, under the guidance of Madame Marian Freschl, the famed Hungarian teacher, then head of the voice department of the Curtis Institute of Music. It was Madame Freschl—who also perceived the operatic diva in the dental hygienist—who precipitated a showdown in her young pupil's life by railroading her into a full-fledged recital debut in Philadelphia. The resultant critical acclaim brought a new headliner into the musical field.

This was in 1946. For a short while, Lois remained in Philadelphia, appearing regularly as soloist with Norman Black's orchestra over Station WFIL, singing in local churches and synagogues, and limiting her concert work to the Philadelphia circuit.

Then, one memorable night, Philadelphia Opera Company contralto Gabrielle Hunt introduced lyric soprano Lois Marcus to her six-foot-tall, dark and handsome brother, Morton Hunt... and, after a brief and breathless whirlwind courtship, the young lovers-at-first-sight were married and went off to New York, where Morton worked for *Look Magazine*... and where Lois found herself in the thick of a competitive melee, pitted against thousands of hopeful young singers from all parts of the country—"And almost all of them, it seemed," Lois laughs, "also lyric sopranos!"

She finally—and "finally," she says, is the word!—landed a job singing the title role of Flotow's "Martha" for a streamlined production of that opera sent out on a Midwest tour. Lois was so successful that she was next engaged for the famed Summer Opera Festival in Central City, Colorado, where she sang Marzelline in Beethoven's "Fidelio."

In the fall of 1948, Lois—along with nine hundred other young hopefuls—sang for the officials of the *Metropolitan Opera Auditions Of The Air* and was one of the twenty-six finally selected to appear on the actual broadcast series. She sang her first radio audition. Then waited, sat by the telephone for heart-in-mouth months, waiting for the call to sing in the finals... The call came. She sang in the finals. Another suspenseful week... and then came the news that she'd won the coveted Met contract, along with a \$1,000 scholarship. Lois had come into her heritage.

She has made the most of it. Now, millions of radio listeners and viewers, from coast to coast, know Lois Hunt as a regular singing star of the Robert Q. Lewis radio and TV shows, as well as a frequent

guest artist on *The Voice Of Firestone*, *Cavalcade Of Stars*, *Omnibus*, and other important programs. Subscribers to the *Metropolitan* have applauded her in nearly a dozen leading soprano roles since her debut in 1949. Her name graces the RCA Victor, Columbia and Mercury labels in recordings which range from Handel's "Faithful Shepherd" to a potpourri of Sig-mund Romberg favorites. On Broadway and in summer operetta centers from Hyannis, Massachusetts, to Houston, Texas, she has sung the soprano leads in "The Great Waltz," "The Merry Widow," "Brigadoon," "Show Boat," and other hit musicals. For Grand Opera Festivals in Central City, San Antonio and Puerto Rico, and during the regular opera seasons in New Orleans, Philadelphia, Atlanta, and Pittsburgh, she has turned in stunning performances in the title role of "La Traviata," as Musetta in "La Boheme," Adele in "Die Fledermaus," and other lyric heroines. With the New York Philharmonic and the Chicago Symphony, she has soloed before hundreds of thousands in the great outdoor concert series at Lewisohn Stadium and Grant Park.

The virtuosity of songstress Hunt is seemingly limitless. During her appearances on radio and TV, she alternates, with amazing versatility, between classic arias by Verdi and Puccini and torch songs like "St. Louis Blues," sentimental ballads like "Bless This House" and hot jump tunes like "Papa Loves Mambo" and "Sh-boom." When long-hair fans raise an eyebrow following her excursions into the repertoire of the groaners and moaners, Lois is careful to explain that she actually makes no compromise with her art.

"When I do opera, I do it straight," she says, "without any horsing around. And, when I do rhythm and blues, I try to do that within its own framework, too. While different interpretive styles are called for, the fundamentals of good singing apply in either case."

The International Lois Hunt Fan Club has a membership of nearly 1,000 youngsters in 23 cities. All this, and more besides. Yet Lois's dad still insists that his daughter send him a dollar each year to renew her Pennsylvania State License as a dental hygienist and that she put in at least fifteen hours each year painting gums and polishing molars in his Philadelphia office, to "keep in practice!"

"Dad still isn't at all sure that 'this singing nonsense will ever amount to anything,'" Lois laughs, "and wants to make sure that I'll have 'a reliable source of income,' to fall back on, if need be. It was undoubtedly this emphasis on 'a reliable source of income' which increased my fear of any interference with—or interruption—of 'this singing nonsense.' But I need not have worried, for I was not one of the 'ailing' girls!"

"I did postpone (until the fall) my debut at the City Center with the New York City Opera Company, originally scheduled for last spring. I also stopped the horse-back riding Mort and I enjoy so much on the bridle paths of Central Park, which our apartment windows overlook... Otherwise, I worked and played and slept and ate as I've always done, if not—especially in the food department—more so! I dreamed of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches! But my pre-natal craving was not, alas, for some one special, out-of-season delicacy, but for food, just for food! I dieted constantly—and, I thought, quite subtly—using saccharin instead of sugar, whole wheat instead of white bread... then it was around the corner, for an ice-cream soda!"

"I went to the doctor regularly, as an expectant mother should. I went to the dentist regularly, need I say! Although I was not in need of either, the nine healthy months through, as it developed. I never felt better in my life. Not an ache or a pain or even a twinge of that bugaboo 'morning sickness.' Everyone told me I never looked better in my life.

"One reason for my looking as fit as I did, during my pregnancy, is that I paid more attention to grooming than I ever did before. And to every detail. To my hair and my nails, to breathing properly—which I learned from being a singer—and to my posture. The way you look during pregnancy is largely, in my opinion, a matter of posture. Slump into yourself and you look slumped. Stand straight and try—as I did—to keep the bosom out in front of the stomach, and you'll even overcome that look of The Month Before!

"Nor did I wear maternity clothes until just about The Month Before. I wore the same kind of dresses I always wear, but larger sizes, usually with big full skirts and crinolines—and faced front! Robert Q. kept telling me that my clothes were designed 'by Omar, the Tentmaker!' but I maintain—and my husband agrees—that I proved the 'D' silhouette can be as chic as Dior's 'H' and 'A' silhouettes.

"When, toward the end, I did start to wear maternity clothes—almost exclusively one-piece dresses, like brunch coats—I borrowed most of them.

"Where the layette was concerned, I also relied largely on my friends—who, knowing how impractical I am, would surely take care of shirts and gowns and receiving blankets and such! After all, Robert Q. had promised the dozen 'hand-knit diapers' and had added that, if a boy, he would donate a totem pole—from his large collection, I assumed—and/or a pair of his spectacles! Now that we've 'produced' the boy, we're waiting for Bob to fulfill his half of the bargain!

"Mort and I had fun shopping for nursery furniture, inspecting canopied cribs and such, but we ended up by borrowing a bassinet, done in ruffled yellow organdy—which settled the nursery problem for us, because the linoleum was green, so everything was yellow and green except the walls, which are a very pale gray. The drapery fabric is a charming block print, with cartoon-like characters, toys and animals all over it. A very original pattern, it inspired us with the original 'do-it-yourself' idea of transferring some of the designs to the wall—which we did, and it was a lot of fun! Drew the characters on a large sketch pad, blew them up, traced them on the wall, then painted them exactly the same colors as in the drapery material. Having never done anything like this before, we felt a new talent had been added!

"Casual though I may sound," Lois adds, "about the layette and borrowing the bassinet and all, we were anything but casual about preparing ourselves to be informed and capable parents. We both took the course for prospective parents conducted by the American Red Cross. Under the guidance of Miss Elizabeth J. Tiernan, Registered Nurse, we learned, by practicing on doll models, how to bathe, how to diaper, how to burp our live baby when it came. We were taught how to prepare formulas and sterilize. We also learned the anatomy of pregnancy—what is going on, during the period of pregnancy, within the mother. A three-week course, two-hour sessions, two nights a week—I wouldn't have missed an hour of it. It gave me an understanding of the processes going on within me. And, the more knowledge you have, the less apprehensive you are.

"And, if we are not prepared to cope with each unexpected development in our infant's behavior and growth, it won't be because we didn't all but commit to memory Dr. Benjamin Spock's *Baby and Child Care*. We've even sent to Belgium for a French edition of Dr. Spock's book for our wonderful French housekeeper, Simone Mascot, who came to us from France only a few months ago.

"Planning for the education of the heir or heiress presumptive is another prenatal concern of parents today. With long waiting lists for the better schools and colleges making it necessary to put in one's bid before the prospective student is born, Mort—who also graduated from U. of P. and from Temple University—and I spent hours poring over school and college catalogues. My only reason for rather hoping the baby would be a boy is that I know of more good schools for boys than for girls!

Nor did we have any preconceived ideas of what our son should do or be. We've always been a very close-knit family, Mort and I, never the kind of young-marrieds who lead their own private lives by day, get together for cocktails and dinner at night. Mort always reads the first drafts of his articles to me—because I am, he tells me blandly, 'the average female reader!' And, whenever I'm doing something new or special, on the stage or screen, Mort is always 'in the audience.' Being as close-knit as we have been, we talked about the changes the baby will make in our lives. But we feel flexible enough now to have our lives changed and not feel disrupted.

"We had fun, too—half in fun, but wholly in earnest—trying to decide on a name for Miss or Master Hunt! We pored through dictionaries, encyclopedias, telephone directories, opera scores and opera programs, not to mention literature, classic and modern. We drew lots for names, wrote them on little pieces of paper. We quickly eliminated, I may say, most of my operative roles as name possibilities—Adele in 'Fledermaus,' for instance? Uh-uh, not Adele! Musetta? The 'No's' had it! Marzelline? Ouch! Martha? Well, mmmm, possibly! We thought rather favorably of Monica, the role I sang in Gian-Carlo Menotti's 'The Medium'—and very favorably of Norina, the role I was learning in Donizetti's 'Don Pasquale,' when I became pregnant. Boys' names, like boys' schools, came more easily than girls'. We liked John and Mark, but decided that a rather long name—of at least two syllables—would go better with the one-syllable name of Hunt. If a boy, we finally agreed, we would call him Christopher. But, by early in the morning of July 11, 1955, when the great moment arrived—and it was a boy!—we had changed our minds again and named him Jeffrey Marcus Hunt.

"Fun," Lois says, a glow in her eyes, "all the nine months through! I found myself very much enjoying being at home, straightening out bureau drawers, putting ribbons and bows in unnecessary but cute places—things like that, feminine things, because I felt very feminine.

"Judging from my experience, I can honestly say that to regard pregnancy as an illness, or a period of maladjustment—or even as the 'delicate condition' referred to by the more genteel novelists—is as dated as the old wives' tales which would scare the life out of you if you accepted them. No kind of sense in being riddled by the fears and superstitions of another generation. I certainly wasn't.

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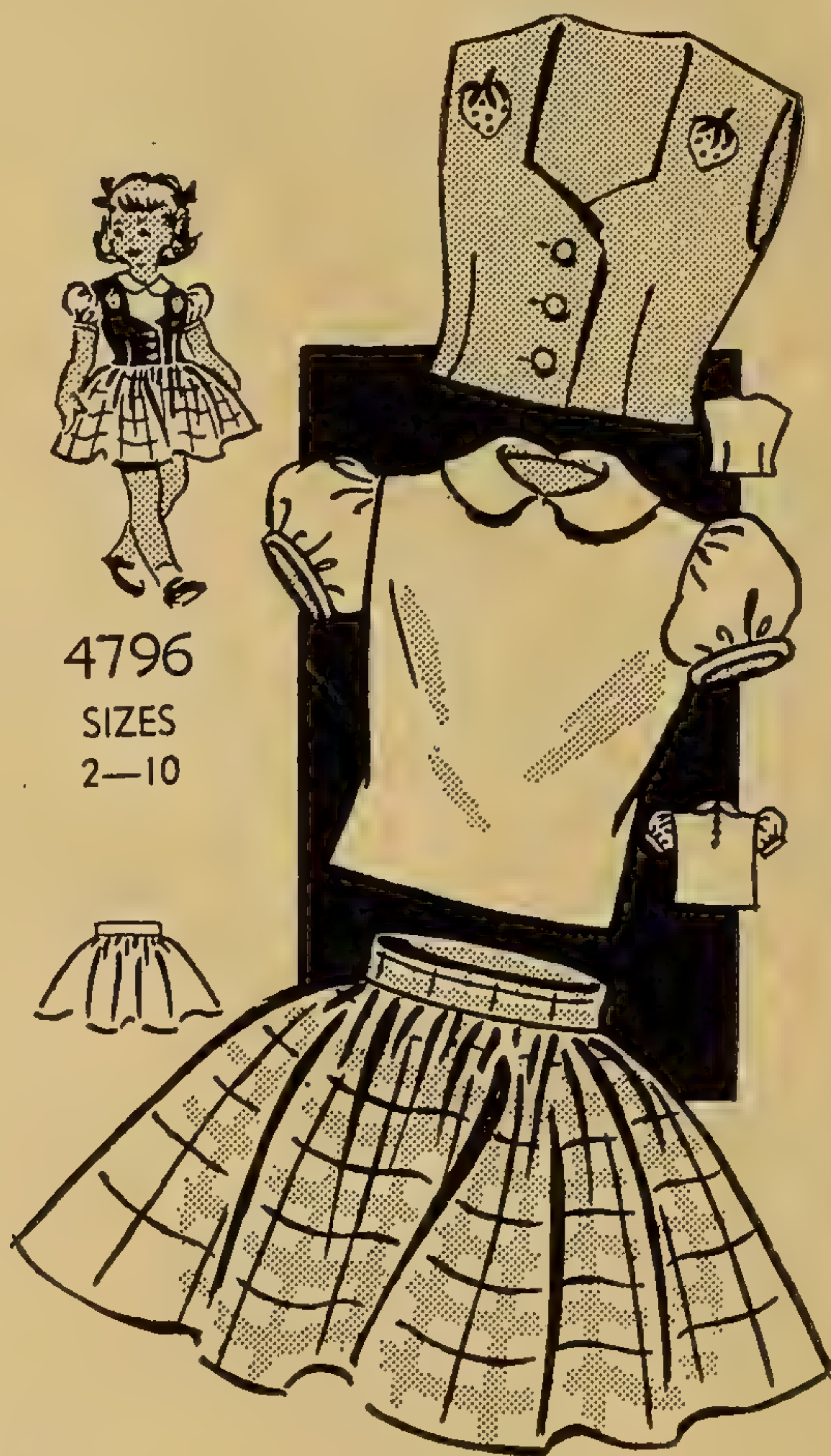
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Daytime Diary

(Continued from page 21)

THE ROAD OF LIFE Sybil Overton's intricate web tangles about her own feet as too many people get too close to the lie with which she has apparently destroyed Jim's marriage by framing Jocelyn. But Jocelyn herself may have become her own worst enemy, for not even the hope of enlisting Armand Monet on her side is strong enough to help her keep up the pretense of romantic interest in him which is so repugnant to her. CBS Radio.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT Gil Whitney's scheming wife Cynthia has led him to hope that divorce will soon free him to marry designer Helen Trent, whom he has always loved. But Cynthia has other plans at the back of her mind, plans that may be helped by sleek Fay Granville, Gil's new secretary. Meanwhile, wealthy Brett Chapman continues his pursuit of Helen despite her lack of encouragement. Will she be forced to turn to him in the end? CBS Radio.

SEARCH FOR TOMORROW Still driven by frustrated hatred of Joanne, her former daughter-in-law, Irene Barron feels that at last she can revenge herself in a particularly despicable way on her husband, who is friendly with Joanne. But when she seeks to involve Melanie Pritchard, has she bitten off more than she can chew? As Stu Bergman and his wife suspect, Melanie is not quite the innocent Southern flower she appears. CBS-TV.

SECOND HUSBAND Diane's marriage to Wayne Lockwood is endangered by the antagonism of her own children—an antagonism cleverly encouraged by Wayne's family, who have never approved of Diane. To add to Diane's insecurity, Wayne's partner, Kenneth Stevens, has fallen in love with her, and the children seem much more inclined to turn to him than to their new stepfather. Can a marriage survive so many hostile forces? CBS Radio.

THE SECOND MRS. BURTON Mother Burton's activities continue to make things hard for her children as Stan, trying to run the paper by himself, continually finds her money or influence getting in his way. And Marcia, too, would be coming under Mother's influence if her husband, Lew Archer, had a weaker personality or less money of his own. Has Buck Halliday come into Mother Burton's life to stay—for better or worse? CBS Radio.

THE SECRET STORM Driven by relentless hatred—hatred that amounts to madness—Pauline continues to pyramid evidence that Peter Ames, husband of her dead sister, is unfit to bring up his own children. Knowing Pauline's real motive is to prevent his marriage to Jane Edwards, Peter struggles desperately to reveal the vindictive jealousy behind her accusations. But Pauline and her powerful family hold most of the cards. CBS-TV.

STELLA DALLAS Stella's desperate efforts to get her daughter Laurel's marriage back on a sound footing is thwarted at every turn by Stanley Warrick and his mother, who are determined to break it up so Laurel can marry Stanley. The brief distraction offered by Janice Bennett comes to nothing, and Stella is frantic as she sees Stanley once again making advances to Laurel—advances which are not discouraged. NBC Radio.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE As a nurse in the Mental Hygiene Clinic, Nora Drake is no stranger to mental illness. But the man who claimed guilt for the murder of Ruth Shoemaker—the man who begged for help and then disappeared before it arrived—is a more terrifying problem than she has ever dealt with before. Can she and reporter David Brown work together in this strange case? Or is David himself in some way involved? CBS Radio.

VALIANT LADY With the apparent recovery of Chris's wife Linda, and her return to a semblance of normal life, Helen Emerson finds herself in a strange and compromising position. Her love for Chris makes it impossible to keep up the fiction of being a family friend, which means that sooner or later they must face giving each other up completely. Will Margot make it impossible for Helen to turn to Bill Fraser for comfort? CBS-TV.

WENDY WARREN AND THE NEWS The return of her Aunt Dorrie's girlhood friend brings an unexpected problem for Wendy in her capacity as a small-town editor with the town's welfare at heart. For Vergie's husband, Big Jim, turns out to be a ruthless operator with political and financial plans that Wendy must fight. Will this almost amiable battle between friendly enemies turn into something much nastier? CBS Radio.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Joan finds herself in an awkward position as she disapproves of the infatuation of her old friend, Phil Stanley, for the temperamental opera star, Clara Bauer. Distrusting Clara, Joan nevertheless feels reluctant to be honest with Phil for fear she will be misunderstood. Not so long ago she herself seemed to be the girl Phil was in love with—even though her happy marriage naturally kept him silent. ABC Radio

THE WOMAN IN MY HOUSE Jessie Carter often thinks that being mother—and mother-in-law—to an increasing family is something like a delicate juggling trick. She must balance continuous care and supervision with the appearance of casualness, and never allow the children to think that they are not running their own lives. And she must keep her husband's heavier hand from showing too plainly. What happens when she slips up? NBC Radio.

YOUNG DR. MALONE Tracey Malone learns that a young stepmother faces one problem after another in dealing with a teen-age stepdaughter, even though she and Jill weather each crisis as it comes along. Will her past, when it emerges, be too much for the delicate relationship? Meanwhile Jerry has his own serious problems as Ted Mason's plans to take over the Clinic approach fruition. Will Ted's wife Marcia turn the tables? CBS Radio.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN When Dr. Anthony Loring's marriage took him once and for all out of Ellen Brown's reach, she turned to Michael Forsythe with the hope that a substitute happiness might lie in marriage with him. But, now that her engagement to Michael is broken, Ellen once again finds Anthony in her thoughts—although they are colored in a strange way by the influence of the artist, Ivan Mansfield, and his view of life. NBC Radio.

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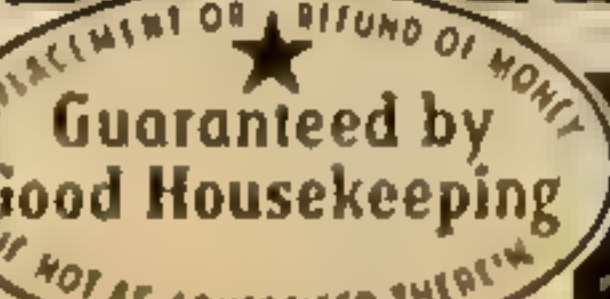
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Happiness to Share

(Continued from page 57)

Beside the bed, Frank saw a battered old radio. It was Helen's only means of entertainment. With a wave of his hand and trying to sound cheery, Frank said, "Hi." Helen's big, dark eyes thanked him for having taken the trouble to come all the way from St. Louis to visit her. "Hi," she answered.

Frank and Carl sat on the bed. He didn't sing to Helen. Rather, they sat and talked music and records all afternoon. Helen told Frank, "I switch my radio from one station to another so I can hear your records. It was nice of you to come for a visit."

On leaving the charity home, Frank—who had been broken up inside to see the loneliness written on Helen's pretty face—learned that Helen's parents lived in Rolla, Missouri. Frequent visits to Helen were financially impossible for them. When he and Carl left the home and were driving back to St. Louis, Carl said, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if there were some kind of organization that would go out and see people like this all the time? Not so much to entertain them, you know—but just sort of *company*!"

Frank jumped at the suggestion. "What would you call a thing like that?"

"The Friendship Club," said Carl.

That's how the Friendship Foundation of America was born. Their first title, the Friendship Club, wasn't used because a similar title was already in existence. But the Friendship Foundation contained all the elements of their original idea. On their drive back to St. Louis, Carl and Frank developed a motto and a creed. In time they had these printed on cards, with their motto on one side: "Help yourself by helping others," and their creed on the other: "Resolved—to help my fellow man at any time in any way possible, regardless of race, creed, or nationality, without thought of repayment."

The creed was basic to the theme of a book by Lloyd C. Douglas, *Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal*, which Frank had come across as a result of his wide reading: "It is the story of a man who is finally convinced that you can be happy and successful in life by living eighteen lines from the Bible. But Mr. Douglas didn't tell his readers what the lines were. He hinted at them in the preface—then made his readers go to the Bible and count them out. I did. I found them in the Book of Matthew—the first four verses of Chapter Six.

"Carl and I hoped that we could plant this idea in the minds of our teen-age fans. If they accepted the idea in their formative years, we thought it would do immeasurable good."

Frank had the cards sent to his prospective fans. "If they felt they wanted to use it as a daily rule to live by," he says, "then they were invited to mail a registration card back, and we sent them a Friendship Foundation membership card." There were no dues, nothing was required to become a member. Frank and Carl only hoped that the presence of the card would bring to the surface that basic desire in every man "to help others."

"Thousands of cards came in, but I never knew how many members we had," says Frank. "We later got letters from older folks—not just teenagers. And, when I went on a personal appearance tour, I often met them. Seeing their age, I would look at them in surprise, saying, 'Are you a member of a Frankie Laine Fan Club?' And they answered, 'No, but I do belong to the Friendship Foundation!'"

Frank's generosity, his desire to help

others, have been part of his life ever since childhood. Born March 30, on Townsend Street in the heart of Chicago's "Little Italy," the oldest of seven brothers and sisters, Frank early learned the meaning of sharing. His parents, Anna and John LoVecchio, from the village of Monreale, Sicily, worked hard to keep their brood clean and fed. Frank's father was a barber. He wanted his oldest son to be a pharmacist or architect. His mother wanted him to choose for himself. Frank knew he wanted to sing from the first day he was able to hold enough air to carry a full note.

When he was four years old, the family moved from Townsend Street to Siegel Street on Chicago's North Side, to 1440 Park Avenue (across from the Immaculate Conception, where he went to grammar school), to Schiller Street (a block and a half from the school), where they lived for twenty-five years. Frank says it didn't make any difference what street they lived on—for them, it was always a street of happiness. At the Immaculate Conception, Frank sang in the choir. "For my first five years," he says, "I sang hymns. I was never a boy soprano or anything like that. I never had a solo. I didn't stand out from the crowd. I didn't have that kind of a voice. I was just one of the guys."

In his first year of high school, Frank had to give up the choir because the rehearsals took too much time—he had an after-school-and-Saturday job in a drug store that helped his family make ends meet.

When he was still in his teens, Frank sang his first solo. "Tom Hennahan, a pal of mine, gave a birthday party for his sister, Theresa. Tony Benson, a young professional ukulele player, was there. 'Sings' were popular in those days. We started on 'Mia Bella Rosa,' with Tony on the uke. 'Mia Bella Rosa' had a plaintive lyric. As we sang, I gave myself up to the song. I had tears in my eyes, the girls were all crying—and everyone else stopped singing. It was just one of those things. That is how my solo singing really started. After that, every time we went to a picnic or party, they used to call on Tony to play and me to sing."

Frank loved to sing. It was one way he could give of himself generously. When he was still in his teens, his friends all met in the Merry Garden Ballroom on Chicago's North Side. One Sunday afternoon they urged him to take a crack at singing with Joe Kayser's orchestra. Songs like "Through," "Coquette" and "Old New England Moon" were popular at that time. Kayser's band was filled with now-famous names: David Rose, Mugsy Spanier, Gene Krupa. The crowds loved Frank from the start. He spent every spare moment after that at the Merry Garden. To Frank, who loved to give, singing was sharing.

Frank's first singing paycheck went to keep the family together. "It was the heart of the Depression," he says. "My dad was earning \$26 a week. We were so close to going on relief it was heartbreaking. This is one thing my mother didn't want to happen. We did go on relief once—for two days—and Mother was frantic with shame. So Pop said, 'To heck with it, we'll starve first!' So we took ourselves off relief, wouldn't accept anything. That's when I happened to sing as guest at a marathon."

The marathon was staged by Eddie Gilmartin at the Merry Garden. Frank was numb with fear. He started on "Beside an Open Fireplace," but the first few bars were sung out of habit. "When it was over," says Frank, "I was greeted with an

ominous silence. I thought I was a goner. I walked toward the exit—it looked to be miles away. Then, when I reached it, the roof fell in. Eddie Gilmartin called me back for a encore. I sang another, and another, and then another. Some instinct told me to get off while I was still ahead. I did.” But the applause rolled on.

The marathons and walkathons of the Thirties were especially designed for Frankie Laine, a man who liked to sing, who liked to give himself to an audience. “There were two ways to make money in a marathon,” says Frank. “To compete in the walkathon or danceathon, or to entertain—sing, dance, or tell jokes. The shows lasted from 8 to 12 P.M. The audience, coming to see the marathon, threw money to the performers entertaining in the ring. Those of us who weren’t in the marathon at the moment picked up the coins, handing it over to whoever did the turn. For example, my turn came to sing ‘Beside an Open Fireplace’ and, if they liked me, the money would shower on the floor. The other kids picked it up, turning it over to me. If I was lucky, I had an encore, and the copper shower was repeated. After my turn, I picked up for the other kids.”

Eddie Gilmartin opened a new marathon in Baltimore in 1931, inviting Frank to go along as a contestant. “He promised that, if I didn’t last as a contestant, he would give me a job as an afternoon master of ceremonies. I lost my partner after six days, was alone in the contest for ninety days, then got another partner, and finally wound up winning the thing. I’d left home at seventeen, absolutely broke, and came back three and a half months later with \$4800! When I came home with this money—or I should say when the \$4800 came home with me—the LoVecchios had a New Orleans Mardi Gras on Chicago’s North Side.”

After a rest, Frank followed the marathons from Baltimore to Floral Park in Bergen, New Jersey, to Atlantic City. As a result of the hot and cold work in New Jersey, Frank came down with a fever of 105. But he continued to work, for he didn’t want to let his friends down. Finally, he had to go to bed to rest, making his partners promise to wake him for the evening’s work. But they let him sleep. When he awoke, a day later, he was out of the running.

The management carried Frank while he recovered. Later, in Atlantic City, he won the walkathon, setting a world’s record of 3,501 hours. “We called them ‘grinds,’” says Frank. “We ate eight meals a day. We burned up so much energy we had to eat every three hours. During that contest I put on twenty pounds!” Frank’s record of 3,501 hours still stands.

In January, 1936, Frank left the walkathons for a job with the Atlas Powder Company, as shipping clerk, because the “grinds were getting too tough.” As Frank says, “The entertainment became less a factor, and the physical endurance part became more prominent. Finally, you had to be an Atlas of strength yourself to wind up with prize money—so I went to Stamford, Connecticut, with the powder company.

“After a year there, I went home to Chicago. I tried to start singing again. A friend from my marathon days found me a job in Cleveland. For five months, I sang at a little place called Lindsay’s Sky Bar.”

Five months’ singing gave Frank confidence. He began thinking that success might soon be his. On the strength of his showing in Cleveland, he went to New York with a publicist—but New York was not ready for Frank. “I was ashamed to go back to Chicago or Cleveland,” he says, “so, for two years in New York, I battled

it out. I finally landed on a radio station—made a lot of radio friends, but that’s about all.” Then, in 1940, Frank’s brother Sam was being married, and Frank took that opportunity to return to Chicago.

Cleveland called Frank again. Art Cutlip, his piano player at Lindsay’s, wrote him about another job. Frank was in the hospital recuperating from a knee injury. “By the time I reached Cleveland,” he says, “Art had given me up and gone back to school. When I got there—no job.”

Frank finally found work at the College Inn. Some friends introduced him to a girl singer, June Hart. She needed work and Frank generously got her a job at the Inn. Then he was fired.

“We had mutual likes in music,” he says, “and we sang the same songs. When she quit the Inn, in September, 1940, I found her another spot at the Cabin Club. Then Red Norvo, a friend of mine, came to town—his girl singer had gotten married and left his orchestra. I said, ‘Come on down to the Cabin Club and hear June.’ He hired her and took her to New York.

“I had known June about a month,” says Frank, “but in my career it was the difference between success and failure. She had one oldie in her repertoire—‘That’s My Desire.’ I had never heard it, and I didn’t know it. It haunted me. After working a couple of more places in Cleveland, I gave up singing in February, 1941, and went to work for the Parker Appliance Company.”

In a short time, Frank became a skilled machine operator—but the rhythm of the machine never let him forget the pulsing melody of “That’s My Desire.” When the war hit in ‘41, Frank tried to enlist but was frozen to his machine job. In 1943, he was sent to the West Coast to set up a similar department in South Gate.

“I wanted to live in Hollywood,” says Frank. “I hoped to make some singing contacts. I ended up driving sixty-four miles a day back and forth from South Gate to Hollywood, and was too tired to see anybody.”

When the war ended in 1945, Frank was let go. He was out of work. Then Al Jarvis took an interest in him and gave him a fifteen-minute “live” section on his disc-jockey show. Jarvis invited Frank to share his Garden of Allah apartment, and Al took Frank to sing on his Sunday hospital tours. “We visited every hospital in California within a one-day-up-and-back bus ride.”

The added experience again made Frank think that success was in the offing. Then one rainy night, with his last forty dollars in his pocket, he was held up! It was a dark moment in his life. Frank walked disconsolately two blocks through the rain to Billy Berg’s, a small club, in search of a bit of cheer for his spirit.

Billy Berg’s was a Vine Street club frequented by musicians and show people. Frank had sung there before, for fun. That night, he sang for a plate of spaghetti—and wound up with a paying job. When the applause died down, Hoagy Carmichael came out of the audience to congratulate him—and urged Billy Berg to hire Frank on the spot.

“At Berg’s, I acted as emcee—introducing the other acts. Twice each night, they let me do a singing spot of my own. I sang all the old songs and nobody paid any attention.

“One night I made an announcement—I was going to sing a brand-new song. The house got quiet and I gave out with the number I’d heard six years ago, ‘That’s My Desire.’ It wasn’t new when it came out in 1931; it wasn’t a hit. When it was revived in 1940 by June Hart, it still wasn’t a hit. But I couldn’t forget it.

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"When I finished, Mrs. Berg ran up saying, 'My goodness, what a beautiful tune—sing it again!' Well, she was the boss's wife, so I sang it again—and I sang it four or five times a night from then on."

While at Berg's, Frank cut a record at Mercury, "I May Be Wrong But I Think You're Wonderful." The high school crowd thought he was wonderful, too. Agent Milt Krasne's two children heard it, and told him: "This Frankie Laine is really good!"

"One of the kids remembered my name from the Garden of Allah," says Frank. "While there, I had taught them how to dive in the swimming pool. Since we were practically old friends, they got their father to come down to Billy Berg's."

"Mr. Krasne liked my singing 'That's My Desire,' and got me eight 'sides' to do at Mercury. But Mr. Berle Adams, now a vice-president at the MCA agency, didn't want me to record 'Desire.' I insisted. I told him, 'Either I do this tune or I don't record!' There I was, looking for a job, looking for the big break—and gambling on that tune. But I had great faith in it. Mr. Adams was amazed at my recklessness, but finally said, 'Okay, send me a copy!' Then I couldn't find the lyrics or sheet music! I spent a hectic week. Finally, in Rings—an old music store in Hollywood—I tracked it down. When I sent him a copy, he wired back, 'You can pick the rest of them, too!' I chose 'River St. Marie,' 'September in the Rain,' and then wired him, 'Now, you pick one.' He picked a song, 'Ain't That Just Like a Woman.'"

"That's My Desire" was an immediate smash. It was recorded by twenty-five different artists, but Frank, who now records for Columbia, outsold them all. It still sells ten to twenty thousand copies a year. Frank's first royalty check was for \$36,000. It was 1947, and Frank was immediately an international success.

Frankie Laine accepted his success graciously. He had struggled too many years to be carried away by the immediate thrill of the crowd's acclaim. For ten years, he and his close friend and accompanist, Carl Fischer, literally traveled from country to country to satisfy all of Frankie's fans. France, Italy, England—all raved over the great singing personality. Fan clubs sprang up in such unlikely spots as Cairo, Johannesburg, Malta and Iceland. When he played the London Palladium in 1952, the reviewer described his voice as "that of a purring lion."

The fans went wild at the Palladium. When Frank came on stage, one woman leaped into the orchestra pit, clambered onto the stage and ran to embrace Frank. Then the orchestra struck up "God Save the Queen." The lady froze, out of habit, in mid-stride. Immediately after the British national anthem, the bobbies pounced on the intruder, intending to whisk her off stage. She had been carried away by the crowd's and her own enthusiasm and now stood frightened at her own audacity, shaking like a tiny English robin in the rain. Frank came over, put his arm around her, and took her into his dressing room. She was about forty-five years of age and obviously embarrassed at her stunt. Frank was amazed that such a frail soul could so easily vault five feet of footlights. "Oh, I'm so mortified," she exclaimed. "Now, little lady—don't you be," said Frank. "I've never had such an enthusiastic reception in all my life." And he meant it.

Frank was such a fantastic success at the Palladium that he was approached to go into television. Enough film was shot in three weeks to make up twenty-six shows. Then he went back on the road. Before the films were released to TV, Frank had played London twice again—once at a command performance for the Queen!

While at Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove in 1948, Frank was introduced to actress Nan Grey, celebrating her birthday there. A year later, they met again at a friend's house. And a year after that—June 15, 1950—they were married.

Nan's two daughters by a previous marriage (Pam and Jan, 11 and 12 years old), immediately took to Frank. He's proud of the fact they call him "Daddy." Their reactions to his TV show, however, are mixed. Talking about the song "Swamp Girl," they asked, "Daddy, why did you do that song? It's corny." Frank explained it was an "adult" number. He had to sing a variety of songs for his audience. "Sometimes," he says, "they don't like a song until after I explain why I sang it. And sometimes they don't like it even after I explain it."

Frank is a generous and sensitive husband and father. Though he still makes many personal appearances, when he's at home, Frank's time belongs to the family. His hobbies are hunting, riding and golf. Much of his time is devoted to teaching his daughters how to putt. As for himself, he says, "My golf is not a threat to Bing."

Frank owns one horse—a palomino. He has always loved horses, has been crazy about the freedom and excitement of riding. When he was still working his way to the top, "going riding" cost too much—and owning a horse was out of the question. So, seven years ago, as soon as his success had been earned, he bought the palomino. He keeps it in Chad's Glendale Stables. He rides when he can. The palomino is a symbol of his success.

Frank shares many interests with his wife, Nan, the most important being her interest in interior decorating and antiques. When they were first married, Nan sometimes traveled with Frank on his personal appearances. "We traveled by car," says Frank, "from New Orleans to Chicago. I don't have to tell you that New Orleans is a paradise for antiques. Nan loaded the car so full I had to watch the bridge and overpass markings to make sure we could drive under. Well, it wasn't that bad, really. But, on the way home, I told her, 'If we keep this up, we'll have to open a store.' She turned to me and said, 'Well?' So we did."

Frank says, "Because of the store, questions came up like, 'How should I paint this?' and 'Where should I put my sofa?' Soon Nan was so busy with interior decorating, she didn't have time to shop for stock. So we sold the store. Nan now has her interior decorator's license, is working with Wallace McDonald, Beverly Hills builder."

Frank's life was saddened last year when his good friend and accompanist, Carl Fischer, suddenly passed away. They had been together for ten years. Frank and Carl met accidentally through a mutual friend—they were introduced as a "boy who sings and writes lyrics, meet a guy who writes music."

They were inseparable from the start—Frank and Carl reflected one another's generosity of heart and sensitivity. They had the same tastes in music and together wrote both popular songs ("We'll Be Together Again," "What Could Be Sweeter" and "When You're In Love"), and semi-classical music (such as "Reflections of an Indian Boy"). Victor Young orchestrated

and scored "Reflections," conducted it with the Cleveland Symphony last August. It will soon be recorded by both Columbia Records and Decca.

Frank feels that Carl was the greatest influence in his professional and personal life. Typical of this relationship was Carl's Friendship Foundation suggestion after their meeting with young, bedridden Helen Maysey. He had, in essence, crystallized and made clear to Frank a philosophy he unconsciously had been living all his life. Carl's passing left a gap in Frank's life. Though he does not tell of it, Frank has arranged for Fischer's widow and her two children to share in the Laine financial success for life.

Frank lives his generous philosophy every day of the year. One of his habits is to search out young, new talent and encourage it along the way to success. Bobby Milano was one of his "finds."

In 1948, Bobby Milano (then Charlie Caci) came to Shea's Theater in Buffalo with his brother. Says Frank: "His brother persuaded me to put him on the bill. I had never seen him perform and, frankly, I was afraid if he were bad he'd break the continuity of the show. At first, I said 'No.' But the brother wouldn't give up. He stayed in the dressing room and, every time I came in, he'd say, 'Please, Mr. Laine, I'm telling you my brother is sensational.' I finally said, 'All right.' Charlie went out, doing an imitation of me singing 'Baby That Ain't Right.' It tore the house down. He was sensational, all right."

"But he was too young. I told him when he was 17 or 18 to come and talk to me. A few years later, when Carl passed away, I ran into another accompanist I'd known for years—Al Lerner, who is with me now. Al said, 'Frank, there's a kid living at my house you ought to hear.'"

"What does he sound like and what's his name?" I asked.

"Bobby Milano—he sounds like nobody. He has a style of his own, although he does a pretty good imitation of a lot of people—including you."

"I said, 'Where is he from?'"

"Buffalo."

"You don't mean Charlie Caci, do you?"

"And he said, 'Yes.'"

So Frank took Bobby Milano—formerly Charlie Caci—under his wing, as promised. He sent him to his vocal coach, Lillian Goodman, arranged to have Betty Hutton hear him, and Betty persuaded Al Livingston to sign him at Capitol Records.

Frank carries his proteges—such as Bobby Milano, Jerri Adams and Sue Clauson—as long as they need to be carried. He pays their expenses for singing lessons, sometimes their professional wardrobe, oftentimes plane or train fare to benefits—everything that is needed, from gowns to grooming, shoes to singing lessons. With some of his "finds," expenses have gone over \$5,000. When they're ready he tries to get them either a recording contract or a guest shot on a TV show.

Frank gives unstintingly of his own experience and his own time to help these youngsters along. He asks nothing in return. He admits, if they would like to return this investment in their future, once they are successful he would accept it—but nothing more—and only because it will give him the opportunity to help someone else up the ladder.

Frank's generous giving is simply a reflection of his own basic philosophy of life, a philosophy written out on the little card he carries in his pocket: On one side, "Help yourself by helping others"—and, on the other, "Resolved: To help my fellow man at any time in any way possible, regardless of race, creed, or nationality, without thought of repayment."

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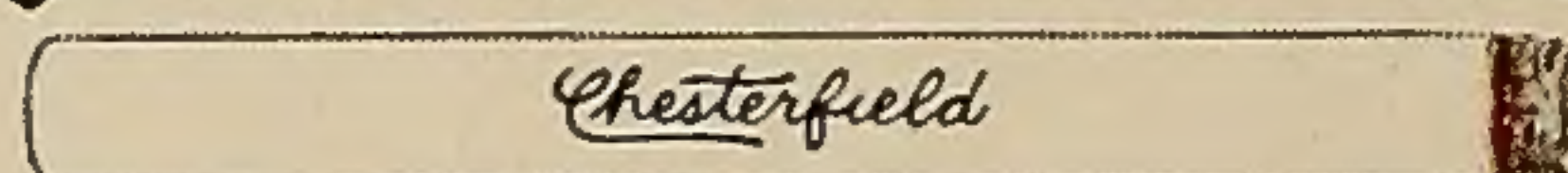
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